Dec.10,1973

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

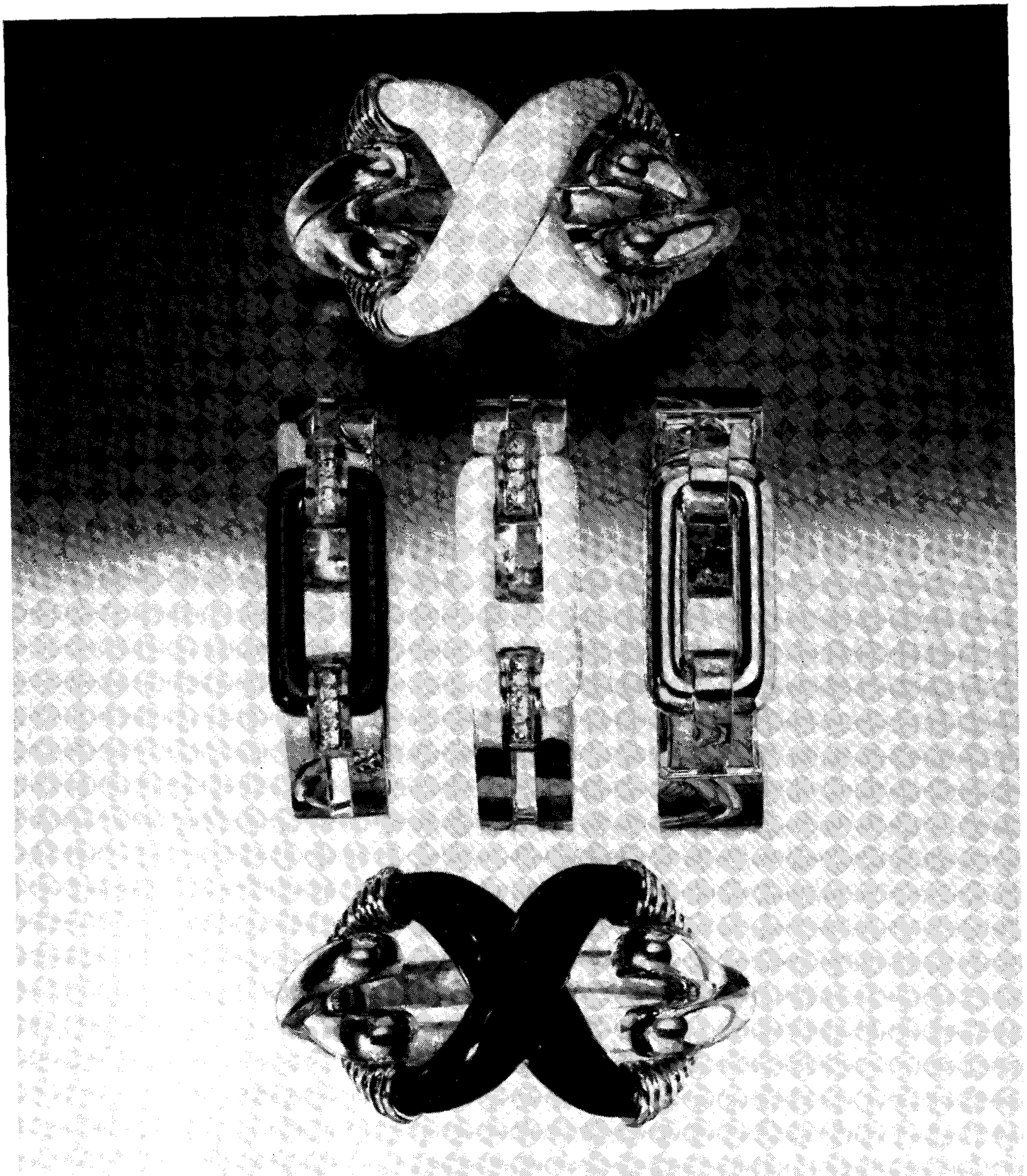
Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

NON-CIRCULATING

Imported from England by Kobrand, N.Y., 94 Proof, 100% Grain Neutral Spirits

Now is the time to stop and think of those things you've heard people asking for all year long.

Beefeater Gin
FIFTH
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BEEFEATER
LONDON DISTILLED
DRY GIN
KOBRAND CORPORATION



BRACELETS OF IVORY AND ONYX FOR CHRISTMAS

In eighteen karat gold. Top and bottom: By Tiffany designer Sonia Younis. With ivory or black onyx, $1,850. each. Matching rings available. Bracelets center, from left: Set with diamonds and green onyx, $1,750. Set with diamonds and ivory, $1,750. All gold, $925.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK, FIFTH AVE. & 57TH ST., TEL: (212) 755-8000 · ATLANTA · CHICAGO · HOUSTON · SAN FRANCISCO · BEVERLY HILLS

Please add sales tax where applicable

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Boom Boom Room—Madeline Kahn heads a marvellous cast in this sad and tender tale of a go-go girl who longs to make it big—that is, get from Philadelphia to New York. Written by David Rabe and directed by Joseph Papp. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 9.)

The Contractor—David Storey's hypnotic play about some Yorkshire workmen who erect a tent on their boss's lawn and then take it down. The acting, under Barry Davis's direction, is flawless. With Kevin O'Connor, Joseph Maher, Neil Fitzgerald, and John Wardwell, among other stalwarts. (Chelsea/Manhattan, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 9.)

Creeps—A play by David E. Freeman. (Playhouse 2, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Crown Matrimonial—How the Empire survived the crisis brought about by Edward VIII's determination to marry an American divorcée. Royce Ryton's play is well made and so are the costumes worn by Queen Mother Mary, that old tatar, well played by Eileen Herlie. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 9.)

Equity Library Theatre—Fay and Michael Kanin's play **RASHOMON**, taken from stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa, will be the third in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Dec. 6, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 16. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Flies—Jean-Paul Sartre's play, directed by Vinnette Carroll. Opens Thursday, Dec. 6. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 6.)

The Foursome—Sex in Britain, as transplanted to Galveston, Texas. The scene of this grim, joyless play, by the English dramatist E. A. Whitehead, is a beach, and the characters are a couple of dim young men and a couple of dim young women they have picked up. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gigi—A pleasing cast, headed by Alfred Drake; charming sets by Oliver Smith; and pretty costumes by Oliver Messel, make this Lerner-Loewe musical seem far livelier than it really is. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Good Doctor—Nine skits by Neil Simon, based on Chekhov. The skits are not much, but the cast is perfection—Christopher Plummer, Barnard Hughes, René Auberjonois, Marsha Mason, and Frances Sternhagen. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Good Evening—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of skits as deft, daft, and laughable as they themselves are tall and short. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

The Greatest Fairy Story Ever Told—A play written and directed by Donald Howarth. (Theatre at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. CI 6-7277. Wednesday through Friday at 8 and Saturday at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, Dec. 8.)

Hard to Be a Jew—Joseph Buloff in a Yiddish musical taken from Sholom Aleichem's play. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

Here Comes the Groom—A Yiddish musical, with Leo Fuchs. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Mein Mama der General—A *third* Yiddish musical. (Burstein, 250 W. 43rd St. 354-5616. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Hot l Baltimore—Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. All the action takes place in the lobby, a wonder of decayed splendor by the scenic designer Ronald Radice. The actors, many of them fairly inexperienced, shine, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Iceman Cometh—James Earl Jones in a revival of the Eugene O'Neill classic. Directed by Theodore Mann. Previews through Wednesday, Dec. 12. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 13, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 24. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 1:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Irene—Debbie Reynolds, George S. Irving, Ron Husmann, and Patsy Kelly are so charm-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 37
"PROSTITUTES" . . . . *R. Prawer Jhabvala* 43
"SONORA FOR SALE" (POEM) . . . . *Richard Shelton* 46
"CHRONICLE" . . . . *W. S. Merwin* 49
PROFILES (THEODORE B. TAYLOR—II) . . . . *John McPhee* 50
"TROPICAL FISH" (POEM) . . . . *Howard Moss* 52
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 111
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR CHILDREN) 114
LETTER FROM VIENNA . . . . *Joseph Wechsberg* 149
U.S. JOURNAL: BIDDEFORD, MAINE . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 160
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 169
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 176
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Desmond Shawe-Taylor* 181
FOOTBALL . . . . *J. W. L.* 188
BOOKS . . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 190
BRIEFLY NOTED 196

COVER: *Charles E. Martin*

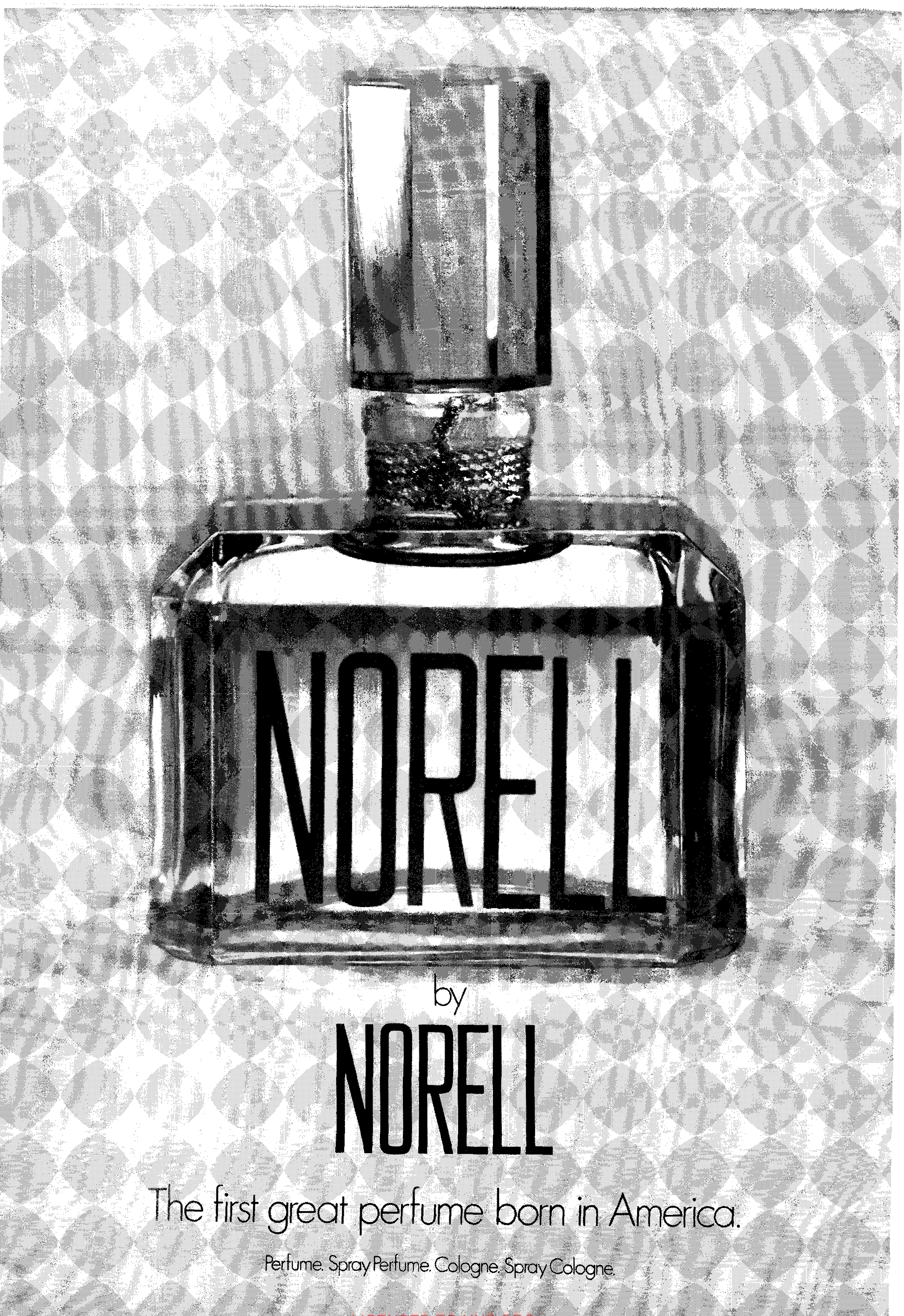
DRAWINGS: *George Price, William Hamilton, James Stevenson, Charles Addams, George Booth, William Steig, Lee Lorenz, Stan Hunt, Warren Miller, Joseph Mirachi, Everett Opie, Vahan Shirvanian, Barney Tobey, Kenneth Mahood, Al Ross, Robert Weber*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; Milton Greenstein, vice-president; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. XLIX, No. 42, December 10, 1973. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1973 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $15.00; two years, $25.00. In Canada, Latin America, and Spain, one year, $17.00. Other foreign, $19.00.



NORELL
by
NORELL
The first great perfume born in America.
Perfume. Spray Perfume. Cologne. Spray Cologne.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing and energetic that they make this simple-minded curiosity of a musical seem first-rate. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MOLLY—A lumpy gruel of a musical, starring poor Kay Ballard. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MOONCHILDREN—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway around a year ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

THE PAJAMA GAME—A musical with a book by George Abbott (who also directed) and Richard Bissell, based on the latter's novel "7½ Cents." The score and lyrics are by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross, and the cast is headed by Barbara McNair, Cab Calloway, and Hal Linden. Previews Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 5-8. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 9. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

RAISIN—A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years. The large cast is superlative, as their materials are not. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

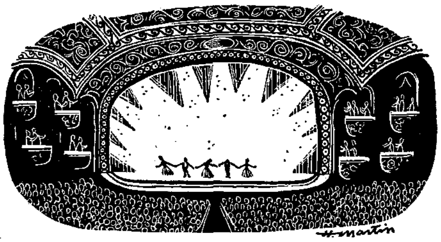
SEESAW—Several handsome production numbers almost make up for the shaky lonely-man-and-lonely-girl story, which ought never to have been blown up into a musical. With Patti Karr and John Gavin. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE TOOTH OF CRIME—This satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Much coöperation and agility is called for from the spectators. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. Fridays through Sundays at 9, preceded (at 7) by Michael McClure's "The Beard." (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651.)

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA—The first of three Shakespearean plays by the New York Shakespeare Festival, and the Festival's initial presentation in the Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre. (150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

VERONICA'S ROOM—A valiant cast, headed by Eileen Heckart and Arthur Kennedy, trapped in a thriller that fails to thrill. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE VISIT and **CHEMIN DE FER**—Rachel Roberts and John McMartin in an eight-week engagement presented by the New Phoenix Repertory Company. Feydeau's **CHEMIN DE FER,** adapted by Suzanne Grossmann and Paxton Whitehead, and directed by Stephen Porter: Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 13-14, at 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2 and 7:30. . . . ¶ Friedrich Dürrenmatt's **THE VISIT,** adapted by Maurice Valency and directed by Harold Prince: Thursday and Friday, Dec. 6-7, at 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2 and 7:30; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 10-11, at 7:30; and Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 2 and 7:30. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Closes Saturday, Jan. 12.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?—A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

WHEN YOU COMIN' BACK, RED RYDER?—Kevin Conway in a play by Mark Medoff. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 5. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 6, at 7. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,665 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** A sweetly romantic and yet coolly amoral musical about lovemaking and its consequences. The music and lyrics are by Stephen Sondheim, the book (borrowed from a Bergman screenplay) is by Hugh Wheeler, and the brilliant direction is by Harold Prince. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Leland Palmer. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 861-7362. Thursdays at 7:30 and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2.) . . . **THE SUNSHINE BOYS:** Neil Simon's comedy, worth seeing for the performances by Jack Gilford and Lou Jacobi as a pair of querulous elderly vaudevillians. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—At the time of going to press, no performances are taking place at the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, because of a strike.

ALVIN AILEY CITY CENTER DANCE THEATRE—Wednesday evening, Dec. 5: "Hidden Rites," "Masekela Langage," and "Missa Brevis." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 6: "The Lark Ascending," "Love Songs," and "Carmina Burana." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 7: "Dance for Six," "Nubian Lady," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 8: "Streams," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 8: "The Lark Ascending," "Love Songs," and "Carmina Burana." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 9: "Dance for Six," "Cry," "According to Eve," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 9: "Hidden Rites," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 11: "Metallics," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 12: "Kinetic Molpai," "According to Eve," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 13: "Metallics," "How Long Have It Been," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Missa Brevis." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 14: "The Lark Ascending," "Cry," and "Carmina Burana." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 15: "Dance for Six," "How Long Have It Been," "Kinetic Molpai," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 15: "The Lark Ascending," "Icarus," and "Carmina Burana." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Dec. 16.)

NATIONAL FOLK ENSEMBLE OF PAKISTAN—Khyber Pass and Kafiristan dances to the accompaniment of the tabla, mirdang, sitar, and sarangi. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 5-7, at 7:30. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2:30.)

DAN WAGONER AND DANCERS—Friday, Dec. 14, at 8: "Meets and Bounds," "Broken Hearted Rag Dance," "Brambles," and "Dan's Run Penny Supper." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8: "Meets and Bounds," "Broken Hearted Rag Dance," "Iron Mountain," and "Changing Your Mind." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350.)

JEAN-LÉON DESTINÉ—With his Afro-Haitian dance company. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:15, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 5. For tickets, call AU 3-2865.)

MISCELLANY

WORLD FESTIVAL OF MAGIC AND OCCULT—A three-week engagement by magicians, illusionists, and practitioners of the occult, including Aldo Richiardi, Jr. Not for children. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 12, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 30. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

PRINCETON TRIANGLE SHOW—A musical, "Future Schlock," is this year's undergraduate production. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

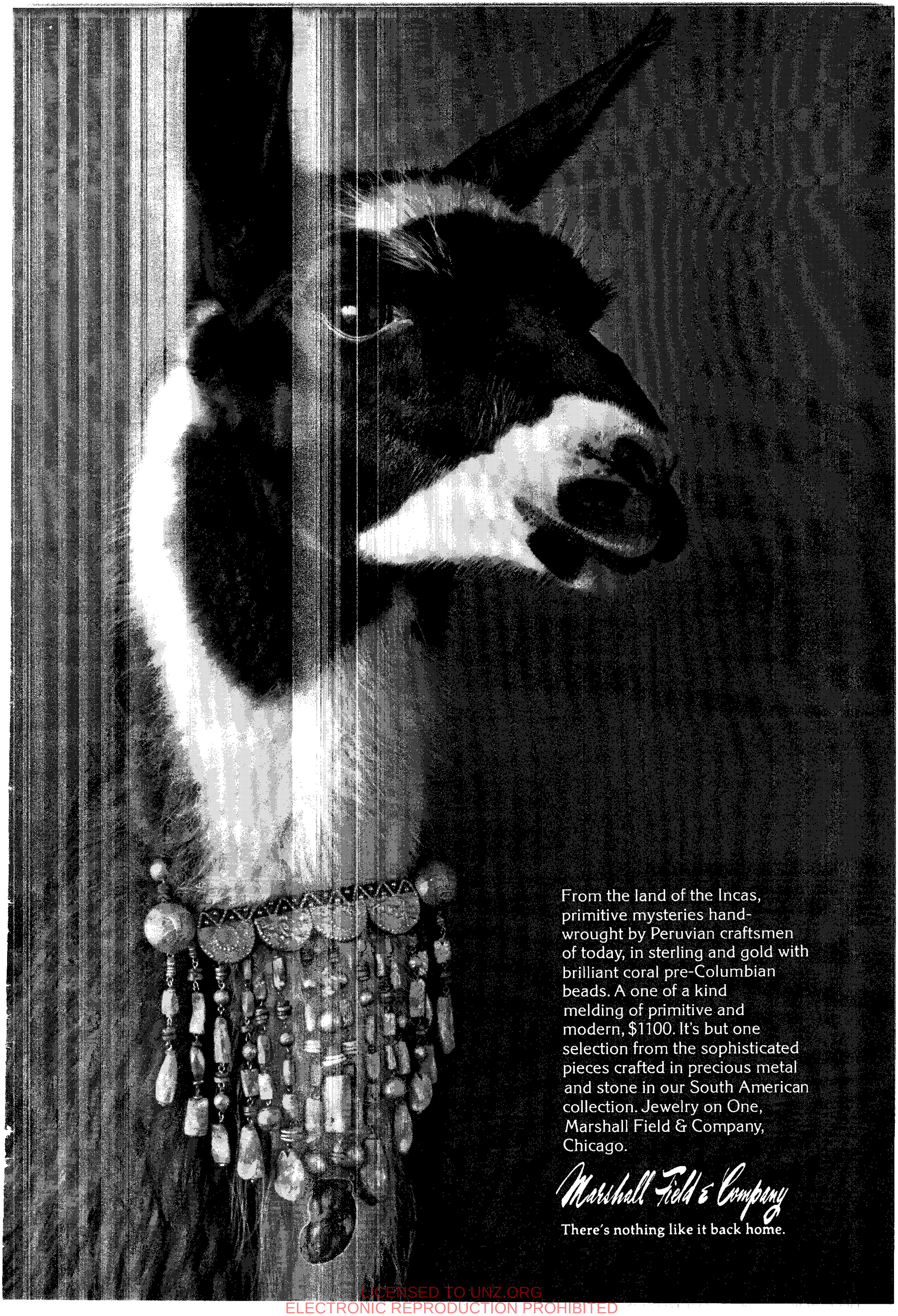
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

NORMAN CONNORS—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Drums, leading a sextet, with vocalist Dee Dee



From the land of the Incas, primitive mysteries hand-wrought by Peruvian craftsmen of today, in sterling and gold with brilliant coral pre-Columbian beads. A one of a kind melding of primitive and modern, $1100. It's but one selection from the sophisticated pieces crafted in precious metal and stone in our South American collection. Jewelry on One, Marshall Field & Company, Chicago.

Marshall Field & Company

There's nothing like it back home.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

Bridgewater. At ten, beginning Tuesday, Dec. 11.

Blossom Dearie—Sign of the Dove, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080). Singing at the piano, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, Tuesdays through Fridays.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley. Venerable Dixieland. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Duke Ellington—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Piano, with an orchestra. Beginning Monday, Dec. 10. Nightly at nine and eleven-fifteen.

Gil Evans—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a fifteen-piece band, from ten, through Sunday, Dec. 9.

Tyree Glenn—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trombone and vibes, with a septet. Nightly, from eight to one-thirty, beginning Monday, Dec. 10.

John Hammond—Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892). Blues singer. Thursday through Tuesday, Dec. 6-11, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Earl Hines—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Piano, with a quintet, from eight to one-thirty, through Saturday, Dec. 8.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, Mondays at ten.

Ellis Larkins—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus a program of works by Burt Bacharach and Rod McKuen on Sunday, Dec. 9, from four-thirty to seven-thirty.

Peggy Lee—Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000). Singing at dinner and supper, through Saturday, Dec. 8.

Michel Legrand—Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484). French singer-pianist-composer, at nine and eleven-thirty, through Saturday, Dec. 8.

Nellie Lutcher—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano, along with guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards, from eight to one, except Sundays.

Junior Mance—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Piano, with a trio, Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 6-8, from ten until three.

Marian McPartland—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, leading a trio, from nine to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Mabel Mercer—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

James Moody and Eddie Jefferson—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Saxophone and vocals, respectively, with Moody's quintet, at nine-thirty (Saturday at nine). Through Saturday, Dec. 8.

Gerry Mulligan—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Baritone saxophone, with his band, the Age of Steam, at nine-thirty (Saturdays at nine), beginning Monday, Dec. 10.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, from nine-forty-five nightly, except Sundays and Mondays.

Zoot Sims—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Tenor sax with guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli, from nine-thirty to one, through Saturday, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Leading a quartet, Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty and Saturdays from nine. Beginning Monday, Dec. 10.

●

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A seagoing vessel complete with dangling halyards, barrels, and a close-quartered conviviality. The musical crew consists of pianist John Foster's trio Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Red brick walls familiar from album jackets of the early sixties. Stationed here until Monday, Dec. 10, is Gabor Szabo, a capable and popular jazz guitarist who seems to prefer the rock idiom. British electric-keyboard musician Brian Auger and his rock ensemble, Oblivion Express, troop in on Wednesday, Dec. 12. Tuesdays are set aside for lesser-known performers. Outsize ice-cream sodas and such.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—An assortment of able and talented musicians whips up a variety of jazz. The Joe Farrell-Joe Beck quartet, co-led by a vigorously talented reedman and a deft, innovative guitarist, respectively, play exploratory material. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-panelled concern provides dinner, New Realist paintings, and music constructed by guitarist Sam Brown and pianist Dave Matthews, who'll be around through Saturday, Dec. 8. Pianist Hod O'Brien arrives with a bassist on Monday, Dec. 10. The hours are nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays from nine until one, the forceful bop pianist Al Haig, who used to play with Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, performs with a bassist.

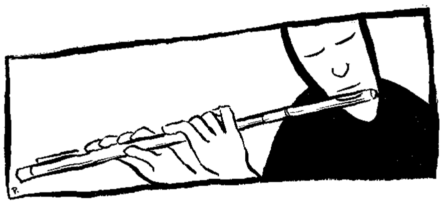
Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is the prized fixture here, and his songs—mostly from the thirties, mostly world-weary—summon up a generation's view of itself. Helping out, as always, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. The music begins at nine-forty-five. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A bright, crowded spot with musicians tucked away so that they're hard to see, and sometimes hard to hear. Young stride pianist and vocalist Brooks Kerr ably recreates sounds from the thirties, with the help of trombonist Mathew Gee and drummer Sir Malcolm. Wednesdays through Saturdays from eleven to four. The No Gap Generation Jazz Band fills in Sundays through Tuesdays. Dinner.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Unflappable Nellie Lutcher, the Victor Borge of Lake Charles (La.) blueswomen, has returned, singing and playing the piano with the assistance of guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards. She's occupying the center of the room from eight to one nightly except Sundays, when Dick Hyman plays. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—In the big room, reached by traversing a long bar, you can sit at tables and listen to country and bluegrass music played by Eric Weissberg and Deliverance, through Sunday, Dec. 9. The mikes are switched on at about nine. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A warm and serene club (in spite of its tiny size and crowded conditions) with rattan shades on the windows and on the softly colored lanterns that hang in its U-shaped quarters. Ellis Larkins, Al Hall, and all their admirers gather in this amiable setting Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Dec. 9, the duo will play an all-Burt Bacharach and Rod McKuen concert from four-thirty until seven-thirty, before their usual sets begin. Mondays through Fridays, Tad Bruce sings at the piano from six to nine. Singer Norma Shepherd is at the keyboard with bass accompaniment on Mondays. Snacks.



Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—Spare, modern, and spacious, the new quarters of this recently reopened club are quite a contrast to its former home, where musician and listener alike felt cramped. The business at hand, however, remains as it was: nightly devotionals to the great spirit of the guitar. Guitarist Carl Thompson and Fender bassist Jay Leonhart work through Saturday, Dec. 8. Beginning Sunday, Dec. 9, guitarist Gene Bertoncini comes in with a bassist. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its sleek, slick midtown home, this club, a rather formal setting for jazz, is offering two groups each night. Reedman James Moody (and his quintet) collaborates with singer Eddie Jefferson, who worked with Moody in the early fifties. Singer Joanne Barry is also present through Saturday, Dec. 8. Monday, Dec. 10, marks the beginning of a stint by the vital Gerry Mulligan and his group, the Age of Steam, plus the celebrated tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims and his quartet. Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine. Sundays, various performers are audible from nine-thirty to two-thirty.

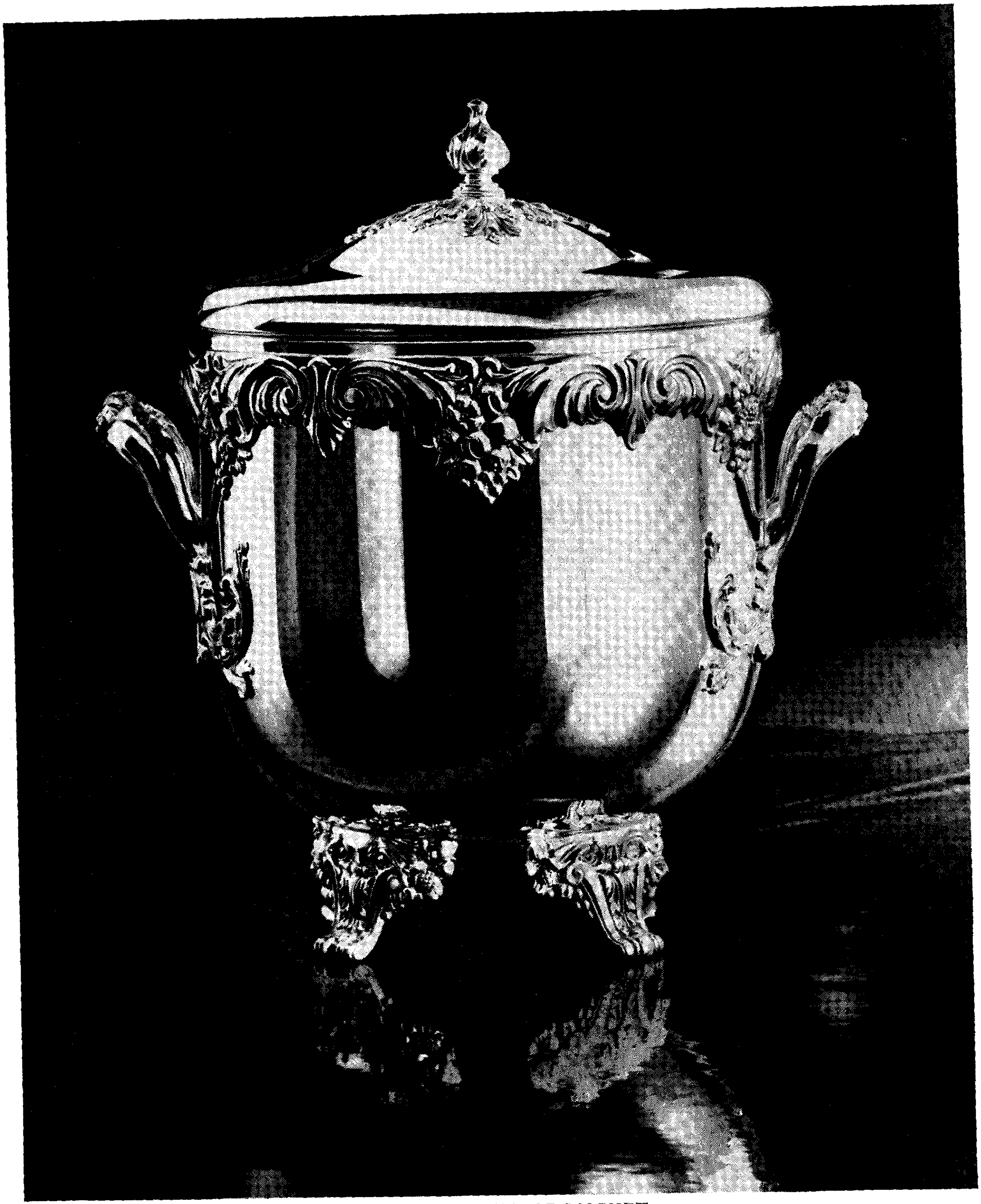
Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward supplies the sounds (along with bassist Gino Bionne on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, and with Lyn Christie on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15) every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Music from nine-thirty to three nightly.

Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—As farsighted as it is far-out, this club seriously cultivates the very best younger musicians working in the city, and some older, more established ones, too. Pianist Danny Mixon sparks his trio through Sunday, Dec. 9. On Tuesday, Dec. 11, Grant Green, a guitarist who is on intimate terms with the blues, brings in his band. Music from nine until three. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Major Holley, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke cut loose. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A large, modern restaurant complex that boasts, among other curiosities, a circular bar and a U.P.I. teletype machine. Barry Harris, a pianist of substance, works above the din with bassist Lawrence Evans Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Just outside the **52nd Street Room**, downstairs, hangs a large portrait of that street as it looked in the forties, reminding one how different the clubs—the Three Deuces, the Onyx, the Famous Door, and others—were then. Inside the big rectangular room, pianist and composer Michel Legrand, the Gallic Henry Mancini, sings with a jazz group at nine and eleven-thirty. After Saturday, Dec. 8, when M. Legrand departs, these basement quarters will fall dark and silent. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—The bar gives off explicit uptown vibes, but the back room—characterized by jammed-together tables, neck-craning youths, and a general lackadaisical folksiness—is positively from downtown. Isis is an eight-person rock band that need not rely on its visuals. Nail polish, spangles, high heels, and long hair—but they're all women and they're all good. While handsome young men jostle one another to get a good view, straightforward jazz-rock, and occasionally New Orleans-inspired swing-rock, emanates from the unself-conscious group. Their inclusion of congas, and the fine flute-and-tenor-sax work by Jean Feinberg, enhances sturdy original



THE WARMEST ICE BUCKET
reflects all the richness inherent in the King Francis Collection.
Heavy silverplate. 3-quart capacity, $140.00. At finer silverware stores.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 · TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

numbers written primarily by the band's two leaders, singer and guitarist Carol MacDonald and drummer Ginger Bianco. A trombone, a trumpet, and the standard lead guitar and bass round out their noteworthy sound. Through Sunday, Dec. 9. Music Tuesdays through Sundays, starting at nine-thirty. Mondays, various other musical types drop in. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—It was once fashionable to be seen here, but it is now all but impossible—the place is just too crowded. Linda Lewis, singer and acoustical guitarist; country singer Dick Feller; and singer Mike Silver all trade sets through Sunday, Dec. 9. On Wednesday, Dec. 12, Orleans, a tight rock outfit, and the vocal group the Dixie Hummingbirds, climb the stairs. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks and lobsters downstairs.

Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—Wine and cheese and folk and rock in a Village-coffee-house atmosphere. John Hammond, ear-deep in the blues of the Robert Johnson period, gives vent to an intense erudition, which he has recently combined (jarringly) with a raunchy, Jagger-like stage presence. Peripheral folkie Hamid Hamilton Camp shares the bill Thursday through Tuesday, Dec. 6-11. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Wednesdays, new talent is uncovered.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—A Tudorish dining room and a bar that aspires to the nineteenth century. Keyboard whiz Marian McPartland (she can take off on a Beatles' tune and, before you realize it, she's playing a Two-Part Invention) is here with a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Sometime clarinettist and Renaissance man Woody Allen participates with the Monday-night Dixieland band from nine to twelve. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side restaurant that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, directors' chairs, and a relaxed atmosphere. The Junior Mance trio performs Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 6-8. Music from ten to three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A cabaret intent on forming an up-to-date and liberated show-biz image. Novella Nelson, who sings in a dramatically effective way, has acquired a devoted following. She alternates with Gotham, a trio of male singers, through Saturday, Dec. 8. Another double bill begins on Tuesday, Dec. 11: singer and comedienne Marilyn Sokol and Michael Federal, a country singer and guitarist. Shows begin at nine and midnight. Pianists Edward Morris and Lewis Friedman fill any gaps from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, Dec. 9, Patti Smith, a young writer and actress, presents an unusual and very funny conglomeration. She reads her poems (one is entitled "Seventh Heaven" and deals with original sin) and stories ("The Wallflower" is about adolescence), and she sings songs about Jesse James' woman and Bob Dylan's dog, which has wings and is the only one who is allowed to look Bob Dylan in the eye. Her vocal style frequently slips into a Mae West-inspired delivery. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer is back with her songs, her worldly wisdom, and her pianist Jimmy Lyon. Tuesdays through Saturdays, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Sign of the Dove, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080)—Blossom Dearie's fragile concert-style performances in the GALLERY are endangered by noise and other distractions in spite of her careful attempts to ward them off. Besides the intruding noise from the restaurant proper (heavy curtains are not adequate to shut out drunken guffaws or popping corks), another threatening factor is the lack of understanding on the part of unsuspecting patrons who wander in. Her sets are rigorous, and possibly intimidating, for a casual clubgoer—during her performances there is no ordering drinks and no talking, only rapt attention. Blossom Dearie, however—and any first-rate performer—*deserves* rapt attention, and in Miss Dearie's case her small voice and intimate presentations would be overwhelmed easily in "normal" club conditions. When a Blossom Dearie or a Marian McPartland must stop in mid-performance to reprimand boisterous patrons, the spell of the performance is inevitably shattered. Such artists are, sadly, always vulnerable to audience rudeness unless they are working in rooms that are strictly for listening—e.g. the Vanguard, the Jazzboat, the Bitter End—and this situation, which is as old as Storyville, remains unalleviated. Still, we are fortunate to hear Blossom Dearie under any circumstances. Tuesdays through Fridays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Small enough for enjoyable acoustics, these two second-floor rooms evoke a lived-in elegance. Bucky Pizzarelli, the guitarist-in-residence, plays duets with tenorman Zoot Sims who leaves after Saturday, Dec. 8. Pizzarelli is then left to his own devices, which include a repertory of works by Villa-Lobos, Ellington and Strayhorn, and others. From nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper West Side room of simple design. Music is furnished by Tommy Lillis, on piano, with a trio, on Thursday, Dec. 6. Drummer Al Dreares heads up a trio on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8. On Sunday, Dec. 9, the fine guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma exchanges friendly rallies. Thursday, Dec. 13, is bassist Jimmy Garrison's (and his trio's) night. And reedman Bobby Capers and his quartet will drop by on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15. The music is featured from ten to three-thirty. Snacks.

Top of the Six's, 666 Fifth Ave. (757-6662)—This thirty-ninth-floor Stouffer's is replete with Early American knickknacks—china-filled china closets, hunting trophies, tapestries, and large dried-frond-filled urns. Pianist Ray Bryant and his trio are in evidence from nine-thirty to one. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—This venerable fortress is now featuring infectiously rhythmic sounds produced by Brazilian guitarist Sivuca and his combo Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. On Wednesdays, also, harpist Daphne Hellman and trio join in. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable thirty-nine-year-old institution down a steeply staired entrance. Pianist-composer-sage Gil Evans takes a fifteen-piece aggregation into some stylish arrangements, through Sunday, Dec. 9. On Tuesday, Dec. 11, drummer Norman Connors, his very fine sextet—saxophonist Carlos Garnett, pianist Onaje, bassist Calvin Hill, Lawrence Killian on congas, Charles Sullivan on trumpet, and saxophonist Mquanda—and vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater begin their stint. Connors' reverence for African rhythms results in stirring and very satisfying music. Mondays belong to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, their fifteen musicians, and (again) Dee Dee Bridgewater, whose singing duties here are more conventional than with Connors. The music begins at ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays; Kenny Brawner and a bassist play Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old stamping ground of Kerouac and Ginsberg when they were Columbia students. Now, making a second, stronger bid to be to the upper West Side what Kenny's, Max's, and the Metro are to the rest of town, this bricked-and-boarded café presents music Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. Singer and poet Tom Rapp alternates with singer Diana Marcovitz through Sunday, Dec. 9. They are followed, beginning Tuesday, Dec. 11, by the folk-rock trio Gunhill Road. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the ROYAL BOX, the Earl Hines quintet, featuring vocalist Marva Josie, alternates with the Peppi Morreale trio. On Monday, Dec. 10, the Tyree Glenn septet will succeed the Hines band. Dancing from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Herb Winner spends Tuesdays through Saturdays in the CAFÉ with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Phil Wayne's triad prevails Sundays and Mondays. Additionally, pianist Lou Kovack plays for cocktails Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Ada Cavallo is the caroller in the PERSIAN ROOM at ten Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Barry Levitt and René Martel are on the bandstand, heading up their crews, for dancing, from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ There is piano-and-violin music by Jules Kuti and Ernest Schoen in the PALM COURT Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, followed by pianist Ruth Andrews from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to seven, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight, violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Singer Teresa Brewer ends her dinner and supper sets on Saturday, Dec. 8, and on Monday, Dec. 10, the Duke Ellington band moves in. Discothèque music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan is presenting the piano team of DeMaio and Silver in a musical-comedy repertoire, Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to midnight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—These nights, at dinner and supper, the MAISONETTE affords the songs of Lana Cantrell. The Anthony Terini orchestra does the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . LA BOITE RUSSE, a quiet glade, is dispensing violin-and-piano music, with vocal accompaniment by Russian singer Aelita, from eight to one. A Russian menu. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Peggy Lee will do her final songfests at dinner and supper in the EMPIRE ROOM on Saturday, Dec. 8. Tony Bennett will commence a five-day visit on Tuesday, Dec. 11. Dancing to the Bob Rosengarden orchestra all evening. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Artschwager—Paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Charles Baskerville—Paintings of Bali, Bora Bora, and East Africa. Through Monday, Dec. 10. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Varujan Boghosian—Constructions and sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

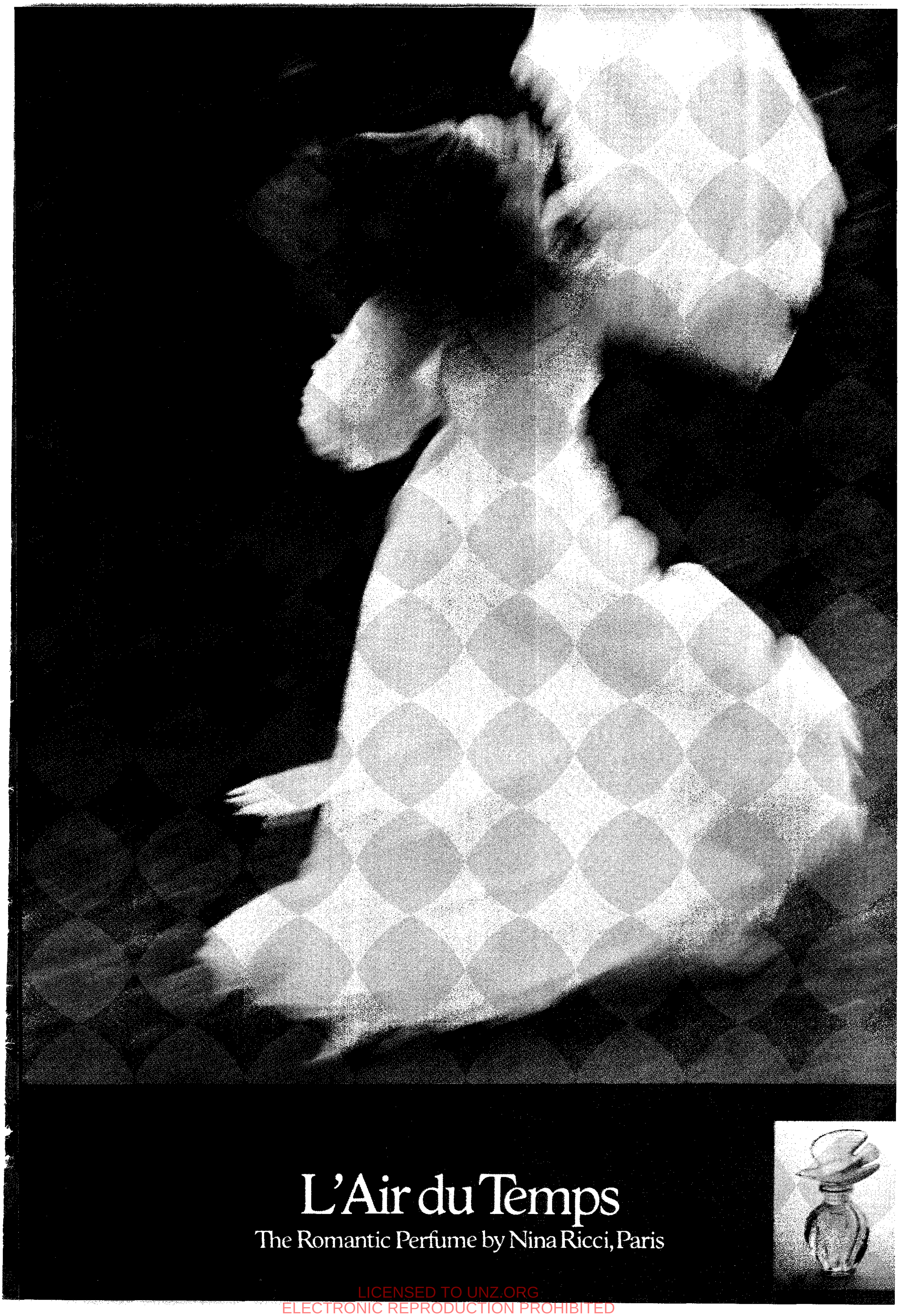
Frank Bowling—Two shows of large abstract paintings. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Through Jan. 13. Daily, noon to 6. . . . ¶ Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Through Dec. 29. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Burlin (1886-1969)—Expressionist paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

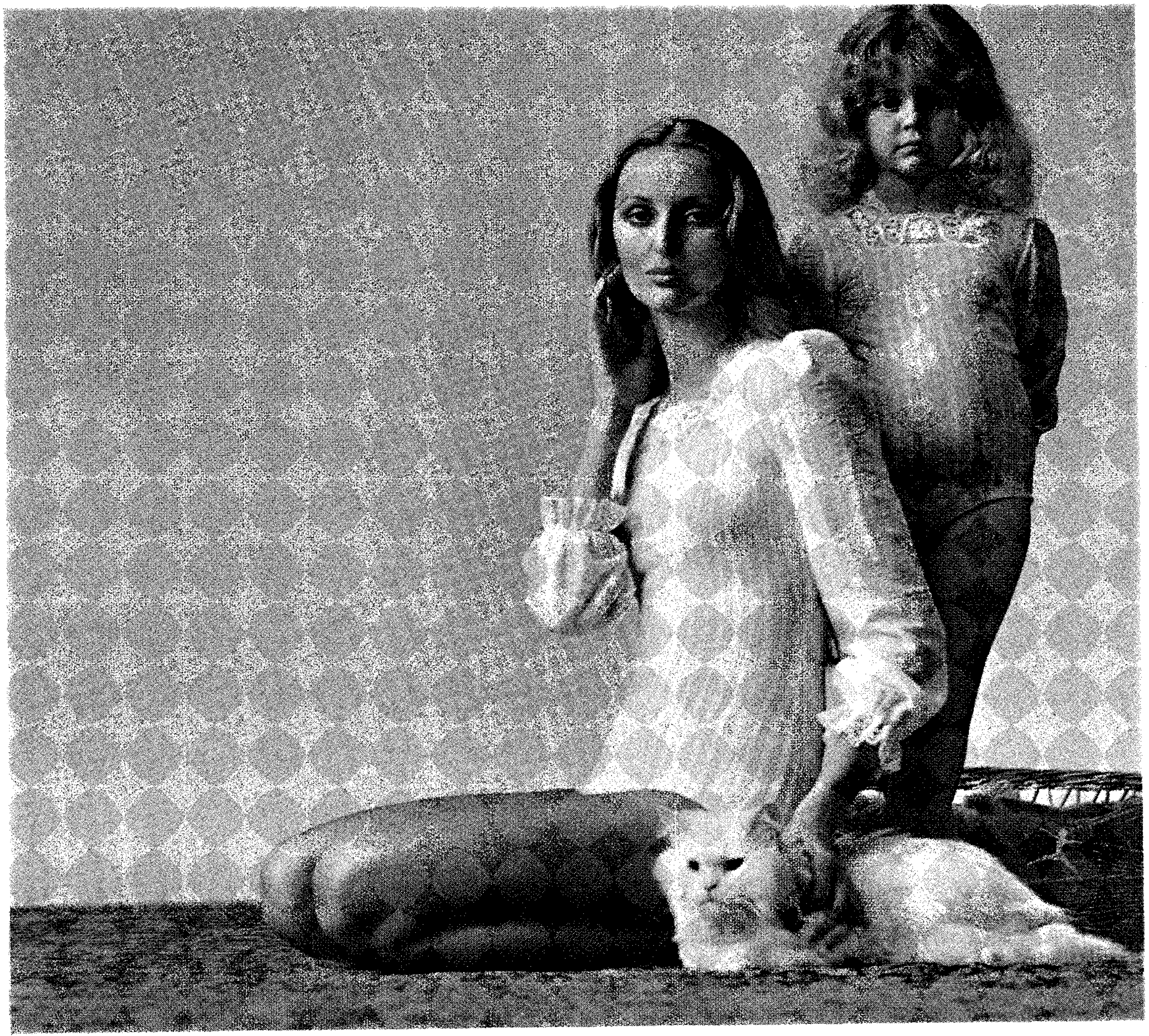
Pol Bury—Kinetic sculptures, plus related graphics. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

John Button—Sunsets over cityscapes. Through Thursday, Dec. 13. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jon Carsman—Paintings of small towns.


L'Air du Temps
The Romantic Perfume by Nina Ricci, Paris

DANSKINS ARE NOT JUST FOR DANCING



SNOW KITTENS: A STUDY IN DANSKIN. DREAMY, DELECTABLE BODYSUITS OF 100% NYLON IN WHITE, PINK, PALE BLUE, AND NAVY. WOMEN'S SIZES S-M-L, $16.00. (PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER ON WEST COAST.) CHERUB SIZES 2 TO 6X, 10.00. SIZES 7 TO 14, 11.00 (AND ASK TO SEE THE FULL-LENGTH SKIRT COORDINATE FOR GIRLS). AVAILABLE AT BLOOMINGDALE'S, B. ALTMAN & CO., GIMBEL'S, GERTZ, MARTIN'S, BAMBERGER'S, STERN'S, JORDAN MARSH, JOHN WANAMAKER, AND OTHER FINE STORES OR WRITE FOR BROCHURE NY12, 437 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 10016.

DANSKIN®

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

Through Dec. 29. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rosemarie Castoro—Three sculptures suspended from the ceiling. Through Dec. 17. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Closed Saturdays.)

Christo—Studies for six store-front projects. Starts Saturday, Dec. 8. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ken Danby—Superrealist paintings. Through Dec. 29. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Josef Drapell—Huge abstract canvases. Through Thursday, Dec. 13. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marcel Duchamp (1887-1968)—Paintings, sculptures, drawings, ready-mades, and etchings, from 1904 to the year of his death. Through Dec. 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Fangor—Paintings by a Polish artist who now lives in the United States. Through Dec. 29. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Cecily Firestein—Colored etchings. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Peter Gourfain—Wood sculptures. Through Thursday, Dec. 13. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Friedrich Hundertwasser—Temperas, watercolors, and woodcuts. Through Dec. 29. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Maria Cooper Janis—Abstract paintings of the Hampton shores. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Kahn—Watercolors. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Automation House, 49 E. 68th St.)

Rockwell Kent (1882-1971)—Adirondack paintings from 1940 to 1966. Through Dec. 22. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

William King—Bronze and ceramic sculptures. Through Dec. 29. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fred Laros—Collages. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Twenty gouaches from 1930 to 1955. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Levine—Figures and Coney Island scenes in watercolor, and satirical drawings. Through Dec. 21. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Isadore Levy—Abstractions suggestive of still-lifes and interiors. Through Dec. 22. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

André Masson—Graphics from 1931 to the present. Through Dec. 29. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jan McCartin—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes. Through Dec. 21. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Harry McCormick—Realistic paintings. Through Dec. 22. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Masayuki Nagare—Abstract granite sculptures. Through Dec. 22. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fay Peck—Oils, serigraphs, and monoprints of the female figure. Through Dec. 29. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Piccillo—Figure drawings on canvas. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Enzo Plazzotta—Sixty figurative bronzes, including a new series of ballet studies. Through Jan 5. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Georges Rouault (1871-1958)—Forty years of paintings. Through Dec. 22. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Sorel—Witty depictions of the political scene and illustrations of fairy tales in watercolors and drawings. Through Dec. 29. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rufino Tamayo—A new series of paintings by this Mexican artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—Objects (headboards and dustpans), paintings, collages composed of Tarot cards, and works on paper by the Spanish artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Willy Weber—Highly polished metal reliefs by a Swiss artist. Through Jan. 5. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A loan benefit of fifty paintings called "Twelve Years of Collecting" shows off the riches of the Carnegie Institute, in Pittsburgh—riches newly acquired and as yet unhoused, but at least not on their way to Japan. Degas, van Gogh, Matisse, Gauguin, Monet, Renoir, Cézanne, and Vuillard are among the Impressionists plucked from the Oriental tide, and Hals, Bernini, Tiepolo, Chardin, David, and Tintoretto are among the Old Masters. The show is dazzling—well worth the two-dollar admission, and almost worth travelling to Pittsburgh to see again. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. . . . **Hirschl & Adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: American landscape artists of the nineteenth century, among them Cole, Bierstadt, and Durand. Starts Thursday, Dec. 6. (Closed Mondays.). . . **Shepherd**, 21 E. 84th St.: Nineteenth-century European paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Through Jan. 5. (Closed Monday mornings.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Arman—Assemblages of objects imbedded in plastic. Through Dec. 30. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Beuys—Editions of objects, photographs, and documents by a German Conceptualist. Through Jan. 5. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Allen Blagden—Portraits and Maine landscapes in watercolor. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Ken Bowman—Paintings based on photographs of America in the early part of the century. Starts Saturday, Dec. 8. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marc Chagall—Oils, gouaches, and stone, marble, and bronze sculptures, all executed within the past ten years. Through Tuesday, Dec. 11. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Francesca Chandon—Abstract paintings; first solo show here. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Colette—An environmental work of fabric and resin. Starts Thursday, Dec. 6. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jan Groth—Drawings by a Danish tapestry maker. Through Dec. 22. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Irwin—An environmental work. Through Dec. 28. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Lorber—Still-life paintings. Starts Saturday, Dec. 8. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

I. Païlés—Paintings of figures and still-lifes. Through Monday, Dec. 10. (Schoneman, 63 E. 57th St.)

Leon Polk Smith—Hard-edge paintings from 1945 to the present. Through Jan. 13. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Strombotne—Paintings. Through Dec. 22. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Thon—Paintings of Ireland, Italy, and Maine. Through Dec. 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **Emmerich**, 41 E. 57th St.: Navajo blankets from 1860 to 1890. Starts Saturday, Dec. 8. (Closed Mondays.). . . **Iolas**, 15 E. 55th St.: Ernst, Magritte, Brauner, Matta, and Fontana. Through Jan. 12. (Closed Mondays.). . . **Janis**, 6 W. 57th St.: Paintings, from 1906 to 1971, by outstanding French artists. Through Jan. 5. . . . **Lewison**, 30 E. 60th St.: Watercolors and drawings by such nineteenth-century Americans as Bierstadt, Eilshemius, and Inness. Through Jan. 5. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.). . . **Myers**, 50 W. 57th St.: Elaine Lustig Cohen, Mimi Grooms, Neil Welliver, and other gallery artists. Starts Saturday, Dec. 8. (Closed Mondays.). . . **Seligmann**, 5 E. 57th St.: Master drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. . . . **Zabriskie**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings on the theme of the city by, principally, Louis Lozowick, Ralston Crawford, and George C. Ault, along with examples by some of their contemporaries. Through Jan. 5. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

George Brecht—Works from 1957 to the present by a pioneer of the late fifties' Happenings. Through Jan. 19. (Onnash, 139 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

Howard Buchwald / Ben Schonzeit—Abstract paintings and drawings. / Realist paintings. Through Jan. 1. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Olga de Amaral / Richard Aakre—Woven sculptures. / Large paintings done on paper. Through Jan. 5. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Garland / Suzanne Szlemko—Abstract watercolors. / Paintings. Through Friday, Dec. 7. (Yu, 93 Prince St.)

Gilbert and George—Photographs of Gilbert and George themselves, drinking. The atmosphere is of days gone by. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Joan Glueckman / Mary Ann Gillies—Figurative works in mixed mediums. / A stone sculpture, a kinetic welding, and several woven pieces. Through Dec. 22. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

John Grillo—Erotic drawings. Through Dec. 20. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Jake Grossberg / Nobu Fukui—Steel sculptures. / Geometric abstractions. Starts Saturday, Dec. 8. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Priscilla Heep—Abstract sculptures and paintings. Through Wednesday, Dec. 12. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Louise Kruger—Cloth and wood sculptures. Through Dec. 20. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Pat Lasch—Works of stitching on raw linen. Through Dec. 19. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Jeffery Leder / Charles Meyers—Drawings on small squares of canvas which, in turn, are applied to larger canvases. / Painted acrylic pile. Starts Saturday, Dec. 8. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Hector Leonardi—Paintings featuring gradations of light. Through Thursday, Dec. 13. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Shirley Pettibone—Paintings of sky and water. Starts Saturday, Dec. 8. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Kes Zapkus—Large abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, Dec. 12. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **Cuningham Ward**, 94 Prince St.: Paintings by Alan Cote, David Diao, John Walker, Lynton Wells, and Robert Zakanych. Through Dec. 29. (Closed Mondays.). . . **O.K. Harris**, 465 West Broadway: Sculptures by John DeAndrea, paintings by Martin Hoffman, and Conceptual art by Don Celender. Starts Saturday, Dec. 8. (Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Lawrence Calcagno—Abstract landscapes in a show that is running concurrently with his

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

show at the New York Cultural Center. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN—Three constructions made of crushed automobile parts. Through March 28. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, 2 Hammarskjöld Plaza, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

WILLIAM CRUTCHFIELD—Watercolors, drawings, and prints. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

E. E. CUMMINGS (1894-1962)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

JAMES DENMARK—Sculptures, collages, and charcoals. Through Friday, Dec. 7. (Acts of Art, 15 Charles St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 8.)

GEORGE MCNEIL—Paintings, lithographs, and drawings from 1968 to the present. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Pratt Institute Manhattan Center, 46 Park Ave., at 37th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 7; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

ERIC SLOANE—Paintings and drawings of rural scenes. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: "Erotic Art," an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by eighty artists, including Beckmann, Chagall, Rivers, and Segal. Through Dec. 19. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)... **PRATT GRAPHICS CENTER**, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.: A loan show of chiaroscuro woodcuts from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth. Through Dec. 31. (Closed Saturday mornings.)... **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: "Some Things They Never Told You About the 1940's, '50's, and '60's," a show of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Julian Beck, Frederick Kiesler, Landes Lewitin, and Phillip Pavia, selected by the art historian and critic Thomas B. Hess. Through Friday, Dec. 7. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5 and 6:30 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A superb exhibition of over a hundred photographs of landscapes and city scenes by such old masters as Alfred Stieglitz, Paul Strand, Berenice Abbott, Walker Evans, and André Kertész, and by such younger masters as Paul Caponigro, Elaine Mayes, George A. Tice, and Bruce Davidson. The show is, among other things, a demonstration of the inexplicable sense of reality conveyed by black-and-white photographs, in contrast to color pictures, which always look unreal and unconvincing. To look at Paul Caponigro's "Redding Woods," a picture of a sun-dappled clearing in the woods, is almost to be there and to smell the forest and feel the moss; Walker Evans' "Street and Graveyard" is an unforgettable and familiar picture of one of those streets on a hill in a small town that one used to drive through on the way to somewhere else in the days before the superhighways; Jack Delano's "Picnickers along Highway 12A near Hanover, New Hampshire," which shows three large ladies in print dresses sitting and eating by the side of the road near their car, whose door is open, provides another pleasant shock of recognition. But the three-color pictures in the show, by Eliot Porter, beautiful though they are, leave the viewer cold, and, oddly, stand in relation to the rest of the show somewhat as artificial flowers do to real ones. The show, further, demonstrates the great stylistic variety that is possible in straight photography—and is a show, therefore, that the novice photographer, worried about what's left to photograph, and tempted by the manipulated-print school, would do well to study and take encouragement from. The selections and the catalogue are by Phyllis Dearborn Massar, whose eye is more practiced than her pen. Through Jan. 27. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

LAURA GILPIN / LELAND RICE—Mainly photographs of Navajo Indians. / Portraits and interiors. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

EMMET GOWIN / STEPHEN SHORE—Photographs of Danville, Virginia. / Color prints made on a recent trip West. Through Jan. 5. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Newly acquired Chinese paintings (album leaves, an album of poetry, and hand scrolls and hanging scrolls) from the eleventh century through the fourteenth. Through Jan. 6. ... ¶ Oils, pastels, and prints by Mary Cassatt, from the museum's collection. Through Jan. 2.... ¶ Two hundred objects of the North, Central, and South American Indians, spanning four thousand years, on loan from the Museum of the American Indian. Through Jan. 1.... ¶ Thirty Japanese prints representing two hundred years of Japanese printmaking, exhibited along with a hundred netsuke and inro. Through Jan. 30.... ¶ Paintings by van Gogh and his contemporaries, accompanied by passages from letters van Gogh wrote to his brother, Theo, and others, which contain comments on artists, schools, paintings, and theories. Through Jan. 6.... ¶ "The Art of Imperial Turkey and Its European Echoes," including carpets, manuscripts, miniatures, and graphic arts. Through Jan. 27.... ¶ Landscapes and cityscapes by American photographers; see above, under "Photography." (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, sculptures, collages, and drawings spanning the career of Joan Miró from 1921 to 1972. Through Jan. 27.... ¶ Forty-seven prints, published in Germany in 1923, by Arp, Moholy-Nagy, Schwitters, Chagall, and others. Through Jan. 31.... ¶ Designs for plays, operas, ballets, films, circuses, and happenings, as well as for unrealized projects. Through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than two hundred and fifty items in various mediums emphasizing the Futurist and Dada periods, lent from the Winston/Malbin collection, in Michigan. The artists include Boccioni, Picabia, and Arp. Through Feb. 3.... ¶ Paintings, gouaches, drawings, and color charts by Kasimir Malevich, the Russian artist and leader of the Suprematist movement, on loan chiefly from the Stedelijk Museum, in Amsterdam. Through Jan. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings by Lee Krasner, dating from 1951 to the present. Through Jan. 6.... ¶ Abstract black-and-white collages and drawings by Mahler B. Ryder. Through Sunday, Dec. 9.... ¶ Abstract paintings executed between 1963 and 1973 by Larry Zox. Through Jan. 15.... ¶ Paintings of night scenes by George Ault, a leading figure in the Precisionist movement. Starts Friday, Dec. 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—English prints and drawings from the eighteenth century to the present. Through Jan. 6. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display on the subject of curassows and related tropical birds, including mounted specimens, paintings, drawings, maps, and tape recordings. Through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by such artists as Morris Broderson, Lois Dodd, and Raymond Saunders, eligible for purchase under the Academy's Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada. Through Dec. 16.... ¶ Sculptures and graphics by thirty-five members of the Academy and Institute. Through Dec. 16. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A handsomely mounted exhibition of historical and contemporary objects that were designed to be portable, including furniture, camping equipment, vehicles, and "body extensions," such as a necklace which registers air pollution and body temperature. Through Jan. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Twenty-seven masterpieces of African sculpture acquired under the guidance of the late Robert Goldwater, who directed the museum from its inception, in 1956, until his death, in March. Through Feb. 28. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Paintings of New York by Cecil C. Bell, done between 1930 and 1970, the year of his death. Through Jan. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Over fifty primitive Haitian paintings from the nineteen-forties to the present. Through Dec. 16.... ¶ Twenty-six pieces, ranging from collages to paper movies, by Red Grooms. Starts Thursday, Dec. 6.... ¶ Caseins, acrylics, watercolors, crayons, and silk screens by Lawrence Calcagno, some abstract and some reflecting landscape. Through Dec. 16. A complementary show is at the Roko Gallery, 90 E. 10th St.... ¶ Paintings, drawings, sculptures, medals, engravings, books, and bookbindings produced in Antwerp in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Through Dec. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"New York to 1765: River, Bowery, Mill, and Beaver," the first of a series of bicentennial presentations. Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century portraits, engravings, books and manuscripts, and other objects trace life in early New York as it grew from a small company-owned town to the complex it was to become on the eve of the Revolution. Two smaller exhibits are also there: "The Duychincks—Merchants, Chiefs, and Painters" and "Pieter Schuyler and the Indians." Through March 13. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and drawings by Nelson Stevens. Through Jan. 6. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing the first three in a series of five performances of Handel's "Messiah," with Bonita Glenn, soprano; Ann Yervanian, mezzo-soprano; Melvin Brown, tenor; William Metcalf, bass; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 8, at 7; and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2.)

MOUNT HOLYOKE GLEE CLUB AND CONCERT CHOIR AND CORO MOUNT HOLYOKE—Donald Chen and Catherine Melhorn directing, with the Orpheus Ensemble. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call PL 5-4986.)

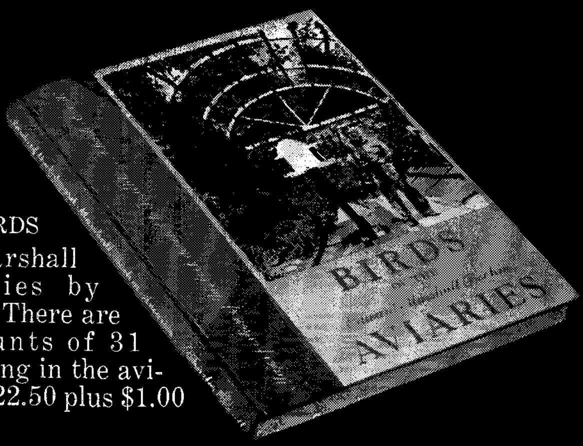
COLLEGIATE CHORALE—Richard Westenburg directing, with an orchestra and soloists. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8. For tickets, call CI 5-5730.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Dec. 5: "Rigoletto," with Colette Boky, Joann Grillo, John Alexander, Louis Quilico, Ezio Flagello, and James Morris; conducted by Serge Baudo.... ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 6. "Simon Boccanegra," with Adriana Mali-

Boehm proudly presents ...

THE BROWN THRASHER
State bird of Georgia is one of the 1973 collection of sculptures created by the Edward Marshall Boehm studios of America. The sculpture depicts the Thrasher in a cluster of Crocus, width 10 inches, height 7½ inches, depth 7 inches. Limited to an issue of 500 pieces. Subject to prior subscription. $1700.00



THE BOOK OF BIRDS
Of Edward Marshall Boehm Aviaries by Charles Everett. There are detailed accounts of 31 "firsts" in breeding in the avicultural world. $22.50 plus $1.00 *shipping.*

J. B. HUDSON
MINNEAPOLIS

C. D. PEACOCK
CHICAGO

CHARLES W. WARREN
DETROIT

JESSOPS
SAN DIEGO

ponte, Richard Tucker, Ingvar Wixell, Giorgio Tozzi, and Lawrence Shadur; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 7: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, John Alexander, and Robert Merrill; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Luigi Alva, Theodor Uppman, and Fernando Corena; Gabor Otvös. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Placido Domingo, Thomas Stewart, and Andrea Velis; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 10: "La Bohème," with Enriqueta Tarrés, Maralin Niska, Franco Corelli, Matteo Manuguerra, Jerome Hines, Russell Christopher, Andrij Dobriansky, and Paul Franke; Leif Segerstam. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 11: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Placido Domingo, Thomas Stewart, and Andrea Velis; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 12: "Simon Boccanegra," with Adriana Maliponte, Richard Tucker, Ingvar Wixell, Giorgio Tozzi, and Lawrence Shadur; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 13: "Rigoletto," with Colette Boky, Joann Grillo, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Matteo Manuguerra, Ezio Flagello, and James Morris; Serge Baudo. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 14: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Placido Domingo, Thomas Stewart, and Andrea Velis; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 15: "Die Zauberflöte," with Anna Moffo, Edda Moser, Luigi Alva, Donald Gramm, Jerome Hines, Morley Meredith, and Paul Franke; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 15: "La Traviata," with Leo Goeke and Robert Merrill; Peter Maag. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2:30, and Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2.)

St. Stephens Opera—An orchestra, a chorus, and soloists in a series of nine performances of Benjamin Britten's church parables, staged by Nathaniel Merrill. "The Burning Fiery Furnace": Friday, Dec. 7, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Curlew River": Sunday, Dec. 9, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Prodigal Son": Wednesday, Dec. 12, and Friday, Dec. 14, at 8:30. (St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. For information about tickets, call 757-8344.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Smetana's "The Bartered Bride," in English, directed by Peter Herman Adler, who will also conduct the Juilliard Orchestra. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, and Monday, Dec. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—The Philharmonic's labor problems having been resolved, performances will resume at Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, as follows: Georg Semkow conducting on Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 7, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 7:30 (all with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano). . . . ¶ Pierre Boulez directing Schumann scenes from Goethe's "Faust" on Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8; Friday, Dec. 14, at 1:30; and Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 7:30 (all with Judith Blegen and Phyllis Bryn-Julson, sopranos; Hilda Harris, Gwendolyn Killebrew, and Louise Parker, mezzo-sopranos; Stuart Burrows, tenor; Hermann Prey, baritone; John Shirley-Quirk, bass; and the Camerata Singers). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:30 (with Angel Romero, guitar).

New Jersey Symphony—Henry Lewis conducting an all-Rachmaninoff program, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Budapest Symphony Orchestra—György Lehel conducting the second of two concerts, this one with Ferenc Tarjáni, French horn. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Carlo Maria Giulini conducting, with Norman Carol, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Dec. 10, at 8:15.)

Boston Symphony—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 12, and Friday, Dec. 14, at 8:30, with Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8, with Rose Taylor, mezzo-soprano; and Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8, with Malcolm Frager, piano.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Lorna Haywood, soprano; Morley Meredith, baritone; and Emile Renan, narrator. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St., a change of site from Avery Fisher Hall. 535-5350. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 7:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Terrill Jory conducting, with Myung Whun Chung, piano. (Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Vienna Johann Strauss Orchestra—Walter Goldschmidt conducting an all-Johann Strauss II program, with Birgit Sarata-Pitsch, soprano, and Wolfgang Siesz, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Anton Coppola conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Columbia University Concert Band—Roger Nierenberg conducting. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Bach Aria Group—Peter Eros directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Mannes Chorus—Harold Aks directing. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Shirley Verrett—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Evenings for New Music—The first of two programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Ivan Nunez—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

Paco de Lucia—Flamenco guitarist, in the second of two concerts. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The second in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—Contemporary chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The second in a series of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano trios. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Eugene Istomin—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Jaime Laredo, Leslie Parnas, and Ruth Laredo—Violin, cello, and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Jorge Morel—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Paulette Hios—Piano. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Anthony Newman—Harpsichord, in the first in a series of three all-Bach programs, this one with Julius Baker, flute, and a string ensemble. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2:30.)

Neva Pilgrim—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2:30.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano, in an all-Granados program. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 3.)

Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale—The second in a series of three programs of music for two pianos and for one piano, four hands, with commentary. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 5:30.)

Judith Alstadter—The second in a series of three concerts presenting the cycle of piano works by Gabriel Fauré, with Marilyn Dubow, violin, and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

New Hungarian Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Continuing Avant-Garde—The first in this season's series of four League of Composers-ISCM concerts, this one performed by the Contemporary Quartet and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Anthony and Joseph Paratore—Music for two pianos and for one piano, four hands. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Marilyn Neeley—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Judith Norell—Harpsichord, in the second in a series of three recitals of eighteenth-century music, this one with Bruce Brewer, tenor; Humbert Lucarelli, oboe; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Dorian Woodwind Quintet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber Music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Gerard Schwarz, trumpet; Richard Goode, piano; and Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 5.)

Nathan Milstein—A program of Bach partitas and sonatas for unaccompanied violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

Victor Monge—Flamenco guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 5:45: **Odetta**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 5:45: **Erick Hawkins Dance Company.**

Bette Midler—Palace Theatre, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 22.

Sly and the Family Stone, and Earth, Wind & Fire—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8.

World's Greatest Jazzband of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart—Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8.

Dizzy Gillespie and Kenny Burrell Quartets—Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.

B. B. King, Z Z Top, and the Average White Band—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

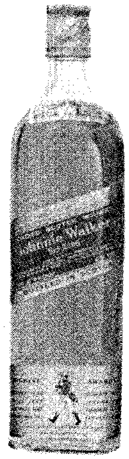
Joe Thomas Quartet—With Babe Mathews. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

John Prine—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 8.

Paul Bley and Scorpio—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, Dec. 13,

Johnnie
Walker
Red
100% Scotch Whiskies, 86.8 Proof. Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y.

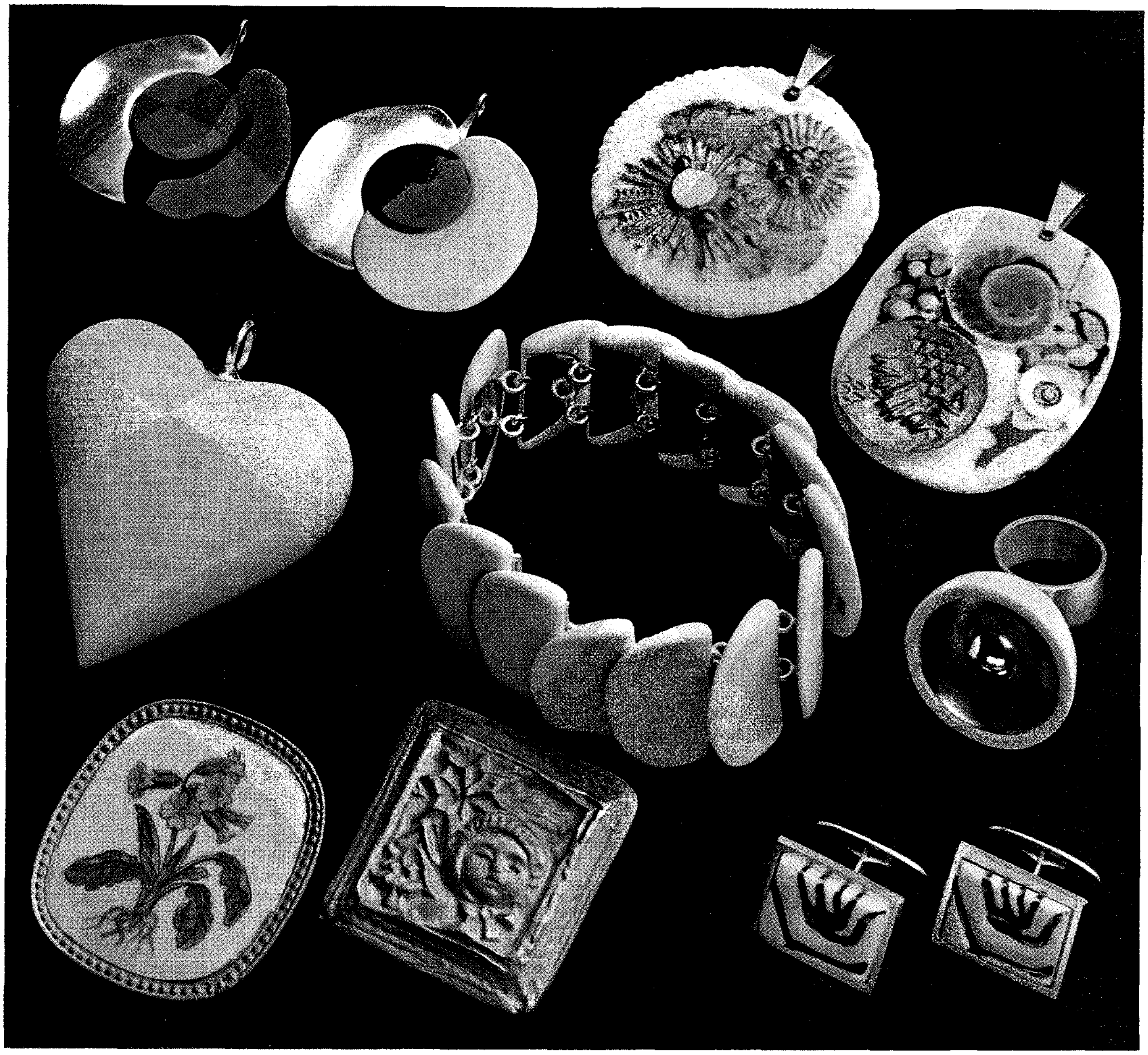
Who needs mistletoe?



Give the world's favorite Scotch for the world's favorite season.

Royal Bini from Royal Copenhagen:

After 200 years in the cup & saucer business, we've branched out into jewelry. Should we have stuck to cups & saucers?



When friends of Royal Copenhagen heard that we were coming out with our own collection of jewelry, they said they admired our courage. And wished us luck. But we ask you, with the kind of jewelry you see above do we need courage? Or luck?

Royal Bini Jewelry is worked in hand-painted porcelain. Hand-painted enamel. And sterling silver. All designed by the Court Jeweller, A. Michelsen. Prices range from $15.00 to $155.00.

Available at fine stores everywhere
and from our shop:

ROYAL COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN

573 Madison Avenue, New York 10022

This is ad No. 10 in a series. Prints on glossy paper are available upon request.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 8. For information about tickets, call 508-2028.

Lee Evans Orchestra—Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.

Betty Carter and the Danny Mixon Trio—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8.

Mandrill, Captain Beyond, and Osibisa—Academy of Music. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8 and 11:30.

Theodore Bikel—Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.

Benny Goodman Exhibit—Rare photographs, films, original artwork, posters, sheet music, and audio material depicting Benny Goodman's life and career. Through Thursday, Feb. 28. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 7. Optional contribution for admission.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Atlanta, Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Phoenix, Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Kansas City-Omaha, Saturday, Dec. 15, at 1:30. . . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 7:35): Nets vs. Memphis, Friday, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Carolina, Wednesday, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Diego, Friday, Dec. 14.

Boxing—Jerry Quarry vs. Earnie Shavers, heavyweights, 12 rounds, and Jorge Ahumada vs. Andy Kendall, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

Professional Football—Jets vs. Philadelphia Eagles. (Philadelphia. Sunday, Dec. 9.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams. (Los Angeles. Monday, Dec. 10.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. California Golden Seals, Sunday, Dec. 9, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 7:35): Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Thursday, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. California Golden Seals, Tuesday, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Dec. 15.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 29. The Interborough Handicap, Wednesday, Dec. 5; the Discovery Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 8; and the Display Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 15. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Dec. 31.

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches, Saturday, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 16. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Matches begin at about 10. No tickets necessary.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 22.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 8-9, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, Dec. 15, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the **bil baird marionettes:** "Pinocchio." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **king's players:** "Rainbow Junction." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturdays at 2.) . . . **meri mini players:** "Guess Again." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.) . . . **robert f. kennedy theatre for children:** Benefit performances of "Bah! Humbug." (219 W. 48th St. 586-1920. Friday, Dec. 7, at 7, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 8-9, at 1:30 and 4:30.) . . . **traveling playhouse:** "Tom Sawyer." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2. Children under five not admitted.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Christmas Sky." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

Poetry Readings—Edward Field and Adrienne Rich reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Dec. 10, at 7:30.)

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Dec. 6, at 2: Old master paintings, from a number of collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2: English furniture and decorations, from many owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 2: English and Continental silver, from several owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 10:15 and 2: *Objets de vertu*, antique jewelry, and chess sets; from various collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 13, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, Dec. 14, at 10:15: Russian works of art, including icons, porcelains, and silver; from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8, and Friday, Dec. 14, at 2: Twentieth-century American paintings by Hopper, Prendergast, O'Keeffe, and others; from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 8.

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—At press time, the schedule of films was not set. Our advice is to call the museum for program information. . . . **new york cultural center,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Dec. 5: "Abraham Lincoln" (1930), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Walter Huston and Una Merkel. . . . ¶ Dec. 6: "Where East Is East" (1929), a silent film, directed by Tod Browning, with Lon Chaney and Lupe Velez. . . . ¶ Dec. 7: "Testament of Dr. Mabuse" (1932), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Rudolf Klein-Rogge. . . . ¶ Dec. 8: "Chandu the Magician" (1932), directed by Marcel Varnel and William Cameron Menzies, with Edmund Lowe and Bela Lugosi. . . . ¶ Dec. 9: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1932), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Miriam Hopkins and Fredric March. . . . ¶ Dec. 12: A program of cartoons. . . . ¶ Dec. 13: A program of cartoons by Frank Tashlin. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . **whitney museum,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Dec. 5: "My Girlfriend's Wedding," directed by James McBride. . . . ¶ Dec. 6-12: "David Holzman's Diary," directed by James McBride. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 13: "Snapshots," directed by Irving Horowitz. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evenings); on Dec. 5 at 1:10, 2:20, 3:30, and 4:40. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information. . . . **brooklyn academy of music,** 30 Lafayette St. (636-4100). Films of the American Film Institute—Dec. 12 at 8: "Double Indemnity" (1944), directed by Billy Wilder, with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 8: "The Killers" (1946), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Burt Lancaster and Ava Gardner. . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 7: "Caught" (1949), directed by Max Ophuls, with Barbara Bel Geddes, James Mason, and Robert Ryan. . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 9: "White Heat" (1949), directed by Raoul Walsh, with James Cagney.

Christmas and Healthful Outdoor Living—A sixteen-block-long festival of Christmas carols will be held on Park Avenue on Wednesday, Dec. 12, from 8 to 9, with sixteen different singing groups, each on a corner of the avenue from 68th Street to 84th Street. In case of rain, the festival will be held at the Einhorn Auditorium, 131 E. 76th St.

Make it a Bonwit Christmas!
The Classic Fleece Kimono
A holiday tradition . . . the luxuriously fleecy robe with satin piping, ours, in Celanese® Arnel® triacetate and nylon, blue or shrimp. By Royal Robes. P, S, M or L sizes, 26.00 Add 1.25 outside delivery area. Robes. Bonwit Teller. Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York and all stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 9: "Westworld."
Dec. 10-11: "A Delicate Balance" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Dec. 12: "The Hireling" and "Siddhartha."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Dec. 8: "Torch Singer" and "Imitation of Life."
Dec. 9-11: "Escape" and "Her Cardboard Lover."
From Dec. 12: Theatre closed.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Dec. 8: "The Last of Sheila" and "Strangers on a Train."
Dec. 9-11: "The Last of Sheila" and "Something for Everyone."
From Dec. 12: "Paper Moon" and "Catch-22."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 11: "Sisters" and "Psycho."
From Dec. 12: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 9: "Le Sex Shop" and "Take the Money and Run."
Dec. 10-11: "A Delicate Balance" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Dec. 12: "Le Sex Shop" and "Take the Money and Run."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Hurry Up, or I'll Be 30."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Billy Jack."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Dec. 8: "Jonathan Livingston Seagull."
From Dec. 9: "Don't Look Now."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Long Goodbye."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Dec. 11: "Day for Night."
From Dec. 12: "Happy New Year."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Serpico."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Executive Action."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Westworld."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Westworld."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Dec. 9: "A Touch of Class."
Dec. 10-12: "A Delicate Balance" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Dec. 13: "Don Quixote."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Mean Streets."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Dec. 5: "The Cocoanuts" and "Monkey Business."
Dec. 6-12: "A Night in Casablanca" and "Love Happy."
From Dec. 13: "Room Service" and "Go West."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Paper Chase."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Breezy."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"American Graffiti."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The French Conspiracy."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Way We Were."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 9: "Last Tango in Paris."
Dec. 10-11: "A Delicate Balance" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Dec. 12: "Le Sex Shop."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Dec. 11: "The Grande Bouffe."
From Dec. 12: "Bang the Drum Slowly."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Westworld."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 9: "Sisters."
Dec. 10-11: "A Delicate Balance" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Dec. 12: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 6: "The Don Is Dead."
Dec. 7-9: "Frankenstein's Bloody Terror" and "Dracula vs. Frankenstein."
Dec. 10-11: "A Delicate Balance" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Dec. 12: "Frankenstein's Bloody Terror" and "Dracula vs. Frankenstein."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Way We Were."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Dec. 9: "Ash Wednesday."
Dec. 10-11: "A Delicate Balance" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Dec. 12: "Ash Wednesday."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 10: "Hurry Up, or I'll Be 30."
From Dec. 11: "Henry VIII and His Six Wives."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Battle of the Amazons."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Five on the Black Hand Side."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 9: "The Grande Bouffe."
Dec. 10-11: "A Delicate Balance" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Dec. 12: "The Grande Bouffe."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 11: "Massacre in Rome."
From Dec. 12: "Bang the Drum Slowly."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Dec. 6: "A Touch of Class."
From Dec. 7: "Payday."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 9: "Deliverance" and "The Candidate."
Dec. 10-11: "A Delicate Balance" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Dec. 12: "Deliverance" and "The Candidate."

Quad Cinemas I, 2, 3, and **4,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Dec. 11 at one or another of the theatres: "I. F. Stone's Weekly" / "Heavy Traffic" and "Drive, He Said" / "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion," "Fellini Satyricon," and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" / "The Devil in Miss Jones" and "Heat."
From Dec. 12: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Dec. 8: "Slaughterhouse-Five" and "Little Murders."
Dec. 9-10: "Harold and Maude" and "Where's Poppa?"
Dec. 11: "Belle de Jour" and "The Bride Wore Black."
From Dec. 12: "What's Up, Doc?" and "A New Leaf."

23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Dec. 9: "Midnight Cowboy" and "Where's Poppa?"
Dec. 10-11: "A Delicate Balance" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Dec. 12 (tentative): "The Hireling" and "Siddhartha."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Dec. 9: "A Boy Named Charlie Brown" and "Snoopy, Come Home."
Dec. 10-12: "A Delicate Balance" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Dec. 13: "A Boy Named Charlie Brown" and "Snoopy, Come Home."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Robin Hood."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Dec. 9: Theatre closed.
Dec. 10-11: "A Delicate Balance" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Dec. 12: Theatre closed.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Dec. 11: "Don Quixote."
From Dec. 12: "Day for Night."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 9: "The Gold Rush" and "City Lights."
Dec. 10-11: "A Delicate Balance" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Dec. 12: Theatre closed.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The New Land."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Dec. 6: "The Stranger" and "Persona."
Dec. 7-9: "Slaughterhouse-Five" and "Catch-22."
Dec. 10-11: "Aparajito" and "Pather Panchali."
Dec. 12-13: "Zorba the Greek" and "Justine."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"England Made Me."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through the afternoon of Dec. 6: "The Big Sleep" and "To Have and Have Not." (No evening performances on Wednesday, Dec. 5.)
From Dec. 7: "Last Tango in Paris" and "The Harrad Experiment."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Massacre in Rome."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Dec. 11: "Blume in Love" and "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!"
From Dec. 12: "Fritz the Cat" and "The Cheerleaders."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Dec. 11: "Fiddler on the Roof."
From Dec. 12: "The Hireling" and "Siddhartha."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Dec. 9: "Sisters" and "The House That Screamed."
Dec. 10-11: "A Delicate Balance" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Dec. 12: "Bang the Drum Slowly."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 9: "East of Eden" and "Rebel Without a Cause."
Dec. 10-12: "A Delicate Balance" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Dec. 13: "Lawrence of Arabia."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 11: "Deliverance" and "Man in the Wilderness."
From Dec. 12: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Dec. 11: "Alice Adams" and "Mary of Scotland."
From Dec. 12: To be announced.

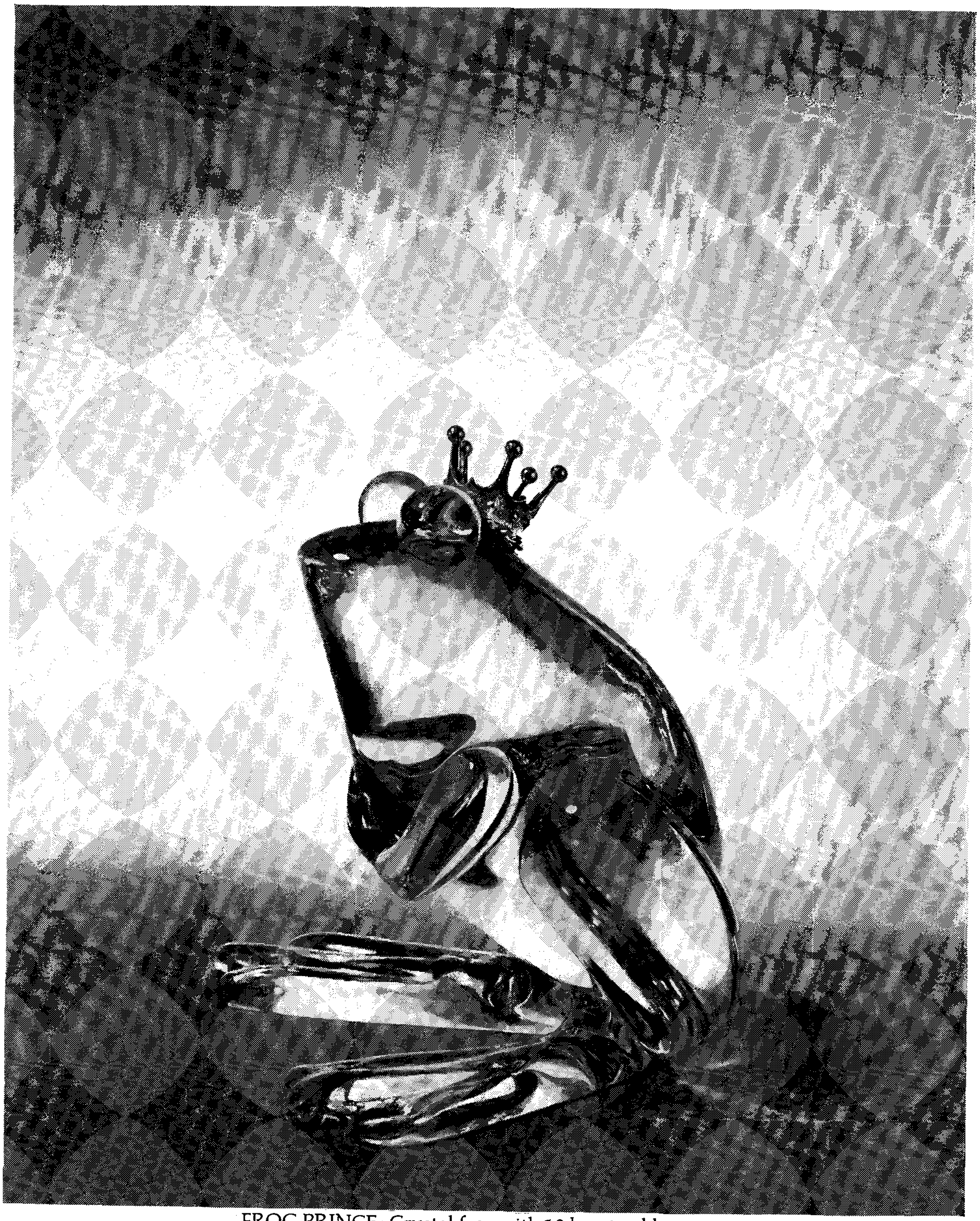
Note: A few specialist film houses—**film forum,** 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes*. At 8, Fridays through Sundays, plus Thursday, Dec. 13. . . . **pagoda,** 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Alice Adams (1935)—Katharine Hepburn, with her young, beautiful angularity and her faintly absurd Bryn Mawr accent, is superbly cast as Booth Tarkington's eager, desperate, small-town social climber. Her Alice is one of the few authentic American movie heroines. George Stevens directed with such a fine sense of detail and milieu that the small-town nagging-family atmosphere is nerve-rackingly accurate and funny. Alice is cursed with a pushing mother (Ann Shoemaker), an infantile father (Fred Stone), and a vulgar brother (Frank Albertson). The picture is cursed only by a fake happy ending: Alice gets what the movie companies considered a proper Prince Charming for her—Fred MacMurray, as a wealthy young man. Even with this flaw, it's a classic, and Hepburn gives one of her two or three finest performances—rivalled, perhaps, only by her work in "Little Women" and "Long Day's Journey Into Night." With Hattie McDaniel, Evelyn Venable, and Hedda Hopper as a rich bitch. (Thalia; through Dec. 11.)

American Graffiti—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern Cali-



FROG PRINCE: Crystal frog with 18 karat gold crown
Designed by Lloyd Atkins • Height 6" • $875.00
For Christmas Book illustrated with thirty-eight color plates, send $3.00

STEUBEN GLASS

56th STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022 • (212) 752-1441
CORNING GLASS CENTER, CORNING, NEW YORK 14830 • (607) 962-1060

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fornia. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Beekman.)

Aparajito (1957)—The central film of Satyajit Ray's great Apu trilogy is transitional in structure, rather than dramatic, yet it is full of insights and revelations. Ray takes the broken family of "Pather Panchali" from the village to Benares and follows the boy Apu in his encounter with school and the intellectual life at the University of Calcutta. (There is a luminous moment when Apu recites a poem in a classroom—one understands how it is that art survives in the midst of poverty.) The film chronicles the emergence of modern industrial India, showing it to be not a primitive society but a corrupted society. However, Apu himself embodies Ray's belief that individuals need not become corrupt. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 10-11.)

Ash Wednesday—With Elizabeth Taylor and Helmut Berger, directed by Larry Peerce. (Loews Ciné. No performances on Dec. 10-11.)

Bang the Drum Slowly—A fictional story with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (Juliet 1, 8th St. Playhouse, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Dec. 12.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 11.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller, peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendos. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot gets so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers of the screenplay had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out, either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Paramount; through the afternoon of Dec. 6. No evening performances on Wednesday, Dec. 5.)

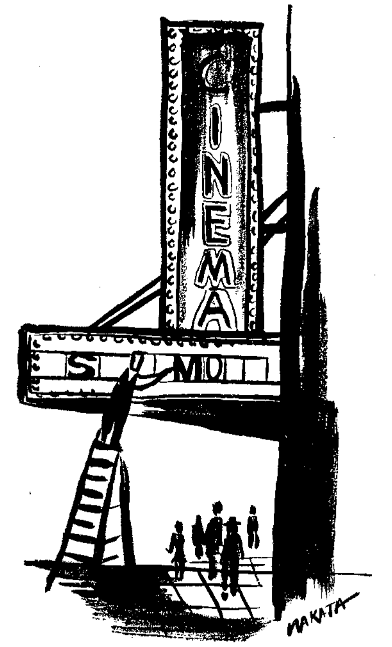
Billy Jack (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naïve feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystical powers on behalf of the young. (Eastside Cinema.)

Blume in Love—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer played by George Segal in a clodhopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doge's Palace. Some denouement. Written and directed by Paul Mazursky (of "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice," a comedy with a lot more slyness and verve). (Regency; through Dec. 11.)

A Boy Named Charlie Brown (1969)—A very sad excuse for a children's picture—a pathetically limp animation feature that barely taps the verbal wit or the great charm of the comic strip it's derived from. (Guild. No performances on Dec. 10-12.)

Breezy—With William Holden and Kay Lenz, directed by Clint Eastwood. (Columbia II.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 11.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13		

The Candidate (1972)—We need political films, by gum, but not this thing, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in years. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (Greenwich. No performances on Dec. 10-11.)

Catch-22 (1970)—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 7-9. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 12.)

City Lights (1931)—The famous old Chaplin. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (Playboy; through Dec. 9.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (First Avenue Screening Room; Dec. 5.)

Day for Night—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (Fine Arts; through Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Festival; starting Dec. 12.)

A Delicate Balance—From Edward Albee's play. The third presentation in the American Film Series (primarily subscription). With Katharine Hepburn, Paul Scofield, Lee Remick, Kate Reid, Joseph Cotten, and Betsy Blair, directed by Tony Richardson. The film will be shown on Dec. 10 and 11 only, at 2 and 8, at the Art, Gramercy, 72nd Street East, Trans-Lux 85th St., U.A. East, Loews Ciné, Waverly, Greenwich, 23rd St. Cinema, Ziegfeld, Playboy, and Loews 83rd St.; and Dec. 10-12, at 2 and 8, at the Ciné Malibu, Guild, and New Yorker. Some extra tickets may be available at certain theatres; for information, call 489-8820.

Deliverance (1972)—*A man's man of a film*—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed *in almost monochromatic* color. (Greenwich. No performances on Dec. 10-11. . . . ¶ Symphony; through Dec. 11.)

The Don Is Dead—With Anthony Quinn, directed by Richard Fleischer. (U. A. East; through Dec. 6.)

Don Quixote—The Petipa ballet to the music of Minkus, staged by and starring Rudolf Nureyev, and Robert Helpmann as the Don and with dancers of the Australian Ballet. It has the cushioned impact of all ballets filmed in studios, and its air of unreality may make you drowsy, but Nureyev, aided by the multiple takes that this process makes possible, disports himself with inhuman zest, and the bewitching Marilyn Rowe appears in two of the featured roles. (Festival; through Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Ciné Malibu; starting Dec. 13.)

Don't Look Now—With Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland, directed by Nicholas Roeg. (Sutton; starting Dec. 9.)

Dracula vs. Frankenstein—With J. Carrol Naish and Lon Chaney, Jr., directed by Al Adamson. (U. A. East; starting Dec. 7. No performances on Dec. 10-11.)

Drive, He Said (1971)—Jack Nicholson's début as a director, so this film about schizophrenia in the soul of young America is well acted, but it skids into some very leaden symbolism about a crackup in the mind of a boy avoiding the draft; the screen suddenly swarms with lizards and mice and bugs that he has let loose in a biology lab, in the spirit of freeing fellow-prisoners. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 11.)

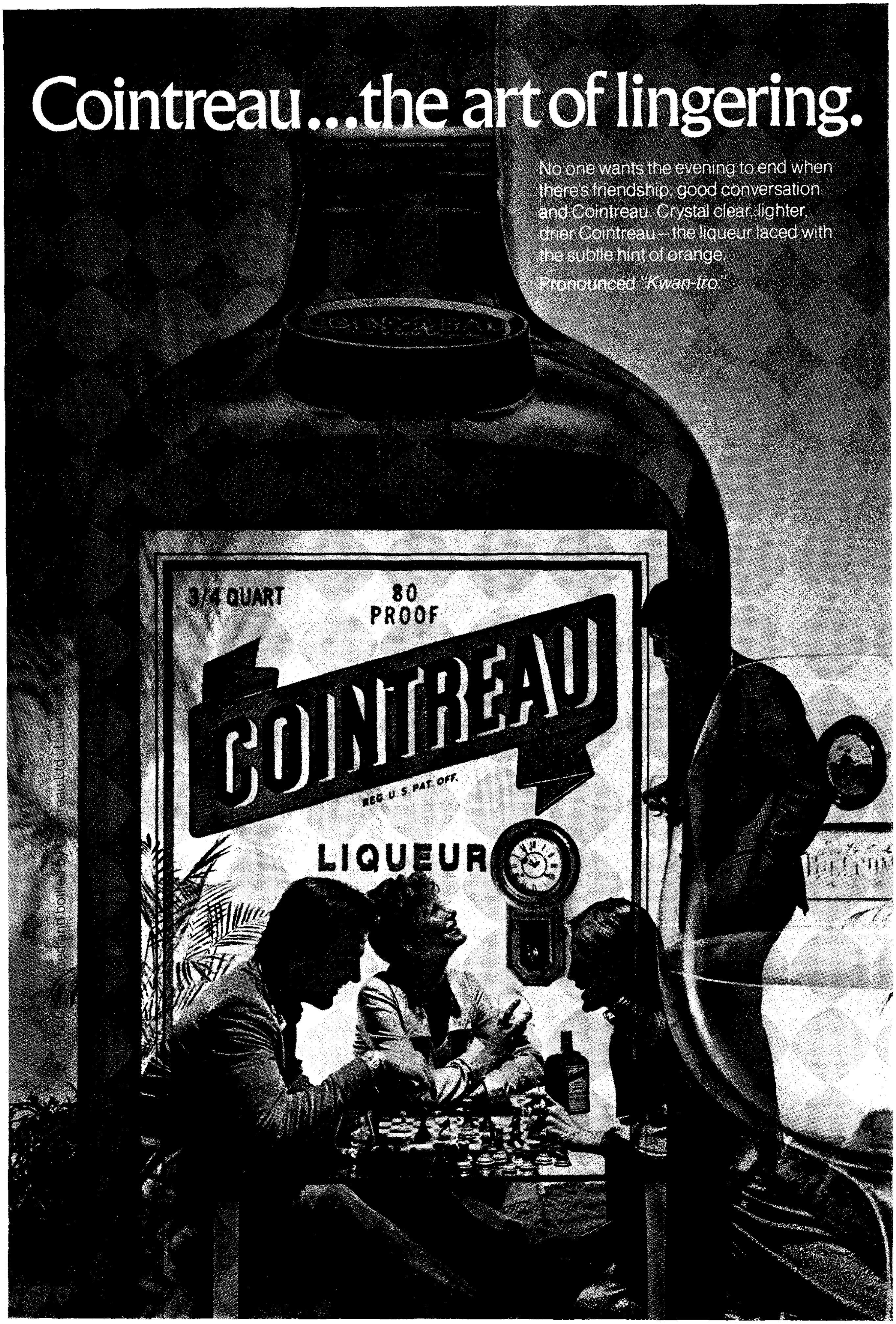
East of Eden (1955)—The famous, fevered Kazan movie of Steinbeck's Cain and Abel story, laid in California, with the haunting presences of James Dean and Julie Harris. (New Yorker; through Dec. 9.)

England Made Me—Very slight, but it has a hushed, becalmed quality that is pleasing. Adapted from a Graham Greene novel published in 1935, this movie is about an amiable, giddy young Englishman (Michael York)—a schoolboy at heart—at loose in Nazi Germany. Hildegard Neil plays his sister, the mistress of a humorless swindler-financier (Peter Finch), and Michael Hordern turns up as a mildewed old newspaperman. Understated and rarefied, the movie often seems more Noël Coward than Graham Greene, but that's partly because Greene in 1935 wasn't yet quite Greene. It's far from great and far from original, but it's not bad, and York gives one of his best performances. Peter Duffell directed. (Paris.)

Escape (1940)—Not to be confused with a good film of the same title that came out in 1948, starring Rex Harrison and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *This one, directed by* Mervyn LeRoy, is an utterly unconvincing anti-Nazi picture that stars Norma Shearer and Robert Taylor. He plays the American-born son of an imprisoned German woman (Alla Nazimova, totally implausible as a German but a pleasure to see in any role). The villain, Conrad Veidt, is so much more attractive than the hero that the whole thing turns into a feeble, overproduced joke. With *Philip Dorn, Albert Basserman, and Felix* Bressart. For the script, Arch Oboler and Marguerite Roberts are the culprits; Ethel Vance wrote the novel. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 9-11.)

Executive Action—Feeble, insensitive fictionalization of how President Kennedy might have been the victim of a large-scale right-wing plot. It's a dodo-bird of a movie, the winner of the "Tora! Tora! Tora!" prize—in miniature—*for 1973, with matchlessly dull* performances from a cast that includes Burt Lancaster, Robert Ryan, and Will Geer. Dalton Trumbo wrote the script from a story by Donald Freed and Mark Lane; David Miller directed. (Coronet.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini, basking in

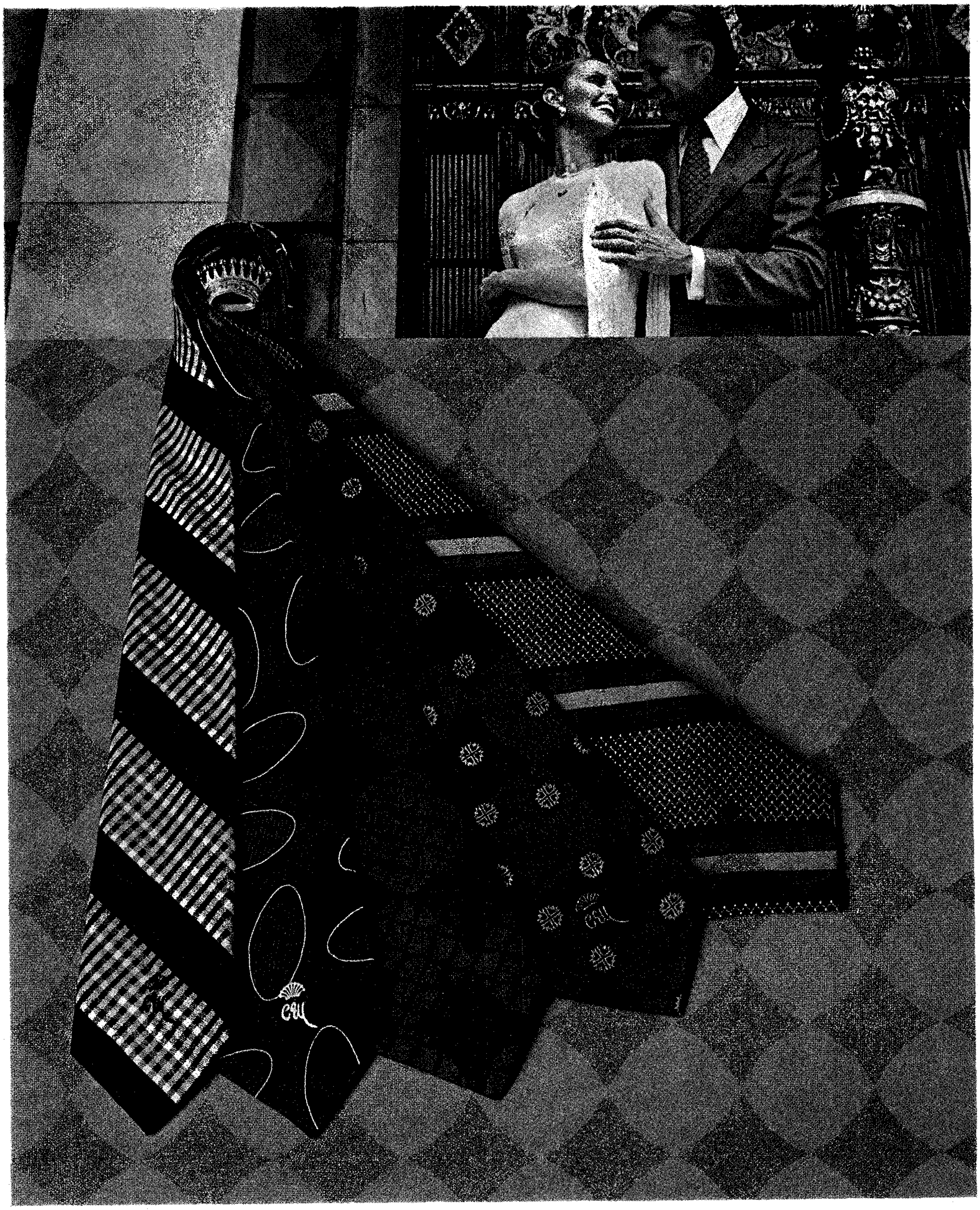


Cointreau…the art of lingering.

No one wants the evening to end when there's friendship, good conversation and Cointreau. Crystal clear, lighter, drier Cointreau – the liqueur laced with the subtle hint of orange.

Pronounced *"Kwan-tro."*

3/4 QUART
80 PROOF
COINTREAU
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
LIQUEUR
ed and bottled by Cointreau Ltd., Law



Countess Mara designs for "one in a million."

Each season, more men enjoy the Countess Mara experience. It begins with a man's attraction for the original design of a particular tie. Then, as CM superiority becomes apparent, the affection deepens, and he is soon a loyal devotee. The Countess' new collection will delight present advocates and win new ones, for its variety and taste are exceptional—whether in ties priced at up to $100, or in creations costing up to $1,000. Each tie, of course, bears the famed CM coronet, authenticating it as a worthy gift for "one man in a million."

Countess Mara, Inc. 110 E. 57th St. at Park Ave., N.Y.

Countess Mara®

sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous, as if his phantasmagoria of the pagan world were a stage panorama set on a treadmill. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 11.)

Fiddler on the Roof (1971)—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 11.)

Five on the Black Hand Side—With Clarice Taylor and Leonard Jackson, directed by Oscar Williams. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Frankenstein's Bloody Terror—With Paul Naschy, directed by Henry Egan. (U. A. East; starting Dec. 7. No performances on Dec. 10-11.)

The French Conspiracy—The stars in this political thriller bring so many associations from other political thrillers (better ones) that it's almost a satire. But this movie, based on the Ben Barka kidnapping, isn't satire; it isn't anything. No thrills and no political content, just a lot of stars—Gian Maria Volonte talking heroic hogwash as Ben Barka, while Jean-Louis Trintignant, Michel Piccoli, Michel Bouquet, and Philippe Noiret connive and intrigue, and Jean Seberg worries. All the film's energy must have gone into meeting the payroll. Yves Boisset directed. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Fritz the Cat (1972)—An X-rated cartoon, full of good humor, bad taste, randiness, benign ethnic jokes, and other staples of New York wit. The rating is a pity; everyone who is officially underage according to the rating system knows more about Robert Crumb's famous Fritz than his parents are likely to. The New York landscapes are drawn with great delicacy, and the New York animalized characters with purple amplitude; the voices are human. Directed and scripted by Ralph Bakshi. This is one of the few full-length cartoons with an ear as accurate as a good play's. (Regency; starting Dec. 12.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Chaplin is the helpless perfect gentleman in the world of Klondike bears and Klondike brutes. One of the great comedies of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and Georgia Hale as the girl whom Charlie wins. (Playboy; through Dec. 9.)

Go West (1941)—The Marx Brothers in what is, arguably, their worst picture; "Love Happy" is possibly even worse. This one—set in the old West—has a good opening sequence and not much else. The cast includes John Carroll, Walter Woolf King, and Iris Adrian; Edward Buzzell directed, and the script can be blamed on Irving Brecher. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Dec. 13.)

The Grande Bouffe—Slang for the big blowout, the grand guzzle. A funny, grim parable about the well-off and Rubens-like of the world. Members of a hermetic houseparty, and ruined by having no sense of consequence, they set out joyfully to eat themselves to death. With Marcello Mastroianni, Michel Piccoli, Ugo Tognazzi, and Philippe Noiret. Directed by Marco Ferreri. In French. (Waverly. No performances on Dec. 10-11. . . . ¶ Juliet 1; through Dec. 11.)

Happy New Year—With Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Fine Arts; starting Dec. 12.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—With Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort, directed by Hal Ashby. (Elgin; Dec. 9-10.)

The Harrad Experiment—With James Whitmore and Tippi Hedren, directed by Ted Post. (Paramount; starting Dec. 7.)

Heat (1972)—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 11.)

Heavy Traffic—Ralph Bakshi, begetter of "Fritz the Cat," wrote and directed this outrageous and sombre full-length cartoon about lives in Manhattan. It was conceived in love and loathing, and executed with a savage gift that is often disruptingly funny. The graphics elide from animation into realistic acting, and actual sets are mixed with photographed city backdrops that sometimes have haunting effects created in the darkroom. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 11.)

Henry VIII and His Six Wives—With Keith Michell as Henry. Directed by Waris Hussein. (86th St. East; starting Dec. 11.)

Her Cardboard Lover (1942)—A mistake that Norma Shearer made when she was old enough to know better. Her companions in this overstuffed whimsy that turns into sheer misery are Robert Taylor and George Sanders. George Cukor is listed as the director; it's up to him to refute the charge. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 9-11.)

The Hireling—Made by an Englishman named Alan Bridges, from an L. P. Hartley novel about times between the World Wars when class warfare in England could cut to the raw. Robert Shaw plays a chauffeur who knows how to say "My lady" and stay just this side of rudeness; the girl he dotes on, Lady Franklin, is very well played by Sarah Miles, who gives to the character's etiolated breeding the sort of beauty that comes, like the perfection of old English lawns, from a family history of five hundred years of being looked after. Diluted stuff, vulgarized in its moments of melodrama. (Art, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 12. . . . ¶ 23rd St. Cinema; starting Dec. 12, tentative.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 11.)

The House That Screamed (1971)—With Lilli Palmer and Christina Galbo, directed by Narcisco Ibanez Serrador. (Loews 83rd St.; through Dec. 9.)

Hurry Up, or I'll Be 30—With John Lefkowitz and Linda DeCoff, directed by Joseph Jacoby. (34th St. East. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through Dec. 10.)

I. F. Stone's Weekly—A documentary on the journalist, directed by Jerry Bruck, Jr. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 11.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas! (1968)—A giddy, slapdash, entertainingly inconsequential comedy, written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, and starring Peter Sellers as a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie. With Joyce Van Patten as his anxious fiancée. Directed by Hy Averback. (Regency; through Dec. 11.)

Imitation of Life (1934)—Classic, compulsively watchable rags-to-riches-and-heartbreak weeper, from a novel by Fannie Hurst. Claudette Colbert and Louise Beavers are the white and black women who go into business together, and Rochelle Hudson and Fredi Washington are their daughters. Ross Hunter did a remake in 1959 which pulled out all the stops; in both versions you want to laugh at yourself for choking up, but, at least, the original is simpler and the sobs aren't torn out of your throat. With Warren William, Ned Sparks, Alan Hale, Franklin Pangborn, Noel Francis, Hazel Washington, Madame Sul-Te-Wan (the black actress who worked with D. W. Griffith), Hattie McDaniel, Henry Armetta, and Henry Kolker. Directed by John Stahl. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Dec. 8.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion (1970)—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. An Italian film, dubbed in English. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 11.)

Jonathan Livingston Seagull—Based on the Richard Bach novel, directed by Hall Bartlett. (Sutton; through Dec. 8.)

Justine (1969)—To see this George Cukor film of Lawrence Durrell's "Alexandria Quartet" is a bit like watching trailers of the real thing. The script is head-on and all for story, and no technical equivalents are found for Durrell's experiment with time and focus. Anouk Aimée, Anna Karina, Dirk Bogarde, and Severn Darden. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 12-13.)

The Last of Sheila—An urbanized show-biz thriller set on a yacht owned by a games-playing maniac played by James Coburn. His guests include Richard Benjamin, Dyan Cannon, James Mason, Joan Hackett, Ian Mc-

The Super Scoop.
Introducing anti-freeze for ice cream. Hidden deep in the polished aluminum scoop is the secret that slices through rock-hard ice cream and releases it with ease. Our exclusive. $15. On the fifth floor.
Add sales tax where applicable and $1. for handling outside our delivery area.

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Madison Avenue at 57th Street
New York 10022 (212) 935-2800
Manhasset/Millburn/Paramus/Scarsdale
Bal Harbour/Beverly Hills/Chevy Chase

Shane, and Raquel Welch. Written by Stephen Sondheim and Anthony Perkins in a vein of brainy "in" conversation that is probably paradoxically accessible to anyone who has ever switched on a TV talk show. There is a touch of bully-worship about the clever story, as there is about most sophisticates' games-playing. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 11.)

Last Tango in Paris—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (72nd Street East; through Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting Dec. 7.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Though it fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, it is perhaps the most literate and tasteful and exciting of the modern expensive spectacles. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn. David Lean directed. Written by Robert Bolt. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 13.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (Elgin; through Dec. 8.)

The Long Goodbye—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (Trans-Lux East.)

Love Happy (1950)—Which proves that even inspired clowns like the Marx Brothers can be dull and oafish. (First Avenue Screening Room; Dec. 6-12.)

Man in the Wilderness (1971)—Richard Harris is mauled by a grizzly bear at the gory beginning and spends the rest of the movie dragging himself across iridescent landscapes while flashbacks reveal his past life. He gives a cheerlessly powerful performance in this mystical, superstition-laden survival fantasy. Directed by Richard C. Sarafian, exquisitely photographed by Gerry Fisher. (Symphony; through Dec. 11.)

Mary of Scotland (1936)—Not a vintage year for Katharine Hepburn films; this was one of three flops. John Ford directed and Dudley Nichols adapted the Maxwell Anderson play. And poor Fredric March was enlisted to play the fighting Scotsman Bothwell, who loved Mary and proved to be her undoing. The picture drips prestige. (Thalia; through Dec. 11.)

Massacre in Rome—With Richard Burton and Marcello Mastroianni, directed by George Pan Cosmatos. (Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 11.)

Mean Streets—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (Cinema I.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (23rd St. Cinema; through Dec. 9.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd. The first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman and others). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense. (First Avenue Screening Room; Dec. 5.)

The New Land—At the end of "The Emigrants," the viewer wanted to go on and discover if the survivors of the mid-nineteenth-century emigration from Sweden found what they had hoped for. In this second half, the master director Jan Troell shows what happened to them in Minnesota. Together, the two halves offer the pleasures of a rich, overflowing epic novel. Troell has a ravening appetite; it almost seems as if he loves nature so much that he wants to plunder it all; the viewer is the beneficiary. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann have never been better—that's saying a lot. With Eddie Axberg and Monica Zetterlund. In Swedish. (Little Carnegie.)

A New Leaf (1971)—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau*?) who must marry a fortune in six weeks and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Elgin; starting Dec. 12.)

A Night in Casablanca (1946)—In this comedy, the Marx Brothers dismantle the international-intrigue thriller; the Warner Brothers, producers of the movie "Casablanca," were indignant and tried to stop the production. Though it is not as famous as their films of the thirties, it's better than all but a handful of their earlier ones. Groucho manages the hotel in Casablanca where all the spies hang out, and Chico runs a fleet of camel taxis. Directed by Archie Mayo. (First Avenue Screening Room; Dec. 6-12.)

The Paper Chase—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (Columbia I.)

Paper Moon—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who sells to new widows Bibles that have been quickly "personalized" in gold on the covers, and an eleven-year-old tomboy played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 12.)

Pather Panchali (1954)—The first film by Satyajit Ray—beautiful, sometimes funny, and full of love; an extraordinary beginning in the career of a modern master. This reverie about the life of an impoverished Brahman family in a Bengali village brought a new vision of India to the screen. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 10-11.)

Payday—Shot entirely on location in Alabama, this is an acrid, hardboiled melodrama with a feeling for authentic characters and details. An exceptionally functional script, by the novelist Don Carpenter, makes it possible for the director, Daryl Duke, to cover the grimy country-music scene of a small-time recording star—Maury Dann (Rip Torn), a goaty, rancidly unromantic third-rate Johnny Cash. Rip Torn, with his smirking satyr grin, will probably never have a role that suits him better. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting Dec. 7.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. It has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Dec. 6.)

Psycho (1960)—The Hitchcock thriller with Janet Leigh getting stabbed in the shower and Anthony Perkins with a fly on his nose. (Cinema Village; through Dec. 11.)

Rebel Without a Cause (1955)—James Dean as the classic misunderstood kid, in the generation-gap soap opera that had more emotional resonance for kids than many much better movies. With Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and—remember?—Dennis Hopper. Nicholas Ray directed. (New Yorker; through Dec. 9.)

Robin Hood—An animated version from the Disney studios. (Music Hall.)

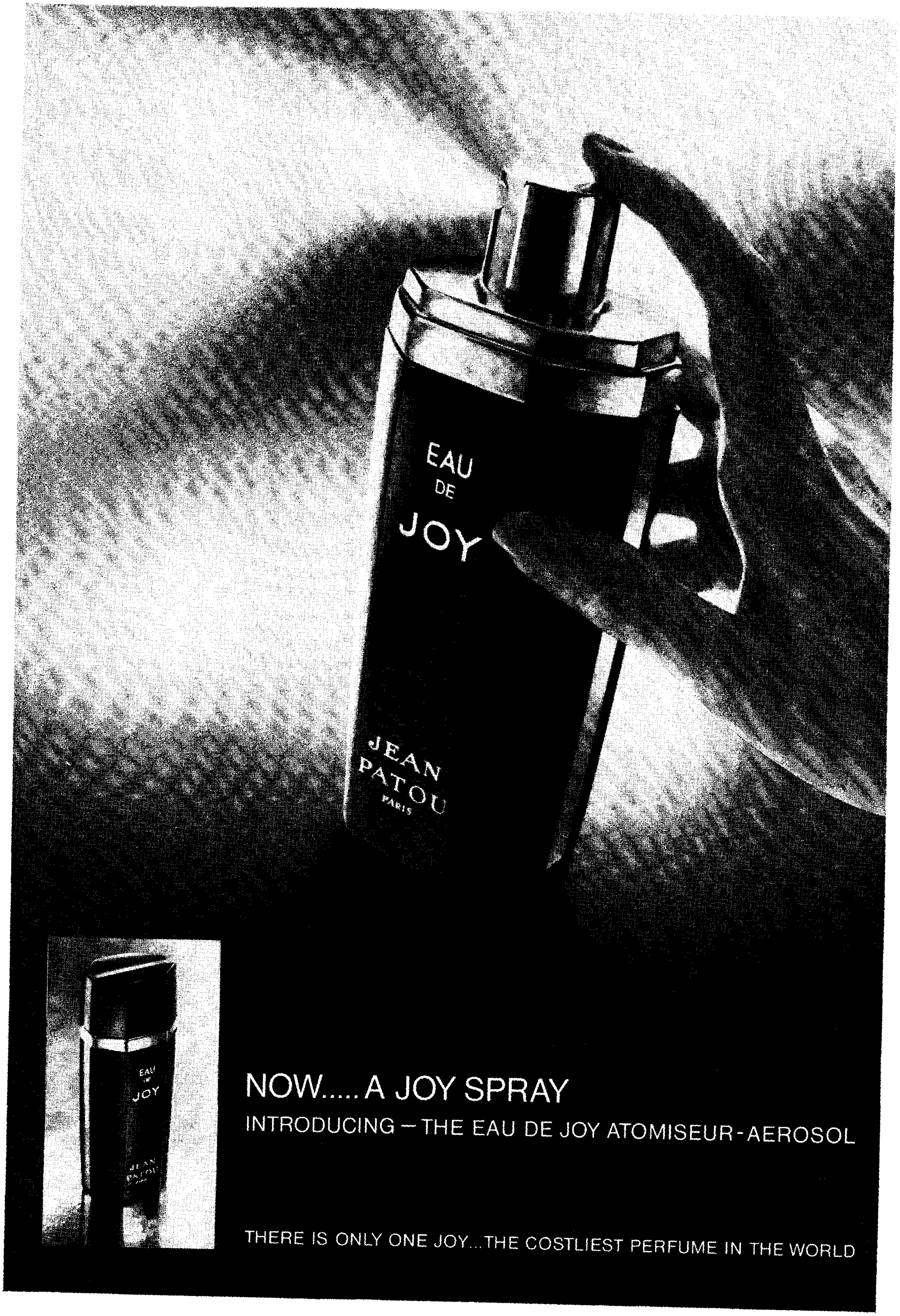
Room Service (1938)—The Marx Brothers in the Broadway farce about bankrupt theatrical producers holed up in a hotel room with their stranded players, fighting off famine and creditors. Unfortunately, the play fits them like a straitjacket. With Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Frank Albertson, and Donald MacBride, grinning his great bulldog grin. Di-

Beautifully entrenched for all seasons

Come what may, our classic, epauleted trench with button-out lining is ready to cope. Coat is traditional natural in polyester and cotton. Matching lining is pure wool. For 6 to 14 sizes, $160. Prices slightly higher on the West Coast. Sportcoat and Suit Collections, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

Saks Fifth Avenue

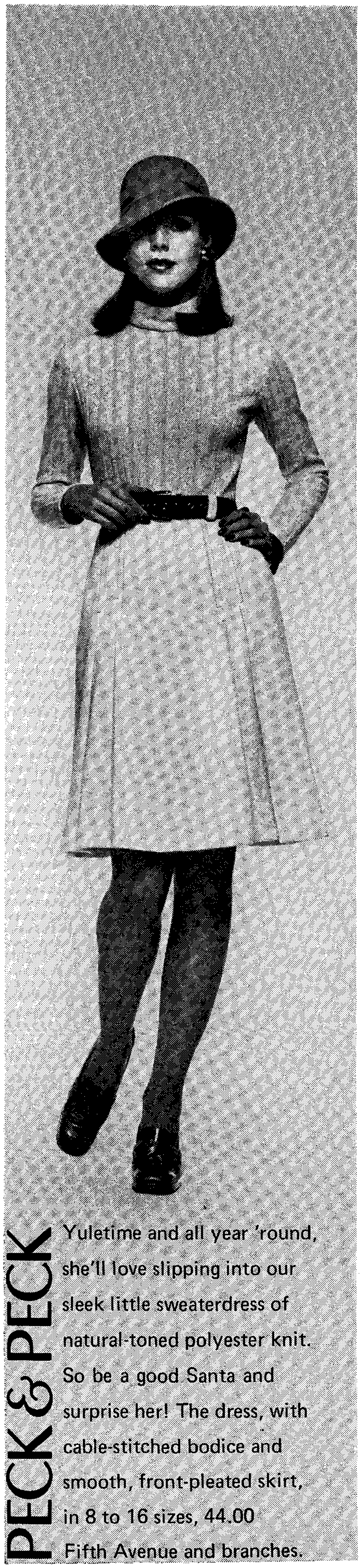
Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.


EAU
DE
JOY
JEAN
PATOU
PARIS

NOW..... A JOY SPRAY

INTRODUCING — THE EAU DE JOY ATOMISEUR-AEROSOL

THERE IS ONLY ONE JOY...THE COSTLIEST PERFUME IN THE WORLD


PECK & PECK

Yuletime and all year 'round, she'll love slipping into our sleek little sweaterdress of natural-toned polyester knit. So be a good Santa and surprise her! The dress, with cable-stitched bodice and smooth, front-pleated skirt, in 8 to 16 sizes, 44.00

Fifth Avenue and branches.

Mail orders to 677 Fifth Avenue or call (212) 883-6570. Add applicable tax plus 1.25 handling beyond delivery area. No c.o.d.'s.

rected (lamely) by William Seiter. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Dec. 13.)

Serpico—With Al Pacino, directed by Sidney Lumet. (Baronet.)

Le Sex Shop—A French film written and directed by Claude Berri, with English subtitles, starring Berri as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He goes to work in a place called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that looks like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. (Gramercy. No performances on Dec. 10-11. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Dec. 12.)

Siddhartha—Conrad Rooks and an amazing amount of cheek have gone to work on mysticism, the villainy of riches, the techniques of love, the immense merit of feeling, as compared to thinking, when it comes to inner wisdom, and a few other large questions. Mr. Rooks, on location in India, produced, directed, and wrote this pretentious trash, which comes from a dreadful book by Hermann Hesse. (Art, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 12. . . . ¶ 23rd St. Cinema; starting Dec. 12, tentative.)

Sisters—This low-budget horror movie about a psychotic ex-Siamese twin is a long way from being a brilliant thriller, but its limp technique and gratuitous dumbness don't seem to matter to the happily crazy-scared audience. With Margot Kidder, who knows how to turn on sexiness with a witch's precision, and Jennifer Salt, who gives a feeble performance. Brian De Palma, the director, can do flaked-out humor and high-pitched, demented knife-slashings, but he can't get two people talking in order to make a simple expository point without its sounding like the drabbest Republic picture of 1938. (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Loews 83rd St.; through Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; through Dec. 11.)

Slaughterhouse-Five (1972)—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondříček, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Elgin; through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 7-9.)

Snoopy, Come Home (1972)—Lila, a little girl who turns out to have been Snoopy's original owner, writes to him from the hospital for help, and Snoopy decides that she needs him more than Charlie Brown does. The set-piece farewell scenes with Charlie Brown are rather upsetting to children. The best thing in the picture is a small yellow bird called Woodstock, who flies upside down and bumps into things. (Guild. No performances on Dec. 10-12.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. (St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 9-11.)

The Stranger (1967)—The movie version follows the Camus novel without being able to encompass it, but it is an intelligent try, beautifully acted and well worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Dec. 6.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—Robert Walker, in brilliant, perverse form, as dear, degenerate Bruno, and Farley Granger as Guy, the tennis player, in Hitchcock's best American thriller, which—thanks to the elegant Raymond Chandler dialogue—is also his most malicious. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 8.)

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams—With Joanne Woodward, Martin Balsam, and Sylvia Sidney, directed by Gilbert Cates. (Plaza.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Gramercy. No performances on Dec. 10-11.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (Cinema II.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Directed by Howard Hawks, with a general jokey love of honky-tonk. Courtship sparring between Humphrey Bogart at his most proficient and a then newcomer called Lauren Bacall, dusky-voiced and nervy, all mock toughness. Loosely based on Hemingway, about Bogart tangled up in Vichy violence in the West Indies. (Paramount; through the afternoon of Dec. 6. No evening performances on Wednesday, Dec. 5.)

Torch Singer (1933)—A Paramount musical melodrama of no great distinction but with a Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger song that couldn't be shaken off: "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Love." Claudette Colbert is the lead, and the cast includes Lyda Roberti, Ricardo Cortez, David Manners, and Baby LeRoy. Directed by Alexander Hall and George Somnes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Dec. 8.)

A Touch of Class—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's muddled throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Ciné Malibu; through Dec. 9.)

The Way We Were—Barbra Streisand plays a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right, and Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the black-listing troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Streisand and Redford turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum.)

Westworld—Michael Crichton wrote and directed this sci-fi movie; it's set in Delos, a Disneyland for adults, where vacationers can play out their movie-fed fantasies by living in total environments that simulate past ages—ancient Rome, the medieval world, or the West of the eighteen-eighties. Computer-programmed humanoids satisfy the guests' vanity and lust and aggression. The idea is ingenious, and the film might have been marvellous; it isn't (the movie has the skimped TV-movie look of a too-tight budget), but it's moderately entertaining, and the leads (Richard Benjamin and Yul Brynner) are far superior to the actors in the usual sci-fi films. With James Brolin. (East 59th Street I, East 59th Street II, and Juliet 2. . . . ¶ Art; through Dec. 9.)

What's Up, Doc? (1972)—Peter Bogdanovich tries but fails to resuscitate screwball comedy, the movie works only fitfully, and at a rather infantile, imitative level. Ryan O'Neal, playing Cary Grant, is an embarrassment; Barbra Streisand comes out better by simply playing herself. Madeline Kahn does a traditional bossy-female caricature that is strident and sometimes funny, but the best moments (really seconds) come from Mabel Albertson and Sorrell Booke. (Elgin; starting Dec. 12.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (23rd St. Cinema; through Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Elgin; Dec. 9-10.)

Zorba the Greek (1964)—Anthony Quinn plays a roaring, passionate old man, and Alan Bates plays a soft-spoken, unfeeling young one, in a melodrama set in a small and forbidding village in Crete. Michael Cacoyannis was the director and Walter Lassally the photographer. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 12-13.)

*LIC. BULOVA & PAT. EBAUCHES S.A.

Until now, most space age tuning fork watches couldn't pass this 1761 accuracy test.

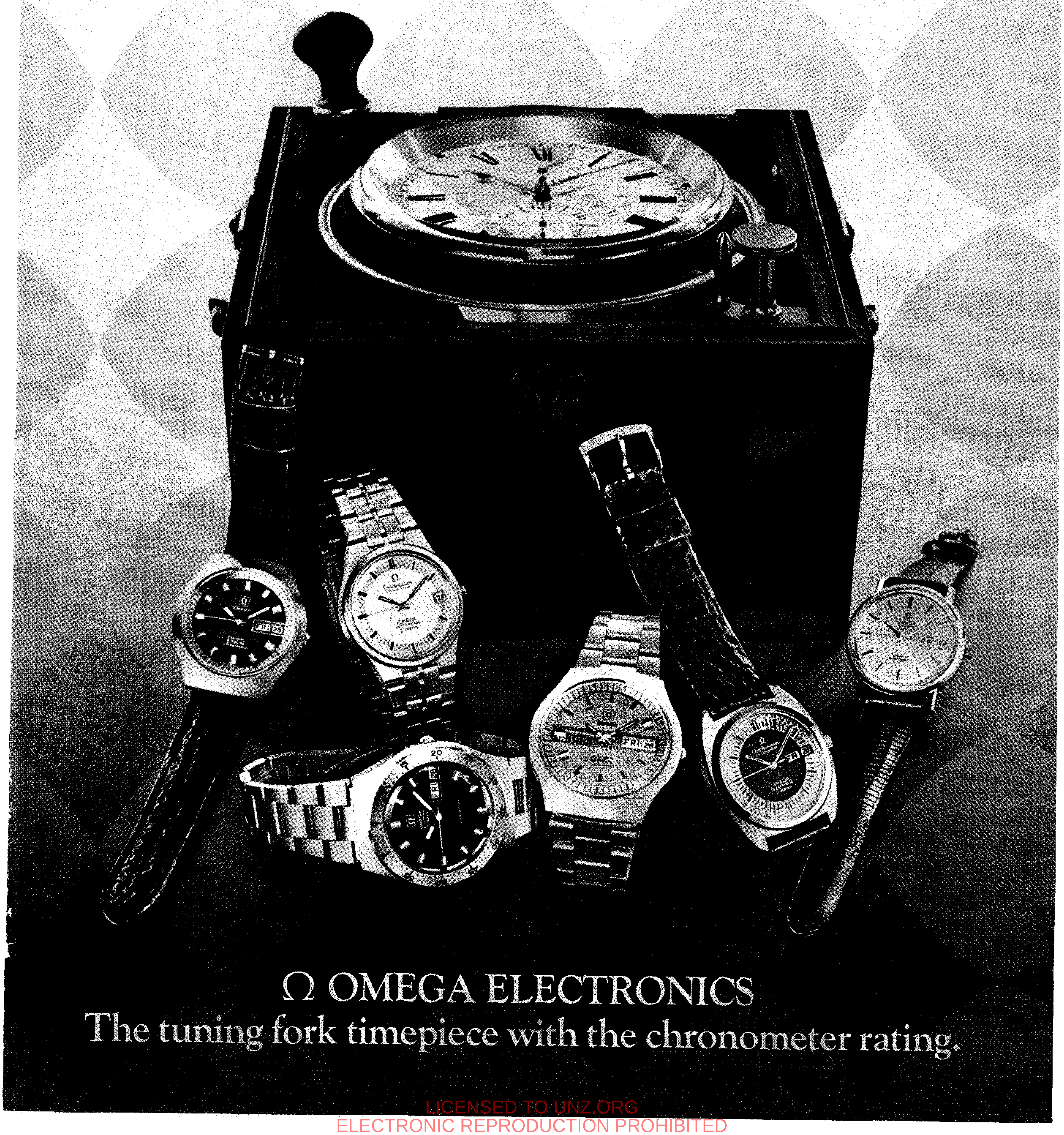
In 1761 John Harrison made a clock so reliable that in a five month test at sea, it varied less than one minute a month. This performance helped establish the standard for timepiece accuracy—the chronometer rating.

Any tuning fork watch that's a chronometer says so proudly on the face. Any tuning fork watch that doesn't say so simply isn't a chronometer.

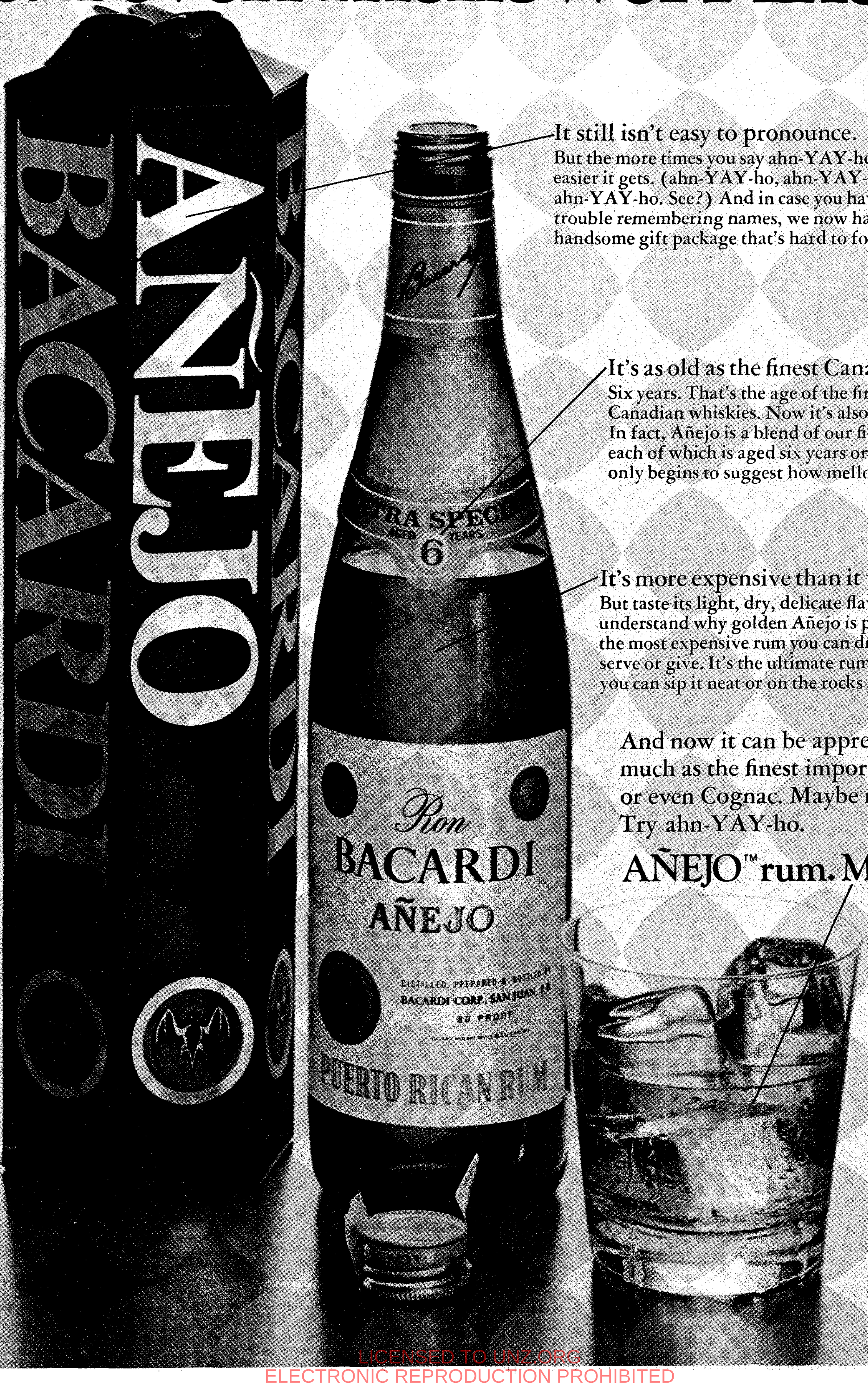
Look at the face of any Omega f300 tuning fork timepiece and you'll see the words "Chronometer Officially Certified." Those words tell you that not only has the Omega electronic been engineered to provide great accuracy, but that the accuracy will last. It will survive forces such as gravity and acceleration that tend to make other tuning fork watches lose accuracy—and prevents them from earning a chronometer rating.

In fact, 88% of all electronic chronometers are Omegas. An Omega tuning fork watch represents space-age technology that can pass the test of time.

Omega Electronic Watches are priced from $155 to $350. Prices subject to change. For your free copy of the Omega brochure, write to Omega Watch Company, Omega Building, 301 East 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.



Introducing an even mellower Añejo.


AÑEJO
BACARDI
EXTRA SPECIAL
AGED 6 YEARS
Ron
BACARDI
AÑEJO
DISTILLED, PREPARED & BOTTLED BY
BACARDI CORP. SAN JUAN, P.R.
80 PROOF
PUERTO RICAN RUM

It still isn't easy to pronounce.
But the more times you say ahn-YAY-ho, the easier it gets. (ahn-YAY-ho, ahn-YAY-ho, ahn-YAY-ho. See?) And in case you have trouble remembering names, we now have a handsome gift package that's hard to forget.

It's as old as the finest Canadians.
Six years. That's the age of the finest imported Canadian whiskies. Now it's also the age of Añejo. In fact, Añejo is a blend of our finest rums, each of which is aged six years or more. Which only begins to suggest how mellow Añejo is.

It's more expensive than it was.
But taste its light, dry, delicate flavor and you'll understand why golden Añejo is probably the most expensive rum you can drink or serve or give. It's the ultimate rum, so smooth you can sip it neat or on the rocks and enjoy it.

And now it can be appreciated as much as the finest imported Canadian, or even Cognac. Maybe more. Try ahn-YAY-ho.

AÑEJO™ rum. Magnífico!

©1973 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., MIAMI, FLA. RUM 80 PROOF. "BACARDI" AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS, AND AÑEJO IS A TRADEMARK, ALL OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED.

Imagine...living in Las Vegas in a high-rise Condominium on a private Golf Course.

Regency Towers

There's nothing to do here...but swim, play tennis, let the parking attendant park your car...gaze at the fabulous Strip and the glittering lights at night...watch celebrities play golf on the private Las Vegas Country Club...while you're building equity in the most luxurious high-rise condominium on the choicest property in Las Vegas. And you'll have plenty of time to see all the lavish and exciting entertainment in town. You'll have time to travel too! What a life. You can have it now... immediate occupancy.

1 Bedroom (1730 sq.ft.) from $57,000
2 Bedrooms (2200 sq.ft.) from $68,500
3 Bedrooms (2600 sq.ft.) from $86,500

Prices subject to change without notice

REGENCY TOWERS
3111 BEL AIR DRIVE
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA, 89109

A PROJECT OF CHANIN DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION
A Publicly Owned Company

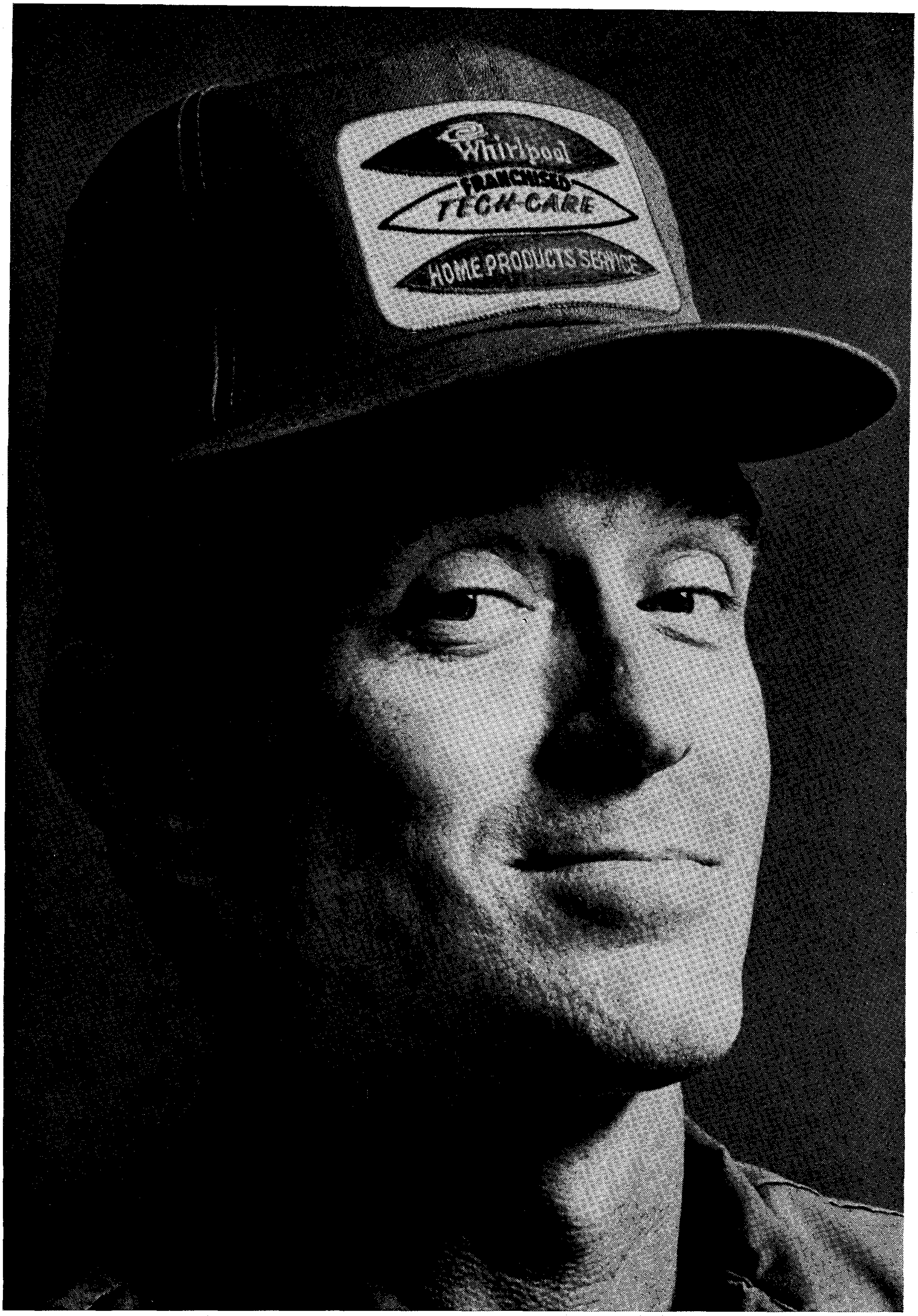
☐ Please send me without obligation, complete information on Regency Towers. NY

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ____________ STATE ________ ZIP ______

This offer not available to residents of states where prohibited by law.


Whirlpool
FRANCHISED
TECH-CARE
HOME PRODUCTS SERVICE

Jerry Conrad believes your appliances should be fixed right on the first call.

We may keep him.

There are many Jerry Conrads in the Whirlpool franchised Tech-Care program. And they're good men. They enjoy their work and they do it well. Or they wouldn't be there.

You see, several years ago we decided that just making good appliances wasn't enough. If you've ever had a washing machine that went haywire on a Monday morning you know how important good, fast service can be. With this in mind, we created our Tech-Care service program. It started as a training program, designed to develop a national network of the very best servicemen.

Today we have nearly 1,200 franchised service outlets across the United States. To qualify for and retain our franchise, they have to meet Whirlpool's rigid requirements of both training and performance. In other words, these guys have got to be good and stay good or we don't keep them.

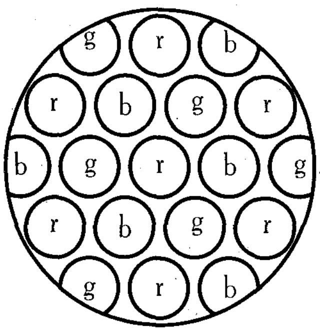
And to you, this means that if that Blue Monday ever does arrive you can depend on your Tech-Care serviceman. He'll get there quickly. And he'll do the job right.

If you're not sure how to locate him, look in the Yellow Pages. If not there, just call Cool Line: 800-253-1301. If you live in Michigan: 800-632-2243.

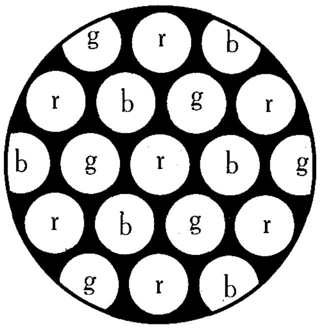
Cool Line is our toll-free telephone service. The men behind it can usually handle your service problem right there on the phone. If not, they'll give you the names of the Whirlpool franchised Tech-Care servicemen closest to you, or another authorized serviceman. Who knows, you might get Jerry Conrad himself. He might not be a legend in his own time. But give him a wrench and a screwdriver and he can turn your bluest Monday into a much better day.

Whirlpool
CORPORATION

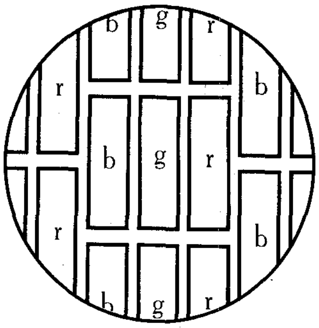
A 19¢ BOX OF CRAYONS CAN SAVE YOU FROM MAKING A $400 MISTAKE ON A COLOR TV.



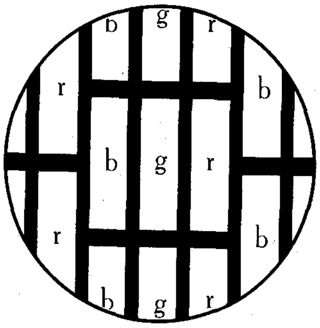
1.



2.



3.



4.

Get your kid's box of crayons and take out three colors.

Red. Blue. Green.

These are the three colors that make up a color television picture.

If you took microscopic portions of color television screens, blew them up and simplified them, they would look like the diagrams above.

FIRST GENERATION COLOR TV

Color in the circles in the first diagram.

Do not color the background.

You have just simulated the way the first generation of color TVs reproduced a color image. The colors look weak, soft.

This process was around back in 1956. Unfortunately, many color TVs on the market still use it today.

SECOND GENERATION COLOR TV

Using the same three colors, color in the second diagram.

Compare the two.

The circles in the second diagram are much more colorful. Sharper. Clearer.

The reason? The jet black background.

This process is also being used by many manufacturers today. And while it may be far superior to generation 1, to a color TV expert it's practically ancient.

THIRD GENERATION COLOR TV

Now we come to the modern way of reproducing a color image. Stripes.

Again, do not color in the background.

Notice how much more color you can get into stripes than circles. Even though the total area of the diagrams is equal.

The colors look brighter. More true-to-life.

This system is the newest method of reproducing a color image most manufacturers have.

But it's not the newest Toshiba has.

TOSHIBA INTRODUCES FOURTH GENERATION COLOR TV

When you color in the fourth diagram, you'll see it has all the advantages of the previous two.

The wealth of color of a stripe.

Plus the sharpness and snap of a black background.

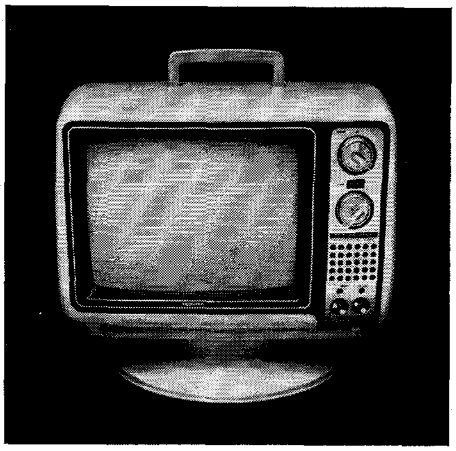
Resulting in the brightest, clearest color television image possible today.

This system was invented by Toshiba. It's called Blackstripe.™

We decided to demonstrate its superiority to you the best way possible. By letting you see for yourself.

Toshiba Blackstripe.

If you buy a color TV that doesn't have it, you could be making a $400 mistake.



Model shown, C-335. Manufacturer's suggested retail price $369.95. 13" picture measured diagonally. Solid state circuitry composed of 5 plug-in modules for better performance and easy servicing. "Uni-button" automatically adjusts color balance, tint, brightness, contrast and fine tuning. Matching swivel stand included.

TOSHIBA

Toshiba America, Inc. 280 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

Does an Italian wine go with Noël, La Navidad, Hanukkah and Weihnachten?

Bolla does.

BOLLA
SOAVE
BOLLA
BARDOLINO
BOLLA ROSÉ
VALPOLICELLA
BOLLA GIFT SELECTION

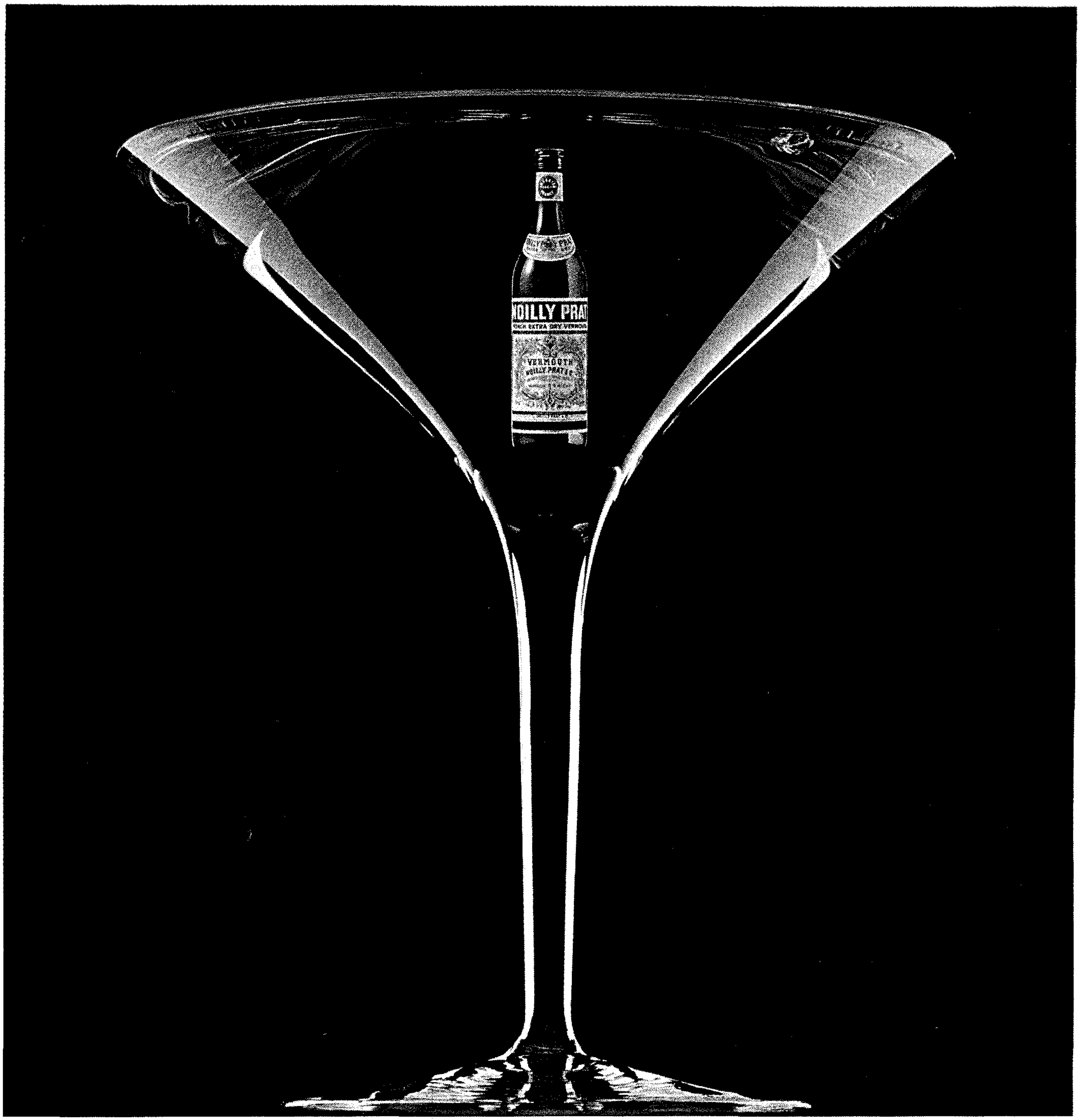
It has a gift for celebration.

A handsome wooden-rack filled with 6 bottles of delightful Bolla wine imported from Italy.* About $20. Feel free to give the Bolla Gift Selection to anyone, any time. It will be the nicest compliment a holiday ever had. No matter what language you feast in.

Bolla
Gift Selection

*2 bottles each of Soave and Bardolino, 1 each Valpolicella and Rosé.

© 1971 Jas. Garneau Co., New York



©1973

THE NOILLY PRAT MARTINI

A great martini is not made by gin alone.

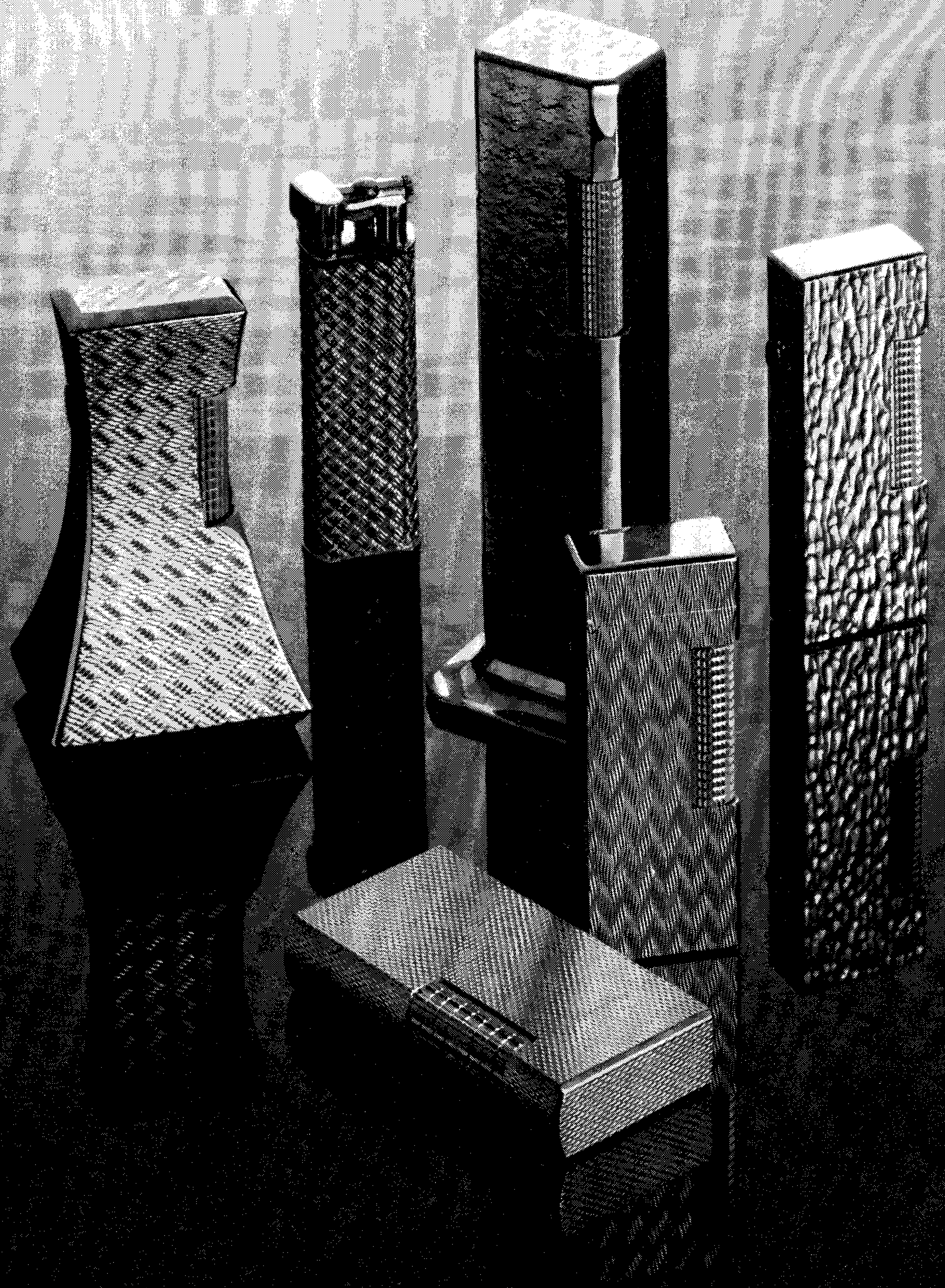
For great martinis, you need more than just a particularly good gin. You need a particularly good vermouth, too. And since Noilly Prat invented dry vermouth in 1813 we know what makes it good. We know that the longer dry vermouth is aged, the better it is. That's why Noilly Prat is aged longer And that's why it's the best vermouth for martinis. You've gone to the trouble of finding a really good gin. Are you going to put just any vermouth into it?

DON'T STIR WITHOUT NOILLY PRAT

French Extra Dry Vermouth

For the Noilly Prat Martini plus 17 other drink and gourmet recipes, write Noilly Prat, The Jos. Garneau Co., 555 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C. 10022

THE DUNHILL LIGHTER



Alfred Dunhill of London. Fifth Avenue, at 50th Street, New York. Beverly Hills, Chicago, San Francisco.

dunhill

Fore fun and games

At top, belted white polyester twill culottes, $30. Polyester and cotton knit shirt, white, red, navy, yellow, $15. Both for 6 to 16 sizes. Rib-waisted navy acrylic knit cardigan, small, medium, large sizes, $24. Below, lucky ladybug pantskirt, $26. Matching knit shirt, $18. Purple/pink/yellow print on white polyester and cotton, 6 to 14 sizes. Making a perfect par for the course in Women's Active Sportswear, 16 East 50th Street, New York, and all stores.

Prices slightly higher on the West Coast

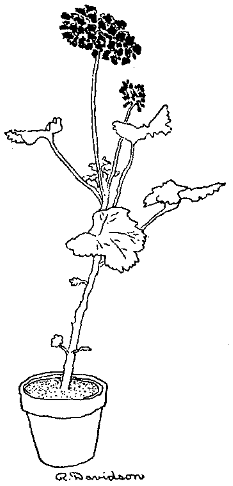
Saks Fifth Avenue

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THIS winter, as the nation sits in its dimmed, chilled living rooms watching the comet Kohoutek, which is due to appear in our heavens soon (it will be our finest Christmas ornament in this darkened season), and pondering the impeachment of the President, it may also want to reflect upon some statistics that the President reviewed the other day in his speech to the Seafarers International Union, and his comments on them. "There are only seven per cent [actually, five and a half per cent] of the people of the world living in the United States, and we use thirty per cent [actually, thirty-three per cent] of all the energy," he said. "That isn't bad; that is good. That means we are the richest, strongest people in the world, and that we have the highest standard of living in the world. That is why we need so much energy, and may it always be that way." In other words, as we turn our thermostats down, perhaps we can warm ourselves with thoughts of how much colder it's going to be for those people in other parts of the world who have to make do with the fuel that is left over. In the same speech, the President reaffirmed his commitment to Project Independence 1980, which would allow us to become independent of outside sources of energy by 1980. The thirty-three per cent of the world's energy we would be using would then be *all ours*. And in a crisis, of course, no one else could have any of it. Among those who would have to fend for themselves are Western Europe and Japan. Together, they consume twenty-six and a half per cent of the world's energy, and the President has not announced any project that would ever enable the United States to supply some sixty per cent of the world's energy. And here is where not only Project Independence 1980 but any notion of complete economic independence—or, for that matter, any notion of complete independence in any area at all, including the military area—breaks down. To begin with, Europe and Japan are allies of the United States, and whether or not we are "independent" in fuel, they cannot be—and the truth is that if they cannot be, we cannot be. The fundamental significance of the Arab nations' oil embargo, as distinct from the global fuel crisis, is that now the Arabs can, if they choose, bring the economies of Europe and Japan to something like a standstill. And our fate—economic or any other—is far from being independent of that of Europe and Japan, as two World Wars and the Depression have taught us. For this reason, world politics, particularly a peace settlement in the Middle East, has more to do with resolving our oil crisis than any Project Independence ever will. The newly recognized global limits of natural resources, of which the fuel shortage is only one manifestation, force us and the Arabs and the Europeans and the Japanese and all the rest of the peoples on the planet into dependence on one another. In the last analysis, the rationing we need is global. (The Arabs have *their* idea of equitable rationing: cut off all our oil.) The day when the five and a half per cent of the world's people who live in America could decide how much of the world's resources they would use is over. Nor will boasting about our appetite endear us to our suppliers—the other nations of the world. The inseparability of oil from diplomacy and war is only one example of the new interdependence. Consider the recent debate in this country over whether to make any new trade privileges for the Soviet Union conditional upon a relaxing of a Soviet emigration law that has prevented Soviet Jews from leaving for Israel. Just as the Arabs are now attaching political conditions to the flow of Arab oil to the United States and other nations, many senators wish to attach political conditions to the flow of American wheat and computers to the Soviet Union. Were both the Arabs and the senators to succeed wholly in their aims, Soviet Jews would be perfectly free to go to Israel, but there wouldn't be any Israel for them to go to. There is no need to equate, or even to compare, the Arabs' motives in regard to the Middle East with the senators' aims in regard to the Soviet Union to see that global politics and global economics are now entwined inseparably, and that no Project Independence can ever disentangle them. However, the lesson our planet should learn is if we should not arrange our economic needs wholly to suit our political needs, neither must our political needs always give way to our economic needs. We do not want a totalitarian world with all the trains running on time, any more than we want what we have now—a feuding, anarchic world that can blow itself up at any minute. But, whichever way we turn, hopes of total independence for any nation are only fantasies.



That this is so is grim news. The loss of independence is real and it is deplorable. The idea, for instance, that we in this country might acquiesce to some extent in the Soviet Union's repression of Jews or of anyone else in the Soviet Union because of the Arabs' decision to cut back on the West's oil is even more distressing than the idea that we would acquiesce for the sake of advancing détente and the chances of the world's survival. And yet if, as many Americans are now suggesting, we use our economic leverage on the Soviet Union to induce it to influence the Arab nations to relax the oil embargo, can we use that same leverage to force a change in the internal policies of the Soviet Union, particularly when the change we want is one that infuriates the Arabs? These are elaborate calculations, but they are the ones that will determine the shape of the future—at least until the world sets about its neglected business of establishing ways of facing our common predicaments in common. There was a time when the notion of a world order was thought to be a utopian vision. We can see now that, in many respects, it is a hellish necessity. As for man's old dream of the world's becoming one, that, whether we like it or not, occurred years ago.

Faces

L. Arnold Weissberger, a prominent theatrical attorney who always wears a white carnation in his buttonhole, has been taking pictures of his friends and clients ever since somebody gave him a Kodak Bantam with eight color exposures in it at a houseparty in 1946. He has a hundred thousand negatives in his files, and he has just published fifteen hundred of them in a book called "Famous Faces," which sells for thirty-five dollars. The Friends of the Theatre and Music Collection of the Museum of the City of New York gave him and the book a party at the museum the other day, and several hundred guests, including some of the people in the book, were there.

Mr. Weissberger autographed copies of his book in the central foyer and embraced people for the benefit of a WNBC-TV camera crew. Nearby was a table where copies of "Famous Faces" were selling briskly. We wandered through the crowd spotting famous faces: Ethel Merman, in a fire-engine-red coat; Joan Fontaine, in black mink; Jane Pickens Langley, in a leopard-print dress; Alfred Drake and Tony Randall, in suits. Alexis Lichine, the wine expert, told friends at the bar that the harvest this year from his vineyards in Margaux had been abundant. "The quality is not memorable but interesting," he said. "Better than '67 but perhaps not as good as '70."

And an attractive brunette said, "It was adorable of Arnold to pick a photo of both of us, because I'm not a famous person." The attractive brunette turned out to be Lynn Lane, the wife of Burton Lane, who composed "Finian's Rainbow."

Other Faces

LAST week, we got a cardboard invitation in an unusual shade of green inviting us to a gala fashion show and cocktail party at a hotel down the street. The invitation said that the gala fashion show and cocktail party would be "hosted" by Mr. Frederick of Hollywood. The invitation said that the party would celebrate the publication of a book, "Frederick's of Hollywood 1947-1973. Twenty-six Years of Mail-Order Seduction." The invitation said that the fashions of Frederick's of Hollywood were "a genuine part of mid-century Americana." We decided to go. It was a good chance to visit the hotel down the street.

The hotel down the street is the Diplomat Hotel, one of our favorites. The Diplomat was built in the nineteen-twenties as the New York headquarters of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. The Elks abandoned their headquarters during the Depression, but the building still carries the significant initials "B.P.O.E." across its façade. The Diplomat is a hotel free of delusions of grandeur.

The party hosted by Mr. Frederick was held in an extravagant club called Le Jardin, which has taken space in the Diplomat. Le Jardin is painted the same unusual green that was used for Mr. Frederick's cardboard invitations. Other decorative elements at Le Jardin include mirrored columns with white latticework and white rattan chairs. When we arrived at Le Jardin, it was already very crowded. There were many different sorts of people there. There were people in business suits, people in sports clothes, and a few people in forties and fifties clothes. No one was in Frederick's of Hollywood clothes except a girl in shiny black shorts, who wore a sash saying "I'm a Freddy Girl." We noticed a white-haired woman in a fur coat and a matching fur hat. "I'm from the *Murray Hill News*," the white-haired woman said. "I want to see what's going on."

A large area was kept clear for the fashion show. There was a runway and a podium, a big poster of a remarkable-looking girl, and a couple of pictures of Mr. Frederick, who seemed to be a dark-haired man with a mustache. "I think that picture might have been taken a while ago," someone standing near us said.

A girl named Susan Blond, who goes to most parties, was there talking to a young man with long dark hair.

"I saw you at the pornography symposium," the young man said earnestly. "You were fabulous."

"Oh, thank you," Susan said.

A young man with a very sincere voice came up to the podium. He said he was proud to present an important part of twentieth-century America. Then he introduced Mr. Frederick, who had gray hair and a gray mustache. Mr. Frederick said he believed in glamour. He said a lot more, but it was hard to hear, because people were talking. Then he opened up the big poster of the remarkable-looking girl, which proved to be a door of sorts, and models began to come down the runway. There was a nightgown, a red dress with ostrich feathers, a swim set, which Mr. Frederick said was "beach-approved" by the California authorities, and a purple dress with fringe, which he said was an "oldie" from the fifties.

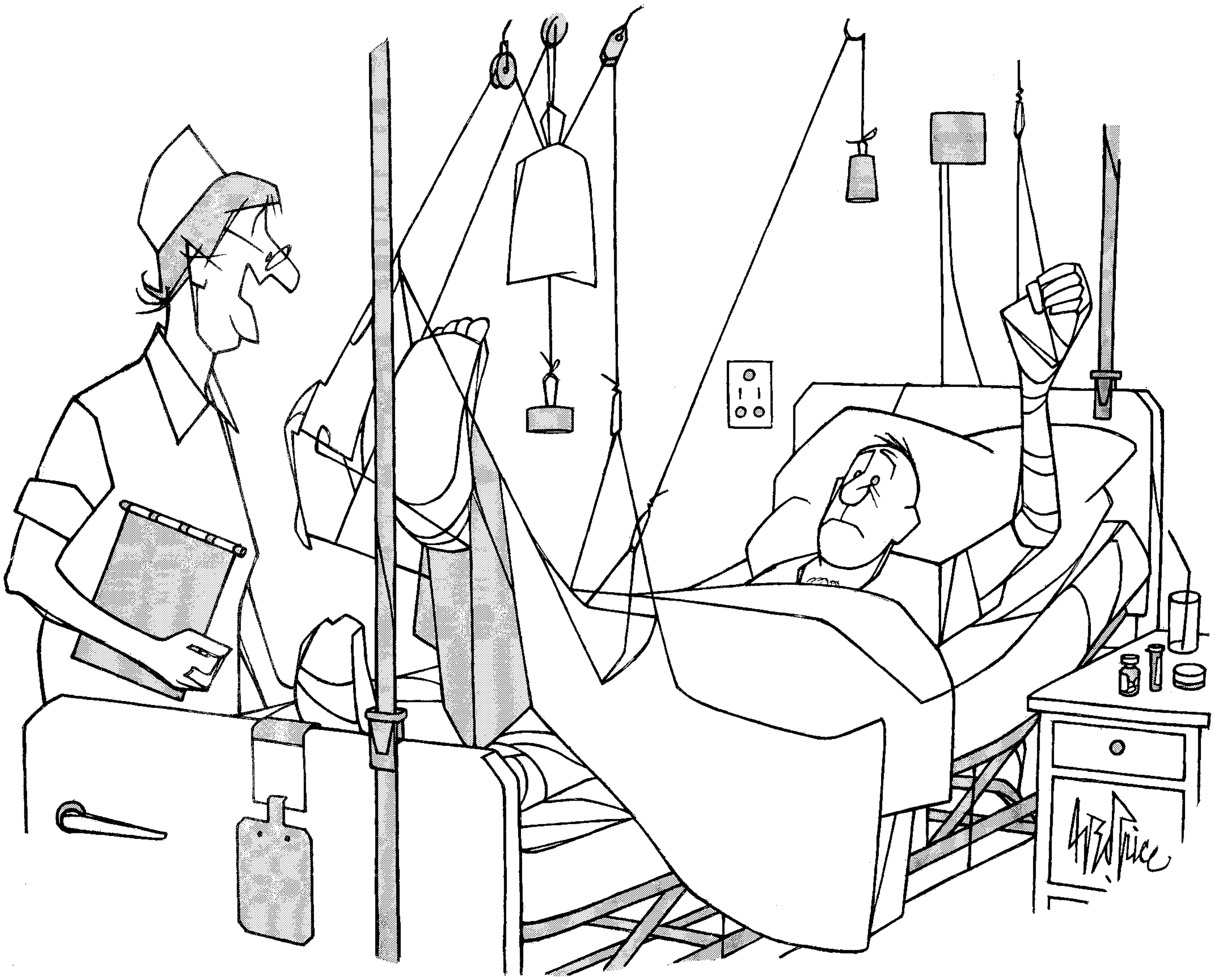
"Ah, yes," a man next to us said. "One of the *traditional* styles."

"I learned about sex from Frederick's of Hollywood," Susan whispered.

Lights

Richard G. Stein, a New York architect, has just undertaken to design a prototypical public school for the New York City Board of Education. His school design will use as little energy as possible for heating, cooling, lighting, and vertical transportation, which is what architects call elevators. We talked with Mr. Stein recently at LaGuardia Airport. He had just returned from an energy-conservation conference in Washington. (The General Services Administration is drawing up new energy guidelines for all federal buildings.) Here's what Mr. Stein had to say about lighting:

"One of the things I'm trying to do is develop some new standards for lighting schools. The lighting standards now used in designing schools have very little correlation with the kinds of tasks actually performed in schools, and they're representative of the many idiocies now written into school design. All classrooms are supposed to have enough light so that a sixth-grade child can read what he has written on gray foolscap paper—a very cheap grade of paper—with a No. 2 pencil. This would be a terrific standard if every classroom were full of sixth-grade children doing nothing but writing things on gray foolscap paper with No. 2 pencils. But what about all the other grades? What about white paper, or yellow paper? Felt pens? And what about everything else that hap-



"And how are our complications this morning?"

• •

pens in schools? Is this the way children learn? Obviously, what we need are classrooms that can be brightly lighted or not so brightly lighted, depending on what the children are doing.

"The lighting standards are promulgated by the Illuminating Engineering Society. The Illuminating Engineering Society is an organization with no official standing that is tremendously supported by the lighting-fixtures industry and the light-bulb industry, but its recommendations for light levels are almost universally used, because they are the only recommendations that exist. Many engineers have no convictions about light levels one way or the other, but they like to have a document. It gives them something to fall back on.

"The lighting standards for office buildings are equally strange. Every office is supposed to be bright enough to permit the fifth carbon copy of a typewritten piece of paper to be read. There haven't been too many fifth carbons around since the Xerox machine came in. I think we will probably discover that schools and offices can get on just fine with about half the lighting that floods them now. And since electric lighting is responsible for about six per cent of all the energy used in the country, I think we're going to have a dramatic reduction right there."

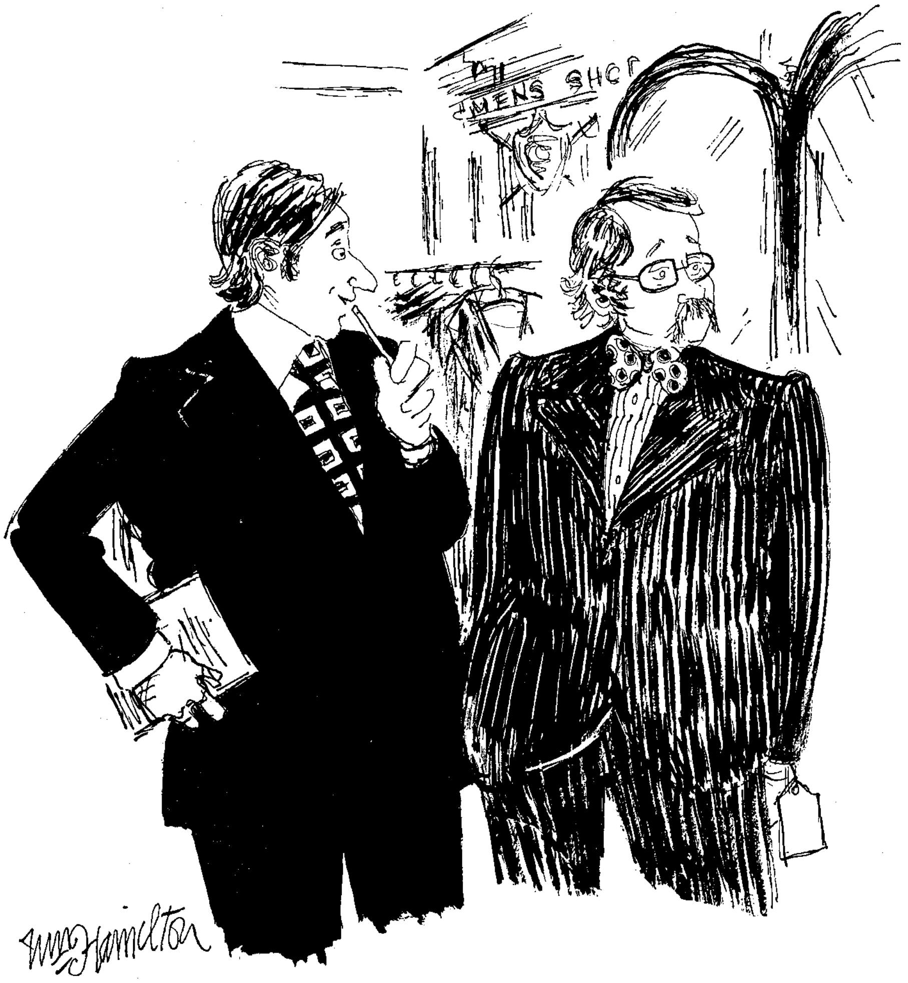
Other Lights

ACCORDING to President Nixon's energy game plan, Times Square, that garish and sublime teacup of light, is doomed. "As soon as the emergency energy legislation passes the Congress," Mr. Nixon told the nation, "I shall order . . . the elimination of all commercial lighting except that which identifies places of business." Without "commercial lighting," of course, Times Square would be just another bleak traffic intersection. Whether Congress will grant the President the authority to pull the plug remains to be seen, but in the meantime the dimout has already begun. The Coca-Cola people decided that their two electric signs—a big one at the downtown end of Times Square and a colossal one at the uptown end—would make better advertisements off than on at this juncture in history. The Coke folk called Artkraft Strauss, the company they lease the signs from, and ordered an indefinite turnoff. Canadian Club, which shares the uptown end with colossal Coke and Sony, tossed in the sponge the same day. Soon thereafter, so did Delta Airlines, at Forty-third and Broadway, and later Sony followed suit. But as of last Wednesday night the matchless eastern battlement of the Square between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth—that's Gordon's Gin, Mutual Radio, Bond Clothes, and a pair of Winston smoke-ring puffers—was shining still. The news strip around the Allied Chemical tower was still carrying the freshest dispatches, and the most mesmerizing Times Square sign of all, the four-thousand-bulb Bulova Accutron electronic screen at Forty-sixth and Broadway, was still offering free moving pictures to the masses. All the still-operating big signs have, however, cut back their operating time, and thus their energy consumption, by about a fifth.

No one knows precisely how much oil would be saved if the Times Square displays were to be shut down entirely, but we've pieced together enough information to make our own rough estimate. The Accutron sign normally uses about three hundred and eighty kilowatt-hours of power a night. (A kilowatt-hour, we keep telling ourself, is the amount of electricity it takes to light a hundred-watt bulb for ten hours.) The two Coke signs, the Delta sign, and the Canadian Club sign, taken together, use a hundred and thirty-two kilowatts per hour. The "animated cycling" of the big signs means that most of the bulbs are off most of the time, and the wattages involved are rather low; the bulbs on the Accutron screen, for instance, never burn more than ten watts each. Our own estimate for the whole of Times Square is three thousand kilowatt-hours a night. To generate that much electricity, Consolidated Edison must use about two hundred and fifty gallons of oil. Looked at from a certain angle, that isn't much; it's enough jet fuel to keep Mr. Nixon's Boeing 707 (or any other Boeing 707, for that matter) airborne for roughly nine minutes, or enough to keep the lights on in the World Trade Center for five minutes.

Dr. Charles W. Lawrence, the public-utilities specialist for the City of New York, who advises the staff of the Mayor's Emergency Energy Supply Task Force, confirmed our impression that Times Square is a drop in the bucket. "All display lighting, city-wide, takes maybe two or three per cent of our power, and Times Square, showy as it looks, is a very small percentage of that," Dr. Lawrence said. "The vast bulk of energy goes for lighting inside buildings, and that's where the big savings have to come from."

Milton Musicus, who is Municipal Service Administrator as well as chairman of the Emergency Energy Supply Task Force, agreed. "Nevertheless," Mr. Musicus told us, "Times Square is not going to be lit as much as it has been in the past, and it will be particularly dim after midnight. It's very sad to be a party to darkening a city so renowned for its lights—it's just heartbreaking. But it has a psychological effect, because it's difficult to get someone to turn down his thermostat if he sees lights blazing in a public place."



"I like it. It's Humphrey Bogart without the arrogance."

For people in the electric-sign business, the prospect of a blackout is no mere nuisance. "If the government says we're nonessential, that's it—we're out of business," Carney Pace, treasurer and comptroller of the Douglas Leigh Organization, which operates fourteen of the big Times Square signs, said. "The way I see it, the Administration made this a problem by not acting fast enough. My question to the President is this: Why doesn't he stay in Washington and mind his business and let some of us little guys make a living?"

If the government in Washington decides that the lights must be turned off, off they will be turned, but William Bardel, who heads the Office of Midtown Planning and Development, fervently hopes that it won't come to that. "Most of us feel that a reduction would be far better than a blackout," Mr. Bardel told us. "If Times Square becomes dark and dreary, instead of remaining a place of excitement, it will have a terrible effect on morale, and it could conceivably have adverse effects on security, too. Times Square is a symbol for the whole world. It ought to be treated differently from a neon sign in a small-town bar. Nobody can deny that Times Square is special." Mr. Bardel said that his office is now in the process of drawing up a new plan for Times Square. "It will have a provision that new buildings must include substantial space to be devoted to big fluorescent signs," he said. "We want Times Square to remain as wild, as colorful, and as tasteless as it has always been."

Homecoming

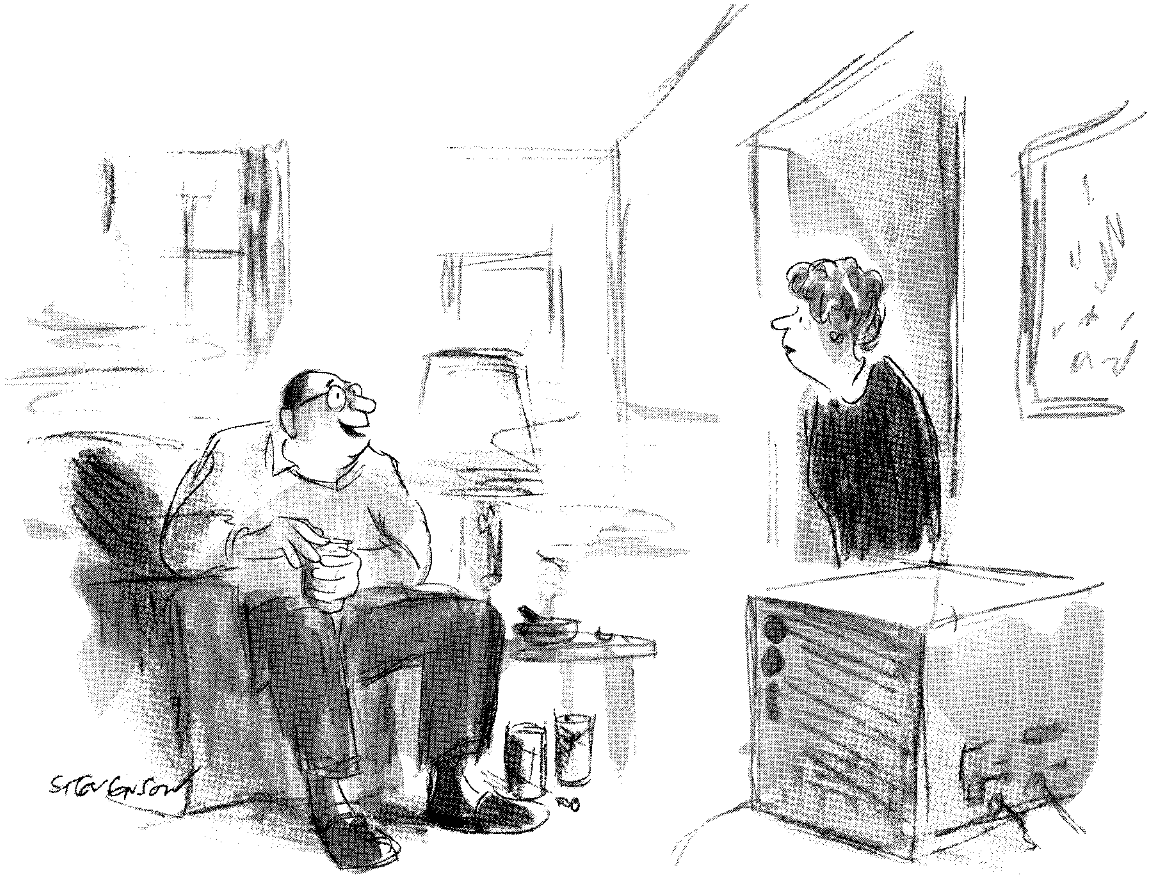
OUTSIDE Loews Victoria Theatre, on West 125th Street, David Brown, a young man with a beard, was watching people go into the theatre for "Harlem Homecoming II"—a benefit performance for the Dance Theatre of Harlem. David Brown was annoyed that he hadn't seen any stars. To make up for not seeing any stars, he called out to various people who were going into the theatre, even though he didn't recognize them. "There's Butch Cassidy," he said. "And the Sundance Kid. Whew! That's Superfly. He uses too much Brylcreem." A white car pulled up. White cars merit a certain amount of attention. "Here comes Dillinger," David Brown said as an uncelebrated young man got out of the car.

Next to David Brown were Edward Green and James Ray. Edward Green said he was twelve. James Ray said he was twelve, too. "Get out of here," Edward Green said when James Ray said he was twelve. "You only ten years old."

"Yeah, well you only eleven," said James Ray.

"All the people who go in here are as famous as a millionaire, right?" Edward Green asked.

Loews Victoria Theatre was full of people in black tie. A lot of the people there were white. There were social-philanthropic white people, and white people in show business. We saw a man named Stephen Paley, who is in the record business. "I'm doing a record of my analyst's book," he said. "It's called 'How to Be Your Own Best Friend.' "



"New York is at Los Angeles, Kansas City is at Oakland, Minnesota is at Green Bay, Washington is at Dallas, Houston is at Pittsburgh, God's in His Heaven, and I'm right here at home with you in Scarsdale."

"Harlem Homecoming II" was fairly long. The Dance Theatre of Harlem Junior Company danced, Roscoe Lee Browne read some poems, Dizzy Gillespie played, and then, inexplicably, Tony Bennett sang a medley of his hits. "Thank you for remembering," Tony Bennett said when he was applauded. Then the Dance Theatre of Harlem did a piece called "Forces of Rhythm," which was so good it made us wonder why anything else was on the program. Later on, Ella Fitzgerald sang, and so did James Brown.

The Homecoming was over at about one o'clock, and then there was a party downtown. The party downtown was a little hard-edged. There were a lot of enormous bodyguards around. There were old stars and new stars. Mabel Mercer was there, and Morton Gottlieb, a co-producer of "Sleuth" and the producer of "Veronica's Room," was there.

"Well, this wasn't the longest show I ever went to," Mr. Gottlieb said. "In 1940, I went to the New Haven opening of a Leonard Sillman revue called 'All in Fun.' The first intermission was at eleven-thirty. The curtain came down at one-forty, and there were still nine numbers to go."

Nancy Seltzer, who does public relations, took us over to meet Arthur Mitchell, the founder of the Dance Theatre of Harlem. We started to tell Mr. Mitchell how impressed we had been by the dancing of his troupe.

"What do you *want*?" Mr. Mitchell asked. "Why are you *smiling* at me?"

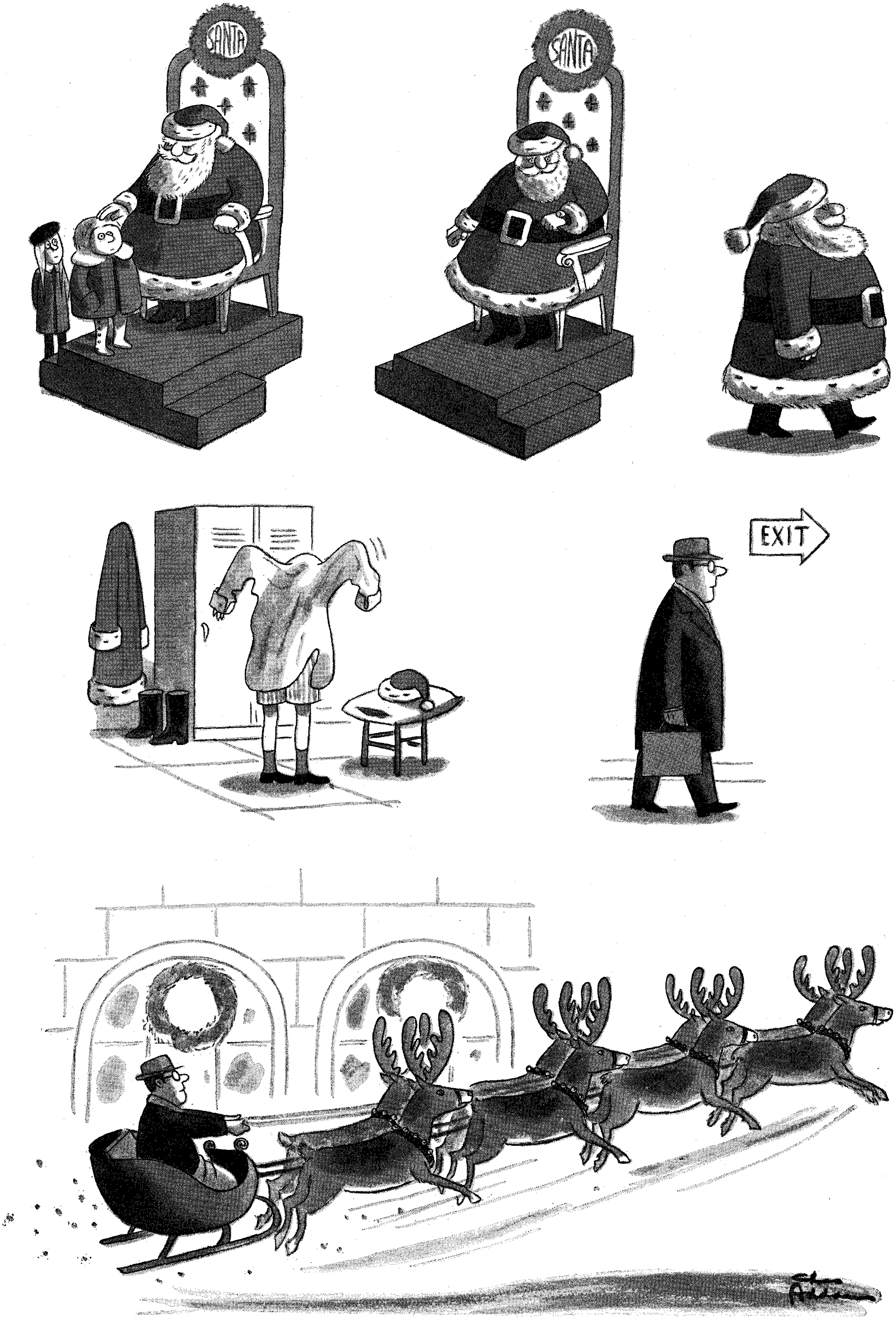
"Don't be *hostile*, Arthur," Nancy Seltzer said.

The Brush

AT the preview of an exhibition of paintings by Cheng Man-ching, called "Traditional Paintings of the South China School"—which will be at the Hudson River Museum, in Yonkers, until December 10th—we ate Chinese doughnuts, gizzard slices, cold rice cake, peanuts, and hard-boiled eggs, and we drank hot punch that had hazelnuts in it. Professor Cheng is the seventy-three-year-old Tai Chi Chuan master we wrote about a few weeks ago. He has been painting for sixty years.

The paintings in the exhibition are all brush-and-ink paintings. Professor Cheng's subjects: bamboo, gourds, a sleeping cat, a pine tree, a melon, a mountain, a bird, a grasshopper. Simple-looking and beautiful paintings. Professor Cheng demonstrated his art before everyone at the preview. He used his favorite brush, and painted a remarkably lovely pine tree. It took about ten minutes, and when he had finished he grinned and clasped his hands in front of him, like a prizefighter.

Then Professor Cheng asked somebody who could read Chinese to examine his brush and read the name and the date on it. The date was 1931 and the name was Big Kitty Brush. Professor Cheng explained. The brush was forty-two years old, and he had named it Big Kitty Brush because it was made entirely of cats' whiskers. "A cat depends on his whiskers to go through holes," said Professor Cheng. "So you can remove only six whiskers from each cat. It takes three years to gather enough whiskers to make a brush, and I had many thousands of my students in China out collecting six hairs from pussycats. Each whisker has to be scraped with a razor to get the wax off, or it won't hold water. Then the whiskers are put into rice to steam. And then into the brush. The long part of each whisker is outside the handle. The handle is scraped-down bamboo, over a hundred years old. In a few years, the brush will go, and I'll go with it. Today, it's the brush that painted that picture."


SANTA
SANTA
EXIT
Chas Addams

PROSTITUTES

TARA's house was in a newly developed area on the outskirts of town. It had been one of the first houses there, but in the last few years others had been coming up and tenants had moved into them. Tara didn't know any of these people and had no interest in making their acquaintance. She had got used to being on her own. She did not even miss her daughter, Leila; indeed, in many ways it was a relief not to have her there.

Leila's father, Mukand Sahib, came every day—often twice a day. He, too, was relieved to have Leila away at boarding school, for in recent years the girl had taken a dislike to him. It had been a difficult situation, and the cause of half the fights between mother and daughter. The other half had been due to the presence of Bikki, although, unlike Mukand Sahib, Bikki had not at all minded the girl's tantrums. On the contrary, he seemed to enjoy teasing her into them. Bikki did not increase his visits when Leila was sent away. In fact, nowadays Tara saw nowhere near enough of him. Sometimes, hearing some noise at the door, she thought he had come and hurried out to meet him. But it was usually only Mukand Sahib. Then she found it difficult to curb her irritation.

Mukand Sahib did everything he could to placate her. He had become very humble with her, which irritated her more than ever. She watched him sitting in her living room one hot summer day, panting with heat and not even daring to ask her for a glass of water. She did not offer him one. She was too angry and disappointed with him for not being Bikki. She sat with her face averted, though she was aware of his imploring looks. He was wiping his forehead with his handkerchief. He appeared to be really suffering, but all he said was "It is very hot outside."

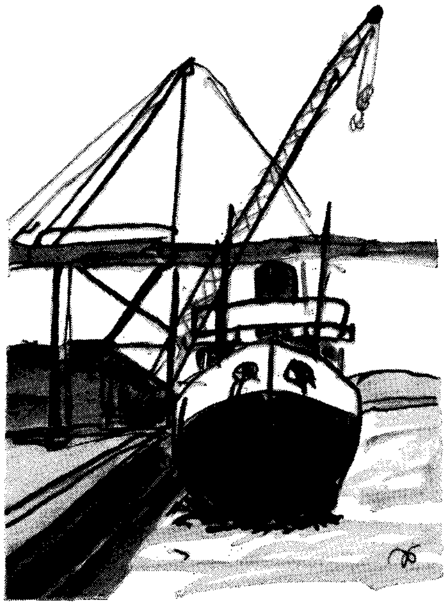
It was as if she had been waiting for this. "Then why come here?" she cried. "I'm sure your wife will be very happy to keep you at home! Why come and sit on my head?"

When he did not reply, she glanced at him out of the corner of her eye. He was trembling, and he looked terribly old. She began to be nervous. What if he were to have a stroke here and now, in her house? She realized she would have to be more careful. She forced herself to say, "Should the servant bring water for you?" He nodded, unable to speak, though his eyes now gazed at her in gratitude.

She shouted for the servant, but he did not come. She went to the door and shouted in a voice so loud that the thin little house seemed to shake. Still he did not come; he was a new servant and very unreliable. Soon she would have to change him (she often changed her servant). She went out to the water jug and filled a glass for Mukand Sahib. He drank it off at once, and she went to get another. When she came back with that, he seized her hand and kissed it.

Although she overcame her desire to snatch her hand away, she felt she could not stay with him a moment longer. Mumbling that she was going to make tea for him, she swiftly left the room. She went up on the roof. It was intensely hot there, with the sun beating down in a white hot glare, but she felt it was the only place where she could breathe. She found it difficult to draw in sufficient breath. She laid her hand on her breasts—large and still firm, though she was nearing forty—and took great gulps of air. The spot on her hand where his lips had been felt like a sore, and she wiped it again and again on her sari. She sank down by the parapet and buried her head in her knees. She did not know what to do. She did not think she could ever go back into that house, back into the room where he was waiting for her to return. Yet it was unbearable on the roof; the bricks burned like fire. All around, the landscape was arid, as desolate as a desert, and the new houses scattered over it, some of them half finished, looked like skeletons picked bare and bleached in the sun.

When Mukand Sahib had first bought this house for her, almost ten years ago, she had been very happy to live in it. She had not felt lonely at all, although at that time there had been only one other building nearby (a contractor's office, since abandoned). She had eaten and slept and played with Leila, and in the evenings she had dressed herself up to wait for Mukand Sahib. Quite often he had not been able to come. He had been busy in those years—not only with his law practice and his family obligations but also with his various honorary positions, such as vice-president of the local Rotary Club. She had been very proud of him and of his attachment to her and of everything he did for her and their daughter. No other woman in her family had ever been so well settled—not her mother or her grandmother or anyone else. Of course, they had all had admirers in their youth, and had borne children to them, and had even been kept by them for a while, but none of them had been taken out of her surroundings and provided for and kept in a good position, the way she had been by Mukand Sahib.



He was calling her now; she could hear his plaintive, old man's voice from the house below. She wiped the tears and perspiration from her face and after a while managed to pull herself together sufficiently to go down to him. He was sitting in the same place she had left him, on the mattress in one corner. When she came in, he said, "Why do you leave me? Don't leave me." He didn't ask about the tea she had promised him. He only wanted her to be there, as near to him as possible. "Here," he pleaded, feebly patting the mattress. Again overcoming herself, she approached him, sat by him. He laid his hand in her lap and sighed with contentment. "Don't leave me," he said again.

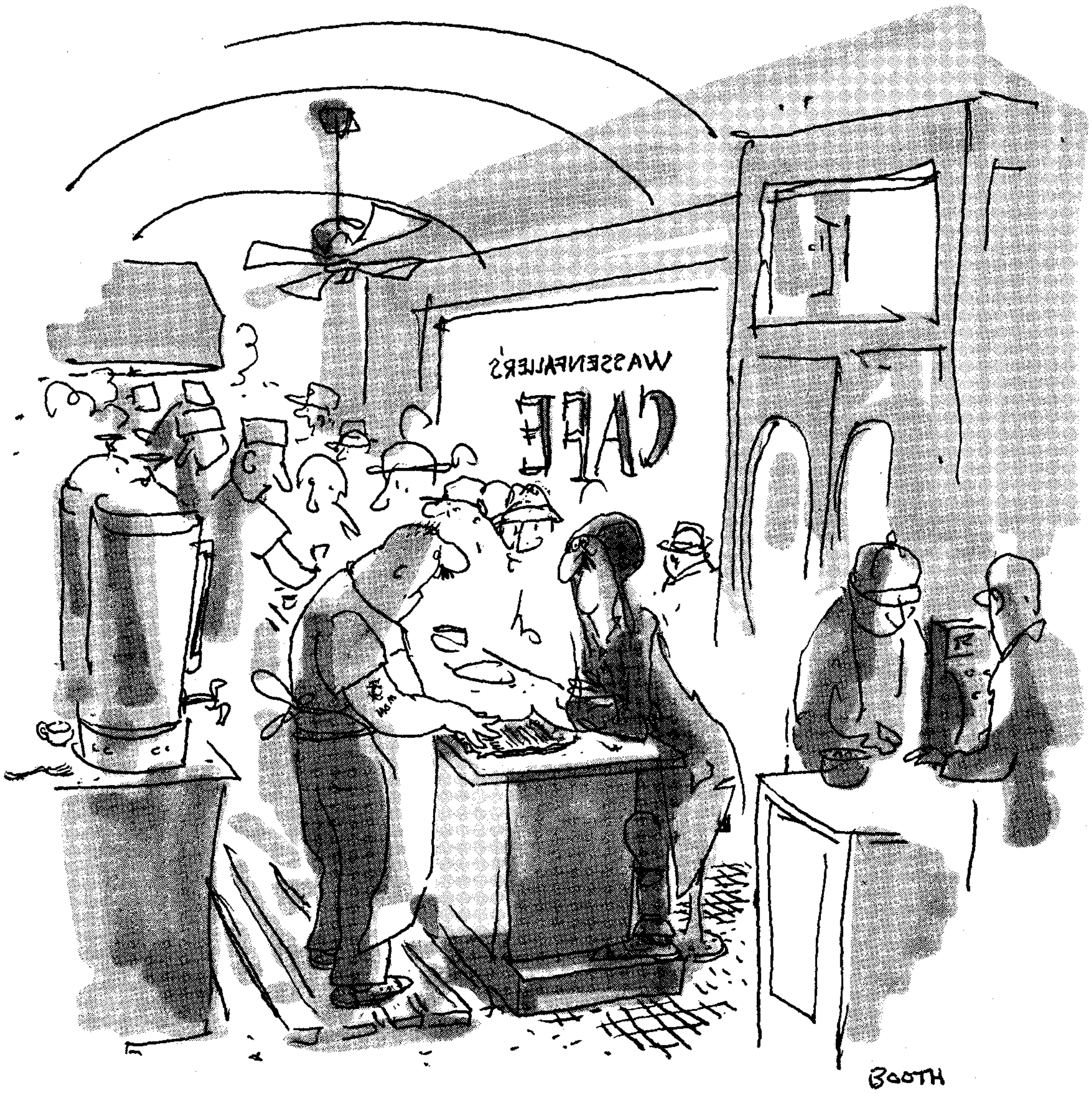
"Why should I leave you?" she said in the gruff way in which she usually spoke to him nowadays. "Where should I go? I was right here, in the kitchen." Then, cunningly, taking advantage of his contentment, she said, "But today I have to go and visit my mother." When she saw the pain and disappointment on his face, she shouted, "I have to! Don't you understand!"

"Yes, yes, I understand," he said quickly.

"My God, how selfish you are. Naturally, Maji wants to see me. She is lonely, now that he has gone." Her mother's companion—an old man who had been with her for many years—had recently died.

"You think you are the only person who needs me," Tara went on. "You have no thought for anyone but yourself. That is the sort of person you are—I have always known it."

There was a silence. Then he said,



"We are, of course, unable to reprint menus to accurately reflect our constantly changing food costs. In strict accordance with price regulations, a small charge will be added to the menu items to cover our actual increased purchasing price. We ask that you bear with us during this difficult period."

• •

"You should take a little present for your mother."

"All right."

"Please take it from my pocket."

She put her hand in and drew out his money and counted it. She kept all of it except for one rupee, which she put back. The rest she folded and thrust down into her bosom—but with rather a stern air, as if she were doing him a favor. And he really seemed to feel it was a favor, for he took up the hand with which she had taken the money and kissed it again. This time she was quite complaisant about it. Poor old man, she thought—though absently, for she was already looking forward to the expedition to her mother's house.

HER mother still lived in the Quarter, just behind the street of the silversmiths. She was the oldest tenant in her building, and everyone knew her and called her Maji. The other tenants were all much younger women who still practiced their profession, and the house was always ringing with the noise of musical instruments and ankle bells. At night, there was a lot of coming and going; men chewing betel felt their way up the dark stairs, and quite often there were brawls. Music came from the mother's room, too, for she still liked to entertain herself with singing. Now, however, all her songs were devotional. Sometimes the other tenants came in to listen to her—they sighed and looked thoughtful—but she didn't care if anyone was there or not; she sang anyway. She was singing when Tara arrived, and though she smiled and nodded at her daughter, she didn't stop till the song had ended. She was accompanying herself on the harmonium. It was strange seeing her do that, because in the past the old man, her companion, had always been there to play for her.

The last time Tara had been in this room had been the day the old man had died. His corpse had lain there on a plank, covered with an orange cloth up to the chin. His face was exposed, not looking much different from when he was alive. The room was crowded, mostly with the other tenants. They were crying bitterly, although they had all disliked him. He used to lurk on the stairs, waiting for them in order to start quarrelling over some trifle. Of course all that was forgotten now that he was a corpse draped with marigolds. Loud wailing broke out when the plank was lifted up, to be carried downstairs and through the streets on its way to the burning ground. All the women rushed to the top of the stairs for a last look. Maji, of course, wailed the loudest and had to be supported under both arms while she beat her breasts and struck her head against the wall.

But now, two weeks later, she was singing and smiling and really just the same as ever. The room, too, was the same—the most comfortable place Tara knew on earth. It was crowded with objects: musical instruments, brass vessels, a hookah, a birdcage, a faded folding screen with a hole in the silk. It was also fragrant with incense and scented betel. Tara stretched herself out on the mattress on the floor in an attitude of complete relaxation. Her large limbs were sprawled in all directions. She could never relax like that in her own house.

As soon as Maji had finished her song, Tara asked, "Has Bikki been here?"

"Yes. And the child? Has a letter come? What does she say? Are they giving sufficient food in the school?"

Maji was passionately fond of Leila, her only grandchild, and did not seem to mind at all that Leila hardly ever came to see her, or that when she did she was very surly with her.

When Tara had given all the news of Leila, she asked again about Bikki. Again Maji's reply was brief and evasive. Tara asked many more questions: When had he come? How long had he stayed? Was he so busy that he had no time to visit Tara?

When Maji found it impossible to be evasive any longer, she made excuses for Bikki. Yes, she said, he *had* been busy, but it was for her sake, for Maji. He had been very kind to her and had done some of the little errands for her that the old man used to do. Tara became calmer and was even able to think of her mother instead of Bikki. "It must be difficult for you," she said. "After so many years."

Maji and the old man had been together from before the time when Tara was born. He was not Tara's father—that had been someone else, long since vanished—but he had served Maji in many capacities: as musician, pimp, errand boy, lover when there had been no one else and she had still needed someone. In his last years he had done whatever small services he could in return for being allowed to live here with Maji and eat her food.

Maji said, "He was old. And I'm old, too. Perhaps it will be my turn next." She cackled rather gleefully, as if this were a treat to be looked forward to.

Tara snapped her fingers in the air several times, to keep ill luck away. "Will he come today?" she asked.

"Who?"

"Bikki."

Maji changed the subject. "And Mukand Sahib?" she asked. She murmured a blessing upon the air, as was her habit when speaking of her daughter's benefactor.

"He sent this for you." Tara fumbled in her bosom for the money.

"Where was the need?" protested Maji, quickly tucking it into her own bodice.

"Do you know where Bikki is? Can you send for him?" Tara was no longer relaxed on the mattress but straining forward to hear her mother's reply.

At last Maji said, "Leave it."

Tara sank back onto the mattress. She lay there like a sick woman. "I *have* to see him," she said, with such anguish that Maji realized there was no help for it.

Bikki came very quickly—too quickly—but Tara was so relieved to see him that she did not start thinking about that. In any case, Bikki did not give her much time to think. He came into the room with his usual bounce and high spirits, ready to charm and please. Soon he had them all in a festive mood. He was so gallant with Maji that she simpered and turned aside to hide her face behind her hand in a gesture of coquetry that sprang from her youth. As for Tara, all the pain of longing and separation was forgotten, as the pangs of childbirth are forgotten in the moment of delivery. Her face was radiant; her eyes were only on him. She feasted on him. He was a rather stocky, broad-shouldered young man, with a round face blooming with smiles, sparkling black eyes, and glossy black hair that nestled low on the nape of his neck. He was dressed very beautifully, as always, in wide white freshly starched muslin and embroidered slippers. Tara took his hand in hers and turned his ring around and around on the little finger on which he wore it. She had bought that ring for him with money that Mukand Sahib had given her to pay a dentist's bill. She kissed the ring, and then he kissed it, and then they smiled at each other and their eyes spoke.

Suddenly Bikki jumped up and said, "Listen!" He squatted on the floor by the harmonium and began to play a new tune and sing the words to it. He didn't know it very well, but he had quite a sweet voice and sang with so much pleasure that they had to like it, too. He broke off in the middle and cried, "It is wonderful, wonderful! Oh! *'Didn't you hear my heart cry out as you plucked it!'* Oh, oh!" He threw himself down on the floor and rolled around there while clutching his heart, like one suffering excruciating pain. The two women laughed, and he was satisfied and sat up, smiling to have given pleasure.

He said to Tara, "Now it is your turn. Make us happy with a beautiful song sung in your own beautiful voice."

"Get away!" She pretended to hit him. Tara was quite unmusical. Her mother and grandmother had worked hard to train her, but whenever she had begun to sing they covered their ears with their hands. Actually, it had not mattered. Tara in her heyday had brought more professional engagements into the family than they had ever had before. When men saw her, they forgot about singing and dancing and were content just to look.

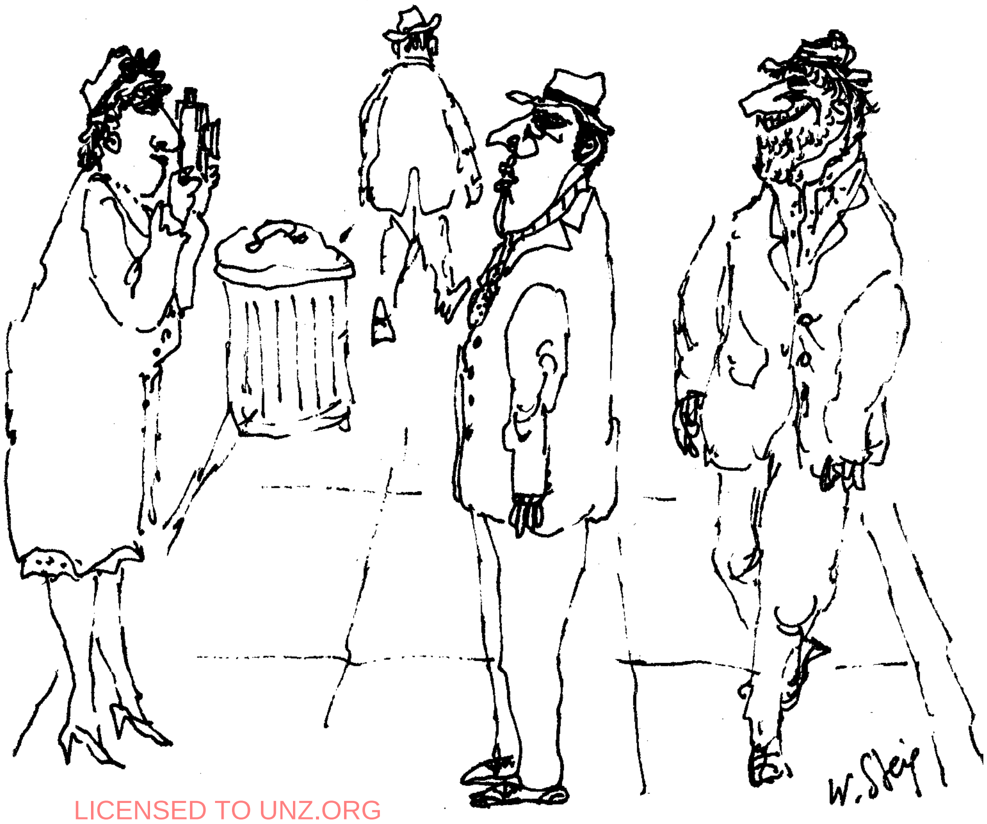
Maji said, "But our little Leila, our angel, she has the true gift."

Tara shrugged. It was true that Leila seemed to have inherited her grandmother's voice rather than her mother's looks. But she had never cared to learn the family tradition of singing; she hated it above everything.

"Ah, when is she coming?" cried Bikki. "I miss our little Missie Sahib so much."

"You are very cruel to her," Tara said.

"No, it is she who is cruel to me." He rubbed his forehead ruefully. During her last holidays, she had thrown a cup at him. It had broken, and a piece had cut him and he had bled. Leila had run into the bedroom and locked the door. Then Tara ran about, alternately sponging Bikki's head and pounding on the door to get Leila to come out. But Leila did not emerge till late in the evening, after Bikki had left. Her face was swollen and she refused to speak to Tara for several



days afterward—in fact, not until it was time to return to school and Tara took her to the railway station.

Now Bikki decided that he was hungry. He told them of a new place he had discovered, not far away at all, where excellent meat pilao was to be had. He would go and get some for the three of them straightaway, and some carrot halwa as well. He waited tactfully for Tara to give him money, and the way he took it was very tactful, too, his palm closing over it in a delicate, unobtrusive manner. He was already running down the stairs when Tara called him back; he stopped and looked up at her, and she ran down to meet him and threw her arms around his neck on the dark stairs. She wouldn't let go of him, though he tried to disengage himself. "Someone will come," he whispered. He looked up apprehensively, but she didn't care at all. She was stroking his neck and discovered a thin gold chain around it. Surprised, she drew it out to look at it. "Who gave this to you?" she asked. Then he managed to free himself and ran as quickly as he could down the stairs.

Tara returned to her mother in a pensive mood. All sorts of suspicions now arose in her mind. She brooded while Maji played the harmonium and softly sang to herself. At last, Tara said, "Where was he when you sent for him?" She had recollected how quickly Bikki had appeared; he must have been somewhere in the building to appear so quickly. What was he doing there? And with whom? These thoughts were like thorns.

"*Where?*" she shouted.

Maji stopped playing. The last note hung on the air, together with Tara's shout.

"Upstairs," Maji answered at last.

"Who with? Tell me. . . . No, you must." Tara was struggling to speak calmly, and struggling also to keep herself together. She suffered from high blood pressure, and in moments of agitation her heart thumped as if it wanted to burst through her body.

Maji said, "What does it matter? What is it to you?" Although Tara made a feeble gesture, asking her to stop saying such things, Maji went on bravely. "You can wait for seven births and plead and pray with folded hands, and still you will not meet again a person like Mukand Sahib," she said. She repeated her customary blessings on him.

Tara managed to prop herself on her elbow. "Who is he with? Which one?" she said. "Is it Salima?" Maji did not reply, and Tara sank back and said, "I thought so."

SONORA FOR SALE

this is the land of gods in exile
they are fragile and without pride
they require no worshippers

we come down a white road in the moonlight
dragging our feet like innocents
to find the guilty already arrived
and in possession of everything

we see the stars as they were years ago
but for us it is the future
they warn us too late

we are here we cannot turn back
soon we hold out our hands
full of money
this is the desert
it is all we have left to destroy

—Richard Shelton

• •

Salima was a woman who had moved into the house a few months before. She was rather charming and had quite a few customers. She could well afford to keep Bikki and give him gold chains. She may have been a few years older than Bikki, but of course she was still many years younger than Tara.

Now Tara was cursing Bikki and Salima both. She swore what she would do to them—hack their bones into tiny pieces, pluck out their eyes to feed to vultures. She acted out how she would do these dreadful things. Maji tried to calm her. She shouted above Tara's shouts, she held Tara's arms, which were flailing in the air. It was as if she were struggling with devils that possessed her daughter.

Tara was exhausted. She lay still and allowed Maji to brush away the strands of hair that clung with perspiration to her forehead. Maji murmured endearments. She also kept repeating the name and virtues of Mukand Sahib, as if he were some kind of balm that she was applying to her daughter's hurt.

But Tara said, "I don't want to see him ever again. I hate him. He makes me—" She thrust out her tongue; she really felt overcome with nausea. The spot on her hand he had kissed that morning began to tingle again with unpleasant sensations. She said, "I'm not going back there. I shall stay with you."

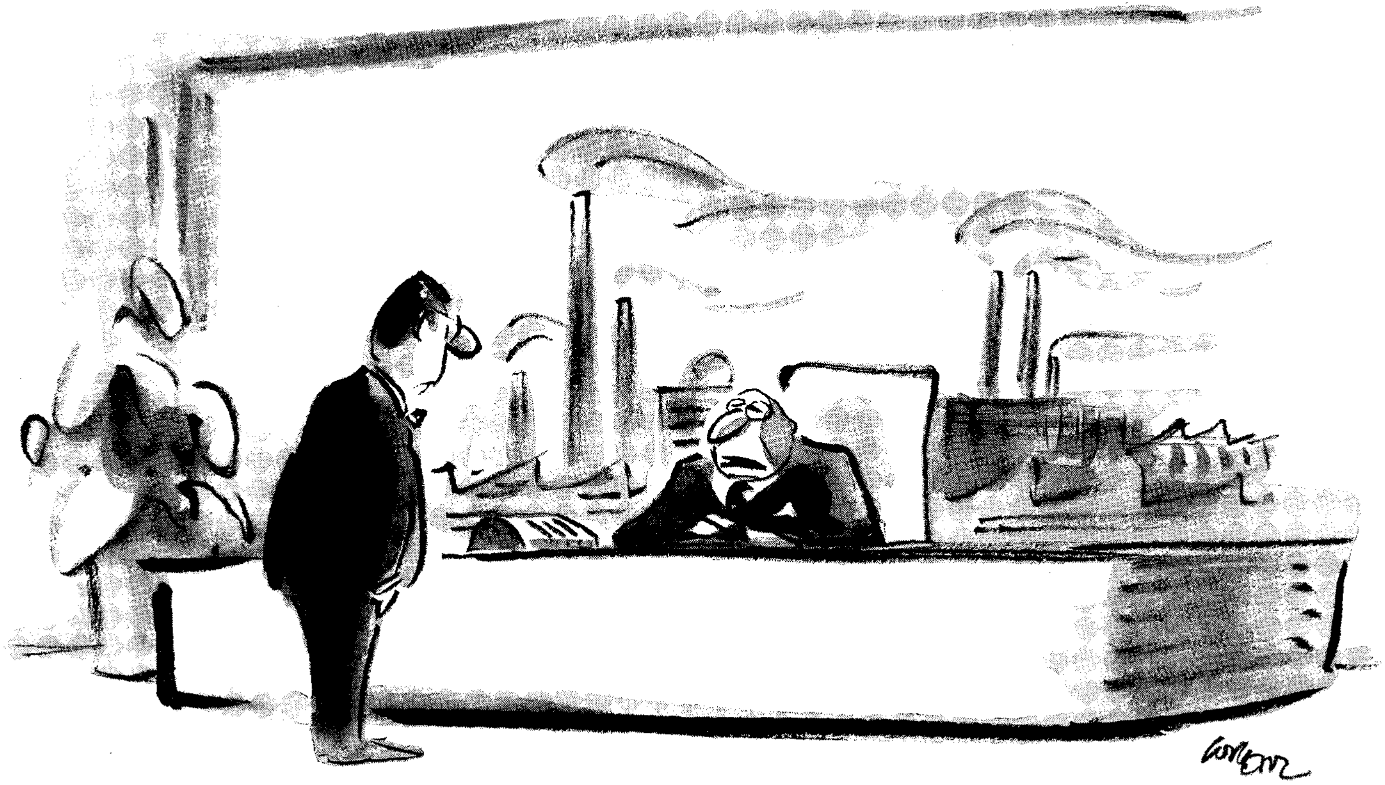
"Very fine. Very good," Maji said, and she laughed ironically.

She left her daughter's side and went back to sit by her harmonium. She began to play, but broke off after a few bars. She talked. Her voice rambled on. Sometimes she laughed, sometimes she sighed. Tara did not listen carefully, but it was good to hear the familiar voice and other familiar sounds as well—the incessant beating of little hammers on metal from the street of the silversmiths, women calling to each other in lazy morning voices, and their slippers slipslopping along the stone floors.

Maji was talking about the dead old man. "Sometimes I couldn't stand him anymore. Several times I drove him away. 'Don't show your face here again,' I said. Then he rolled up his few things and left. But sooner or later he always came back again. One day he would be there, and I would say, 'Oh, you have come.' And then he stayed."

Tara yawned. The subject was not interesting to her; the old man had always been there, like this mattress, like that birdcage.

Maji said, "This is what happened one night. It was long ago, when I was still young and had visitors. We were sitting; I was singing. A few people were there. Your grandmother was there, too. She sat and listened, with her head going up and down to my singing. Then a man came in—I think he had been upstairs with Phul Devi. Perhaps his business with her was finished, or perhaps they had thrown him out. He was a very third-class person,



"I'm afraid, Son, this will never be yours. I'm having myself cloned."

• •

and his behavior was also very third-class. Everyone told him to leave, but he said why should he leave—he was ready to spend money, too. He drew a big bundle out of his pocket, but he only threw down one or two rupees. 'Here,' he said. 'Take it, be quick.' And Grandmother was quick; she picked up the money at once and tucked it away. I was ready to continue singing, but he would not let me. He touched me in a coarse way. I said, 'Please leave.' I hoped the old man would do something—I say old man, but of course he was young then—but all he did was play his drum a bit louder, with his head down, and pretended to be too busy to hear or see anything. I felt angry with him, because it was his duty to make this person leave. Why else did we keep him and give him all that food and let him live here in the room with us? But he did nothing, he was afraid, and I don't know what would have happened if Mithu had not been here."

"Who?" Tara said out of her deep drowsiness.

"No, I have not spoken to you much about Mithu. It is long ago." But Maji was smiling as if it were not long ago at all. "Oh, he was a rascal, a layabout, no good at all. But that day he was a blessing to us, for once. When this person would not leave, Mithu slapped his face and then he pushed him out of the door and gave him a kick down the stairs. Of course, Mithu always loved a fight. But that day even your grandmother was quite pleased with him. And as for me—*what* shall I tell you!" Maji flung her hands before her face.

Tara recognized her mother's feelings, and this sharpened her own. "Is he always up there with Salima?" she asked.

"Leave it, Daughter," Maji counselled again.

"She must be giving him presents and money. He would run anywhere, to anyone who can give him presents and money, even if she were a hundred years old and ugly as the devil."

"One thing I could not get out of my mind," Maji said. "The way the old man had sat there playing the drum, with his head bent down. I hated him for that. I could not put up with him one moment longer. So he had to roll up his little bundle again and go elsewhere. And then Mithu moved in. I did not care what your grandmother said. I would not listen to her, or to anyone. I was stone-deaf, except to *his* voice. And I thought this happiness would never come to an end."

Maji usually did not talk about things that were finished. Today, however, she went on and on, as if Tara did not have enough on her mind without having to hear all that.

"Then one day I found I was pregnant," Maji said. "God forgive me for everything I tried. But it was no use—you were determined to come and eat your share in this world. It was a very difficult time. There were complications; doctors and medicines had to be paid for. I lay here on this mat, and your grandmother wrung her hands and said we would all die. We cried day and night, not knowing where to turn. Don't ask about Mithu. With no clients, nothing going on, no food in the house, naturally it was too dull for him here. Then one day the old man was back again. Grandmother nearly fell over him on the stairs, where he was sleeping. She brought him in. You will say, What use was that, just one more belly to starve. Of course you are right, he couldn't help much. But he would get up very early—three, four o'clock, it must have been, though we never heard him, he went so quietly. He went to the wholesale fruit-and-vegetable market and bought bananas to sell from door to door. Why only bananas I don't know, but it brought in a little bit. We ate, and quite often there was even milk for me."

Tara sat up, her ears strained toward the stairs. She rushed to the door and opened it suddenly, as if trying to catch someone by surprise. But it was the wrong person.

"Who is it?" Maji said.

"Only that policeman who visits Roxana. I thought it was *him*, trying

"*That's the Beveridge L. Remington the public never sees.*"

to sneak upstairs. Just let him try!" She clenched her teeth.

"Lie down. Rest yourself."

Tara lay down, but she did not rest. She said, "Everything will be different from now on. I shall be here, and then let me see how he goes upstairs."

She had spoken in a grim, threatening tone, but now this began to change. "Perhaps it is my fault also," she said in a forgiving voice. "He is a person you have to watch all the time. If the child goes astray, who is to be blamed? Not the child but the mother who has been failing in her duty." She did not look at Maji, whom she knew to be making a skeptical face. "When I am with him, he wants nothing and no one else. He is content. How often he has put his head here to rest and said, 'Now I am happy.' He loves my breasts very much. He says I carry two big pillows specially for him." She laughed and looked down at them, and then fidgeted them into position within her huge brassiere. "The elastic is going," she said. "I shall have to buy new brassieres. Leila also wrote to say send new ones. She sent a long list of things. Every day there is something new to buy and send."

"Well, thank God the money is there," Maji said, and invoked her usual blessings on Mukand Sahib. She ignored Tara's frowns. "He has been sent to us from above."

Tara laughed scornfully. "Yes, a fine angel," she said. Then, interpreting Maji's silence as a reproach, she cried, "You don't know! Day and night he is there, sitting there. And I have to sit with him so that he can look at me. He drops off to sleep, but if I try and move away he wakes up at once. 'Tara! Tara!' All the time I hear his voice calling, 'Tara! Tara!' Even in my dreams sometimes I think I hear him. And when Leila is home from school, it is worst. I am with her for a few moments, and at once we hear 'Tara! Tara!' And Leila catches hold of me and says, 'Don't go.' But I have to go—to *run!*—because he is shouting so loud I'm afraid he will have a stroke." She clutched her head. "All I want is that he should leave me alone, leave me in peace," she pleaded. "I must have some *peace.*"

The door burst open. It was Bikki back again, triumphantly holding up some little earthenware pots. He wasted no time but set everything out for them to eat, talking all the while and telling them of acquaintances he had met in the bazaar and the conversation he had had with them. He began to eat with relish, commenting on the excellence of the pilao. He didn't notice that he was eating most of it. Tara was more interested in him than in the food. She kept stroking him, and he thought she was pleased with him because of what he had brought. This added to his own enjoyment, and he took more and more, saying, "Good, hmm?" and licked each of his fingers. Tara brought water for him to wash in, and she wiped his hands on a towel, and then she sat close to him again and ran her hands over his face and neck. She could not get enough of him. She toyed with his new gold chain and pulled it out of his shirt to look at. She held it in the palm of her hand, but she did not say anything, and tucked it back again and went on stroking him. At last, she said to Maji, "No, I'm not going back."

Maji did not reply.

"Not going back where?" Bikki asked.

"Why should I?" Tara demanded of Maji, who still did not reply. "Maji is lonely," Tara said. "She wants me to come and live with her."

"Here?" Bikki asked, unable to keep a tremor out of his voice.

"Yes." She was still fondling him, but now her caresses were those of a moody tigress. "Are you happy?" she asked him. "Now you will not have to come so far to visit me."

He nodded. Her caressing hand had got to his gold chain again. Again she drew it out and weighed it on her palm. "Who gave you this?" she asked him lightly.

After a moment, he said, "My auntie." He stared back at her boldly.

Maji began to speak in the ensuing silence. She talked about the old man. She said she had not expected him to die. He had always enjoyed excellent health, and right till the end he had kept up his good appetite. In fact, the day before he died he had asked for a sugar melon. But in these last months he could never bear to let her out of his sight. If she left him for five minutes, she would find him crying on her return. "With tears," she said, and with her fingers she showed how they had coursed their way down his cheeks. It had irritated her terribly.

But it was strange to be without him, she said. Sometimes she woke up in the night and called his name. Of course, no one answered. She supposed she would get used to it in time—that is, if she still had time. No one was here forever. When your ticket of departure was issued to you, then you went. Well, she was packed and ready. Everything was in order. Her daughter was well settled—and as for her granddaughter! There were just not words to describe the good fortune that girl was born with.

"You said you had to go and buy things to send to her school?" she asked Tara. "New brassieres? What else?"

Tara was still holding the end of Bikki's chain in her palm. Her hand was trembling. Bikki continued to look defiant. His hard young eyes challenged her to say something, but she did not dare.

"What else?" Maji repeated stubbornly.

"Oh, so many things. Even a racket to play a game with."

"A princess!" Maji clapped her hands together in delight. She was full of gratitude for the favors showered on her family. First she cried out her thanks to God for them, and after that to Mukand Sahib.

Tara tucked Bikki's chain back into his shirt. He became good-humored again and began to take an interest in the racket that had to be bought for Leila. Was it for tennis or badminton? He decided he had better go with Tara and help her buy it. He jumped up. "Let's hurry before the shops shut," he said. He always loved shopping.

Tara hesitated. She said Mukand Sahib would be waiting for her at home. He worried if she stayed away too long.

"Not long," Bikki said in a wheedling way. "We shall just go to the shops for the racket—and perhaps one or two other things for Leila."

Tara smiled. "Only for Leila?"

"Of course, if you see something you might like to give to me . . ." He shrugged, leaving the whole thing to her.

Tara looked at Maji as if for advice. Maji nodded. "Go along," she said. "Buy him something nice, and then you can go home."

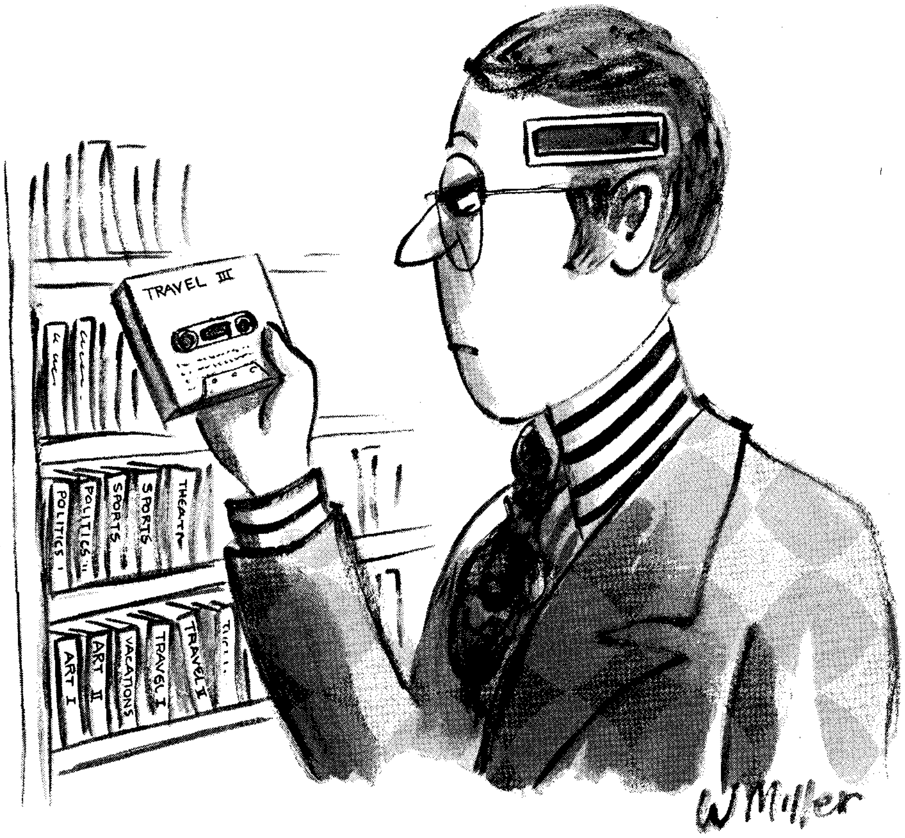
Bikki bent down and kissed the bald patch on top of Maji's head. Almost before Maji could cry "Get out!," he was out the door, pulling Tara along with him. Maji could hear them laughing together on the stairs, but she forgot them the next moment. She began to play the harmonium again and to sing a devotional song.

—R. PRAWER JHABVALA

CHRONICLE

THE bells in the savage mountains make such a tinny clangor because century after century bells had to be brought up the mountains, hand over hand, many sleeps on the way, over huge rocks and steep slopes of naked stone, climbing stepped gorges, threading cliffs, crossing deep ravines. And to have bells that were big enough, they had to be thin. Trains of Indians and mules, both of both sexes, and both slaves, and eating as slaves, hauled in the mountains bark cables twisting and groaning, the shoulders of mules and heads of Indians harnessed to fraying ship's hawsers dragging sleds to each of which a heavy bell was bound with drying jungle creepers. They moved upward in the white mists before the sun came out, the dark gorges aflap with shrieking birds. And they stopped only when the sun had set, painting their faces or their backs red as it went. They slept by the trail, most of the humans attached to the propped sleds, each by a long chain that led over the bell and through a ring in the collar of one of the sentries' dogs. Around them like a second wave of sound, unattached, slept the ones recruited in each village on the way, as volunteers, sent by the elders of their villages by way of tribute, to pay for the safety of the villages. Martyrs. They all slept under the black trees, around the bells onto which leaves, acorns, pine cones, unknown forest objects, fell in the night. The bells echoed waterfalls too far to be heard. The long processions dragged the cavernous heads behind them up into the neck of the rain forest, down the other, even steeper, slope, across a rugged plateau, and up again into the high basin, to be beaten in the tragic sunsets, blending happily with the old hammering on iron wheel rims of different sizes which had been brought up before there were tracks for wheels or clearance for sleds, and the even older army caldrons with leather-covered wooden clappers. Some of these survived and still bear the dents that were struck when the first bell was rung in celebration of arrival, before the dogs had finished the bones of those who had died that day in the gang hoisting the bell with ship's tackle into the crossed beams of the patient tower. Even the slaves, in their way, had felt enthusiasm for the end of the achievement, and had stood waiting for the fierce sound hammered out of it in the name of the greatest of silences, henceforth to tell the sun where he was. The bells survived the bearers many times over. When they crack and it does no good to beat them any longer, they are taken down and stood on the floor, where candles are lighted in front of them, the smoke of myrrh swirls around them like clouds on the mountains, and names are whispered, with different intonations, into their broken places.

—W. S. MERWIN

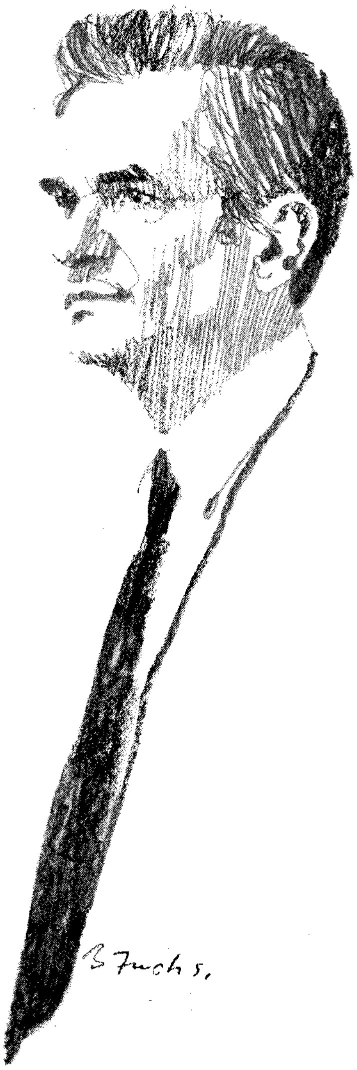


PROFILES

THE CURVE OF BINDING ENERGY—II

TO produce enough electricity to keep Yonkers going for a year, a light-water nuclear reactor would make, as a by-product, just about enough plutonium to obliterate Yonkers. Yonkers, in population, is an average American city. Something like two hundred thousand people live there, on eighteen square miles of land. The ratio of plutonium to electric power would be similar for any community. If a risk is present, it is taken to get electricity, and the philosophical drift beneath all this seems to be that the electricity is very much worth the risk. For almost a hundred years, parts of mankind have been using electricity commercially, and in that time electricity has evolved from a novelty into a necessity, and the possibility of running short of it, which would have been a meaningless concept a century ago, is now quite properly called a crisis. So much would collapse without it. Ways of making it, alternative to nuclear reactors, are diminishing. "Do we really need this new source of energy?" Glenn Seaborg said when he was chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. "Not only do we need nuclear power, but this source of energy has, historically speaking, been discovered just in the nick of time." If self-preservation is elemental in human nature, so is a capacity for accepting risk when something is wanted enough. Portuguese sailors travelled fifteen thousand miles to fill small wooden boats with oranges and cinnamon. The cravings of the race are closer to home now, and the people of Yonkers are locked in solid to a requirement for electric power, perhaps at risks that would beggar the exploits of the merchant Portuguese.

Mason Willrich, a professor of law at the University of Virginia, has for many years been what might be called, in a legal context, a nuclear scholar, and in his "Global Politics of Nuclear Energy" he points out that five hundred years ago in England it was a capital offense to burn coal. When coal was burned, the gas that came off it was shown to be poisonous. It seemed clear enough even then that the air of a coal-burning London could kill human beings. So coal was put on the forbidden list. There was plenty of wood anyway. The world had once had twelve billion acres of virgin forest, and a good deal of it was left, although great deserts had been created where forests once stood in Asia. England burned wood until her hills were bald. By the nineteenth century, an energy crisis had developed, and some alternative source needed to be put to use, in the nick of time. Willrich continues:



Theodore B. Taylor

> The transition from wood to coal awaited the invention of a variety of coal-burning machines and the development of a demand for energy that was urgent enough to reduce, in people's minds, the adverse side effects of coal-burning from a lethal menace to a tolerable nuisance. Coal powered the Industrial Revolution initially, put the horse out to pasture, and, depending on one's view, helped to free the slave or chain him to a machine. Energy consumption increased, standards of living rose sharply, and a belching smokestack became a symbol of progress.

Willrich was once a co-pilot in a B-47. Part of his job was to arm the nuclear bombs the plane carried. To practice what were known as "manual in-flight insertions," he had to crawl through a passageway and into the bomb bay, where he twisted a cylindrical device that worked more or less like a combination lock and placed related masses of nuclear material in a position to be fired. He imagined getting his arm caught and being pulled out of the plane and falling to earth with his arm stuck in the bomb. It was a daydream at first, but it turned into a recurrent nightmare—one that from time to time he still has. A bomb once did fall out of the plane, but the plane happened to be sitting on the ground. The bomb was a huge, clumsy, early-generation thermonuclear bomb, almost three hundred cubic feet stuffed into a steel jacket, and it hit the runway with a great thud and made a deep dent in the tarmac. Willrich has been worried about nuclear power ever since his days in the Strategic Air Command. Before beginning to teach law, he worked some years in the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. He is particularly worried that bombs might be made in a clandestine operation by a nation, a group, or an individual. He does not believe that the problem is insoluble, that nuclear material is uncontrollable. He is, in fact, a proponent of civilian nuclear power.

> The invention and perfection of the internal combustion engine extended the Industrial Revolution to its logical conclusion. Oil rapidly challenged, then supplanted, coal as the source of primary energy for transportation—with a revolutionary impact on man's mobility. But even as the Industrial Revolution entered into full sway in the technologically advanced nations, the energy resources and technology were being developed on which "post-industrial" societies could rest.
>
> Electricity was introduced at the end of the nineteenth century. The transition from an industrialized to a post-industrial society can be viewed as partial cause and effect of the electrification of more and more areas of human activity. For this reason, the process of transition will be arrested unless electric power remains cheap and becomes more abundant in the future. Thus, hope rests ultimately on nuclearization of electric-power production.

A nuclear power plant is a contemporary demonstration of how far people not only can but will go to get what they want or need. This, for example, is Indian Point No. 2—a Consolidated Edison reactor beside the Hudson River. The containment structure looks vaguely like the Jefferson Memorial—a simple, stunning cylinder under a hemispherical dome, all in white reinforced concrete. Its diameter is a hundred and thirty-five feet. The dome and the side walls are from three and a half to four and a half feet thick and are lined with steel. The welds in the steel are bracketed with channels in which positive pressure must be maintained, so that nothing can pass through a crack. A human being, to enter, has to pass through an air lock and sign in at a security desk. The feet on the desk are those of the security man. He is quite young. His hair falls below his shoulders. He wears white cotton shoe covers and white coveralls. He looks up slowly from his book. He is reading "Portnoy's Complaint." The reactor reaches only about a third of the way up into the interior space, which must be voluminous in order to contain immense outpourings of steam should an accident happen. The building is two hundred and fifteen feet tall. The main interior deck is a hundred and sixty-five feet below the center of the dome. The first moment of looking upward is more impressive than the analogous moment in the Guggenheim Museum. Spiralling within the dome is a sprinkler system that could launch a ship. Around the reactor is a pattern of shielding walls within walls, each about as thick as the outer containment wall itself—blockades of concrete set up to stop particles so small they would be invisible at a billion magnifications. Concentric with the outer wall is a cylindrical shielding wall that supports a polar crane, which handles the reactor parts—lifts the lid (the Reactor Vessel Head), lifts the shafts that guide the control rods (the Upper Internals Package), moves machinery around the room. Completely within the polar-crane wall is a neutron-shield wall, six feet thick. The reactor and these two protective walls are set in the Reactor Cavity Pool, an irregular rectangle that is also, in places, six feet thick. It can be flooded, like a swimming pool, to a depth of thirty-five feet. Wherever any wall is penetrated by pipes, tubes, or wires, it is backed by an additional concrete barricade. The implication of this labyrinth is that something extremely solemn exists within, and one strains for the opportunity to stand on the neutron-shield wall and look down into the reactor core. Fortunately, that is possible at the time of this visit, for Indian Point No. 2 has not yet gone critical for the first time. Fuel assemblies of the type used here have burst their cladding in another reactor. The fuel assemblies here must be removed and sent back to the fabrication plant for revision. So Indian Point No. 2 is all built and ready to go, but the reactor's Upper Internals Package has been set to one side and the core is exposed to view as it never will be again. The reactor vessel, also cylindrical, is only fifteen feet in diameter. It is about three times as tall. It nestles in the center of the building like an egg in a large covered basket. When the top comes off during actual operation and used fuel elements are removed, the reactor core, under deep water, will shimmer with Cherenkov effect. The sides of the reactor are of steel just under six inches thick. The fuel rods, now visible within, are twelve feet high and less than half an inch in diameter—tall stems, standing parallel to one another in their assemblies to form a forest clad in zirconium alloy. Thirty-nine thousand three hundred and seventy-two fuel rods stand there together. Among them are fifty-three rods made of a silver-indium-cadmium alloy coated in stainless steel. These—the control rods, the "poison" rods—in their combined elements have a capacity to absorb neutrons and stop a fission chain reaction. They can also start one, for when the reactor is operating they are to be surrounded in the core by so much uranium that a fission chain reaction would develop uncontrollably if they were not there. When the poison rods are drawn slowly upward, by drive mechanisms in the Reactor Vessel Head, the uranium in the fuel rods will go past the point of criticality, neutrons by the octillion will start jumping around in the forest, and the temperature of the core will rise. Water flowing among the fuel rods will become extremely hot. The poison rods will move out or in just enough to hold the water temperature at six hundred degrees Fahrenheit. The reactor vessel holds water under pressure and is thus an enormous pressure cooker. Flanges join the upper and lower parts and are held together by dozens of steel studs. The studs are seven inches in diameter and five feet long. While the lid is being closed, the studs are stretched, so that when they are released the seal will be that much tighter. Not tight enough, though—so two great hoops, made of silver-plated Inconel, go into grooves in the interface of the flanges. Nothing should get past these O rings, as they are called. They cost fifteen thousand dollars the pair. The entire reactor unit goes for two hundred and fifteen million. Westinghouse builds it and hands you the key.

Several hundred people work at Indian Point. A sign on the inside of the containment wall says, "CALL HEALTH PHYSICS IF ALARM ANNUNCIATES." Another sign says, "NO EATING, NO DRINKING, NO SMOKING." Some-

"Good day, sir. Our L.A.L. '7000' analog computer informs us that you are badly in need of more life insurance."

one has added, "NO BREATHING, NO MASTURBATING." On the neutron-shield wall someone has lost a game of ticktacktoe. John Makepeace, the plant engineer, proud of his construction, shows it off from bottom to top. He leads the way down a steel ladder and into a cramped space directly underneath the reactor vessel, where hundreds of in-core flux detectors penetrate the reactor, and where the building as a whole rests on limestone, dolomite, and the People's Republic of China. From the roof of the plant, the view is a bold one of the promontories of the Hudson Highlands. The sun is bright. The river is blue. The air is clear. The wind is thrashing an American flag. Six cables lead away from the roof—up to a tower and out to the world. Half the power from Indian Point No. 2 will go to the Consolidated Edison substation at Sprain Brook, Yonkers. It takes two hundred kilowatt-hours to make four aluminum lawn chairs. It takes two kilowatt-hours to make six aluminum beer cans. A psychiatrist must be air-conditioned or his listening power is not negotiable. It is twenty-odd years since the atom was declared peaceful. Fifteen or twenty more years and the A.E.C.'s big driver reactors at Savannah River, South Carolina, and Hanford, Washington, the sources of plutonium for bombs, will be surpassed in cumulative plutonium production by the reactors of utility companies, making plutonium for private stockpiles.

I ONCE asked Ted Taylor, who had been a conceptual designer of nuclear bombs at Los Alamos from 1949 to 1956, if he was at all worried about people making hydrogen bombs in their basements and, if so, how they might go about it.

He said, "I can't tell you anything at all about that except that my opinion is that a homemade H-bomb is essentially an impossibility. One can't even hint at the principles involved, beyond saying that it requires heating some material up to a terribly high temperature, which is why it is called a thermonuclear bomb. There are by now several thousand people who know how this is done, so the secret of the H-bomb will out somewhere along the line, but, even when it does, the fact remains: to make an H-bomb is not a basement operation. The project would take a large, well-organized group of people a great deal of time. The secret, incidentally, is not a matter of materials. It is a matter of design."

The design was hit upon by Stanislaw Ulam and Edward Teller in 1951. In the pages of a patent application they were described as the bomb's "inventors." After a long period of getting nowhere—an effort by many scientists, under considerable pressure from Washington—Ulam one day asked Teller to sit down in private with him and listen to an idea. They closed the door of Teller's office at Los Alamos and talked. Teller was much impressed with Ulam's idea and at once thought of a better way to do the kind of thing Ulam had in mind. The two men came out of the room with the answer to the problem of the hydrogen bomb. The rest was detail, albeit on a major scale—computer calculations, design, fabrication. The better part of two years went by before a task force was ready to go—in the fall of 1952—to Eniwetok to test the theory.

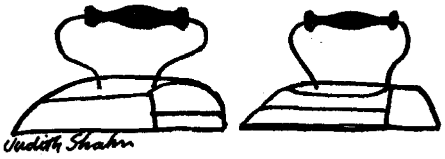
Not all Los Alamos theories could be tested. Long popular within the Theoretical Division was, for example, a theory that the people of Hungary are Martians. The reasoning went like this: The Martians left their own planet several aeons ago and came to Earth; they landed in what is now Hungary; the tribes of Europe were so primitive and barbarian that it was necessary for the Martians to conceal their evolutionary difference or be hacked to pieces. Through the years, the concealment had on the whole been successful, but the Martians had three characteristics too strong to hide: their wanderlust, which found its outlet in the Hungarian gypsy; their language (Hungarian is not related to any of the languages spoken in surrounding countries); and their unearthly intelligence.

TROPICAL FISH

Velvet sulphur powder puffs, and cream
And lavender arrangements trimmed with ice,
Little chandeliers and pulsing lanterns,
Lipstick streaks, and ermined eyes of gin
Shaken in cut glass, and sleighs of Roman
Stripes, and azure mirrors under skin,
Bones like silk embedded in a crystal,
Armor made of mica, gilded wine
Strung like buoys along a throbbing wire,
Snows collecting into white jade bulges,
Milktails of successive pale blue arches
Stippling into gray, G-clef signs
Descending slowly on their licorice threading—
Glass and waterglass, rain on rain.

—HOWARD MOSS

• •



One had only to look around to see the evidence: Teller, Wigner, Szilard, von Neumann—Hungarians all. Wigner had designed the first plutonium-production reactors. Szilard had been among the first to suggest that fission could be used to make a bomb. Von Neumann had developed the digital computer. Teller—moody, tireless, and given to fits of laughter, bursts of anger—worked long hours and was impatient with what he felt to be the excessively slow advancement of Project Panda, as the hydrogen-bomb development was known. Kindly to juniors, he had done much to encourage Ted Taylor in his work. His impatience with his peers, however, eventually caused him to leave Los Alamos and establish a rival laboratory at Livermore, in California. Teller had a thick Martian accent. He also had a sense of humor that could penetrate bone. Dark-haired, heavy-browed, he limped pronouncedly. In Europe, one of his feet had been mangled by a streetcar.

Ulam was a Pole and had no inclination to feel thunderstruck in the presence of Hungarians, whatever their origins. His wife was vivacious and French. He worked short hours. He was heroically lazy. He was considered lazy by all of his colleagues, and he did not disagree. The pressures of the Cold War were almost as intense at Los Alamos as the pressures of the war that preceded it, but these pressures were resisted by Ulam. Mornings, he never appeared for work before ten, and in the afternoons he was gone at four. When Enrico Fermi organized hikes on Sundays, Ulam went along to the foot of the trail. Fermi, Hans Bethe, George Bell, Ted Taylor—up the talus slopes they went while Ulam sat below and watched them through binoculars. Many years after the first thermonuclear bomb had been successfully tested, Ulam's secretary cut out and tacked

"Please, Marjorie. Think of the plants!"

• •

to a bulletin board a cartoon in which two cavemen were talking about a third caveman, who was standing off by himself. The caption was "He's been unbearable since he invented fire."

The object that had been sent out to Eniwetok was distinguished by its plainness and its size. It was a cylinder with somewhat convex ends. It was twenty-two feet long and five and a half feet in diameter. It was the result of Project Panda, and it was called Mike. It looked something like the tank on a railway tank car, and it weighed twenty-one tons. Inside it was at least one fission bomb, and a great deal of heavy hydrogen. Mike was placed in a building with metal siding which had been constructed for the purpose on an island called Elugelab, in the northern sector of the atoll. After Mike had exploded, nothing whatever remained where the island had been but seawater. The island had disappeared from the earth. The yield of the Hiroshima bomb had been thirteen kilotons. The theoretical expectation for Mike was a few thousand kilotons—a few megatons. The fireball spread so far and fast that it terrified observers who had seen many tests before. The explosion, in the words of Ted Taylor, who was not there, "was so huge, so brutal—as if things had gone too far. When the heat reached the observers, it stayed and stayed and stayed, not for seconds but for minutes." The yield of the bomb was ten megatons. It so unnerved Norris Bradbury, the Los Alamos director, that for a brief time he wondered if the people at Eniwetok should somehow try to conceal from their colleagues back in New Mexico the magnitude of what had happened. Few hydrogen bombs subsequently exploded by the United States have been allowed to approach that one in yield. The Russians, however, in their own pursuit of grandeur, eventually detonated one that reached just under sixty megatons—more than four thousand times the explosive yield of the Hiroshima bomb. Taylor guessed that if the Russians had wrapped a uranium blanket around it they could have got a hundred megatons, but he imagined they were afraid to go that far. Whatever the size of the big bombs—ten, sixty, or a hundred megatons—they had begun to dismay him long before they were tested. (In seven years at Los Alamos, he would work on the design of only one hydrogen bomb.) He was even sorry that he had designed the Super Oralloy Bomb, for the belief he had once held in the "deterrent posture" of such huge explosions had eventually dissolved in the thought that if they ever were used they would be "too all-killing"—that the destruction they would effect across hundreds of square miles would be so indiscriminate that the existence of such a weapon could not be justified on any moral ground. He reached the conclusion that an acceptable deterrent posture could only be achieved by making small bombs with a capacity for eradicating specific small targets. The laboratory's almost total emphasis in the other direction—toward the H-bomb—bothered him deeply. He began wondering just how small and light a nuclear explosive could be—how much yield could be got out of something with the over-all size of a softball. With George Gamow, he wrote a scientific paper called "What the World Needs Is a Good Two-Kiloton Bomb."

In 1953, Taylor was sent by Los Alamos at full pay to Cornell, to spend a year and a half getting his Ph.D. His mentor there was Bethe, who had long since become a close friend and counsellor—a relationship that continues. When Taylor returned to Los Alamos, he resumed the conception of a number of bombs whose names unmistakably indicate the direction of his effort: Bee, Hornet, Viper, the Puny Plutonium Bomb. The test of that last one was called "the P.P. shot," and it was the first known complete failure in the history of nuclear testing. "Now you're making progress," Fermi said. "You've finally fired a dud." The bomb had plenty of high explosive around an amount of plutonium so small that it remains secret, for the figure is somewhere near the answer to the root question: How small can a nuclear bomb be? In the absence of precise numbers, the answer would have to be: Pretty small. Fiddling around on this lightweight frontier, Taylor once designed an implosion bomb that weighed twenty pounds, but it was never tested.

Studying ordinary artillery shells, he replicated their external dimensions in conceiving fission bombs that could be fired out of guns. Being longitudinal in shape, these were not implosion bombs, of the Nagasaki type, but gun-type bombs—the kind that had been dropped over Hiroshima. The basic idea was to fire one piece of metallic uranium down a shaft and into another piece of metallic uranium, turning what had been two subcritical masses into one supercritical mass that would explode. Taylor called this exercise "whacking away at Hiroshima," and he performed it successfully, but he was not much interested in gun-type bombs. The Hiroshima bomb, which had been designed by a committee, was overloaded with uranium, and Taylor's summary description of it was that it was "a stupid bomb." Possibilities were so much greater in implosion systems. The Nagasaki bomb's nuclear core had been designed by Robert Christy, who taught physics and astrophysics at the California Institute of Technology, and returned frequently to Los Alamos as a consultant. Taylor, in his own words, would "light up" when he found that Christy had come to town. Christy showed great interest in what Taylor was trying to do, and gave him much encouragement.

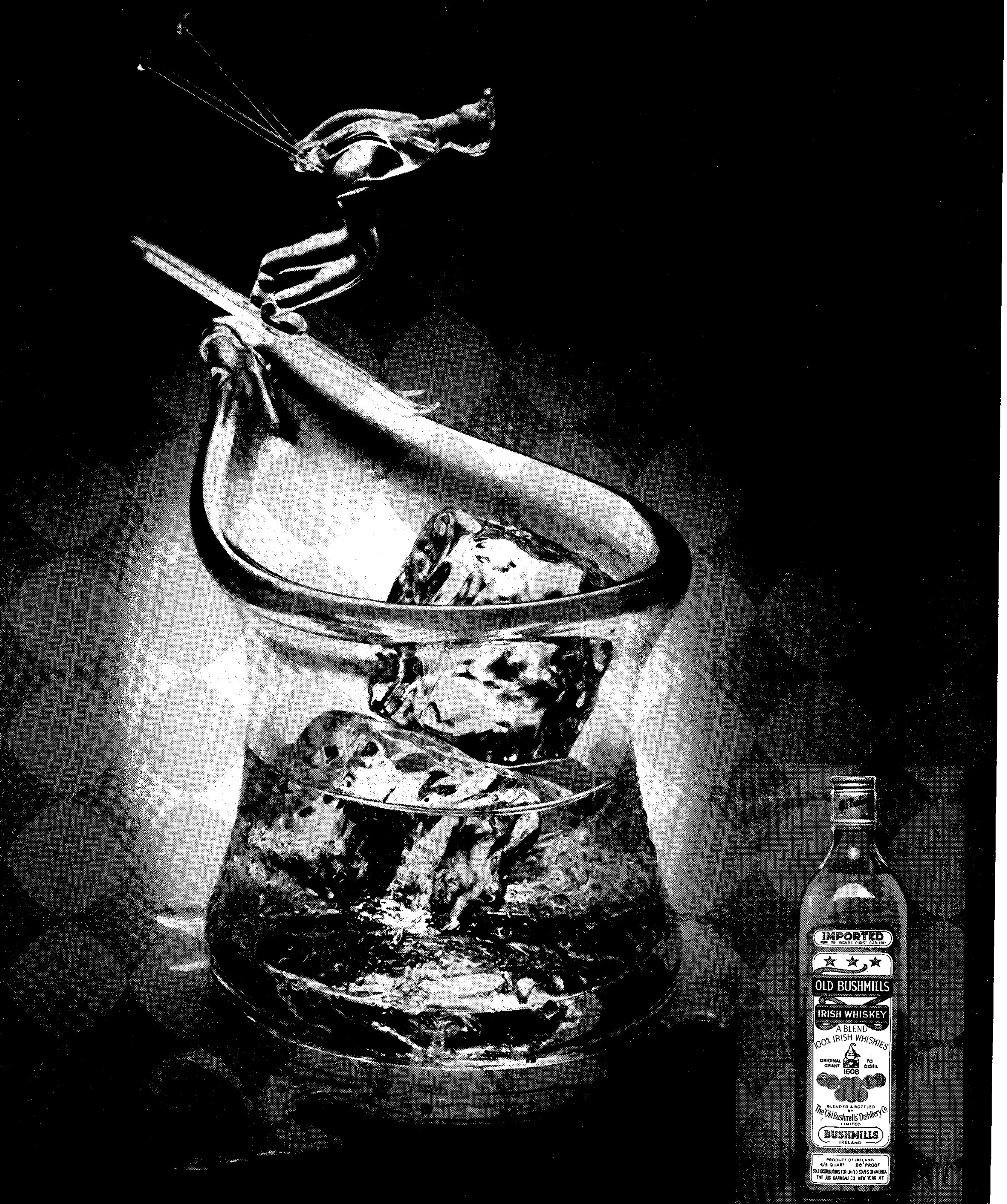
As the bombs grew smaller, the yield did, too. So the obvious next step was to try to get the yield back up while retaining the diminutions of size and weight. Taylor incorporated an essentially new feature that might do just that. It was put into Bee and Hornet. At the sound and the sight of each of them—the big fireball, the loud bang—he knew at once that the feature had worked.

"What feature?" I asked him once.

"I can't say," he answered. "So far as that part of the discussion goes, we have come to a dead end."

Freeman Dyson, one of the preeminent theoretical physicists in the world, has not worked at Los Alamos but has had occasion in his career to review closely the work Ted Taylor did there. "His trade, basically, was the miniaturizing of weapons," Dyson has said. "He was the first man in the world to understand what you can do with three or four kilograms of plutonium, that making bombs is an easy thing to do, that you can, so to speak, design them freehand." Taylor's colleagues at the laboratory came to regard him as being "halfway between an inventor and a scientist." This is how Marshall Rosenbluth remembers him. Rosenbluth, who, like Dyson, is now at the Institute for Advanced Study, in Princeton, was at Los Alamos through the same years Taylor was. Rosenbluth worked principally on the thermonuclear bomb. "Ted was not a typical physicist working out little mathematical problems," Rosenbluth has said. "He thought more qualitatively. He made many inventions, and did a pulling together of the physics necessary for them. He did not spend his time working on the most esoteric of physics points." Once, on a visit to Los Alamos, I asked Carson Mark, director of the Theoretical Division, if he would tell me what Taylor's particular thumbprint had been, as a designer and as a physicist. Mark said, "There was a need for different kinds of physics. There was a need for different kinds of contributions. Many did long computations that took weeks. Ted did not. New ideas don't come this way. There were problems in physics which took months and months to solve, resulting in benchmark papers in the *Physical Review*, such as a study of neutron scattering from some particular

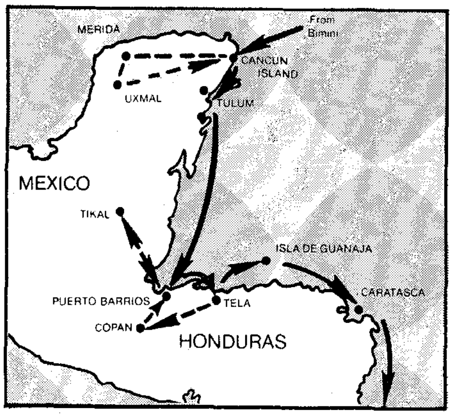
You can tell a lot about an individual by what he pours into his glass.

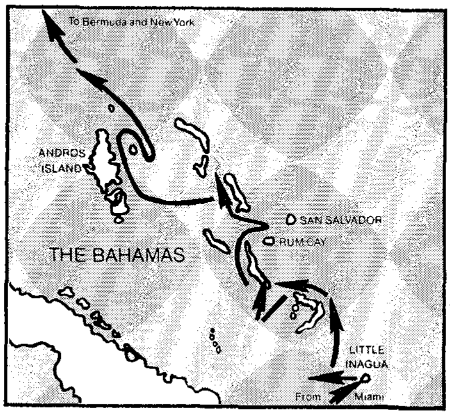

IMPORTED
FROM THE WORLD'S OLDEST DISTILLERY
OLD BUSHMILLS
IRISH WHISKEY
A BLEND
100% IRISH WHISKIES
ORIGINAL GRANT 1608 TO DISTIL
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
The Old Bushmills Distillery Co
LIMITED
BUSHMILLS
IRELAND
PRODUCT OF IRELAND
4/5 QUART 86° PROOF

Bushmills.
The world's oldest whiskey.
What individuals have poured
into their glass since 1608.

The "Skier" glass created for the Bushmills Collection by Henry Halem

A blend of 100% Irish Whiskies. 86 Proof. Bottled in Ireland. The Jos. Garneau Co., New York, N.Y. ©1973





Western Caribbean and the Inner Space of the Bahamas

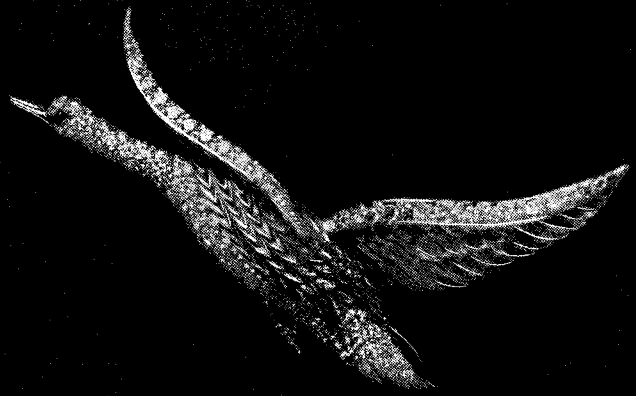
—two rare oceanographic expeditions aboard the M/S Lindblad Explorer*

Western Caribbean: This cruising expedition offers a great variety of exciting activities. You will examine ancient Mayan and Aztec archeological sites along the coast of Central America, and explore the reefs and underwater world along its shores. You will visit lagoons, rivers, jungles and off-shore islands seldom seen by tourists. This cruise starts from Fort Lauderdale on May 25.

The Inner Space of the Bahamas: This very special cruising expedition ventures into a truly spectacular underwater world. Here, your own participation is the key to enjoyment. Well-known oceanographers will be on hand and expert divers will assist you in snorkelling and diving among the fascinating coral reefs. Our Zodiac rubber rafts will let you explore colorful fish and floating plant-life among the shallow waters of these islands. The M/S Lindblad Explorer is fully air-conditioned and offers all the comforts of cruising life. It is operated in the famed tradition of the Swedish American Line. This expedition starts from Miami on June 11. Please write for our informative brochure.

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
Dept. NYAR 121073
133 East 55th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
(212) 751-2300

*Panamanian registry



The Flying Swan

A beautiful brooch with canary diamonds on 18 kt. yellow gold, white diamonds on platinum body, and a sapphire eye. Exclusively ours, $6000. Shown actual size.
Mass. Residents add 3% tax (or if delivered in Mass.)

SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO.
ESTABLISHED 1800
330 BOYLSTON ST. BOSTON, MASS. 02116 (617) 267-9100

material. Such things require a great deal of careful work. You need it. You value people who can do it right. Ted did not do much of this. Ted's papers were shorter, more qualitative—physics sketched out but not extensively explored. Figures were needed. Ted would guess. For exact figures, a man-year's work might be involved. Ted would not be doing that work. His style was a flair for qualitative sketching of a complicated process. He was conceptual. His numbers were reasonable but were not exact. With intensity, he thought outside the prescribed context. Others could answer questions if you asked them, but they did not keep thinking of so many unlikely things. Marshall Rosenbluth and Conrad Longmire, for example, were strong physicists of a breadth and depth greater than Ted's. Ted's curiosity, his prying, his imagination—a combination equally valuable—exceeded theirs." Mark looked pensive for a while, and found an afterthought. "Ted may even have not been the most imaginative," he said. "We've had some real nuts around here."

While Ted's bombs grew smaller, some of his other ideas grew to epic proportions. He spent a lot of time walking aimlessly from corridor to corridor thinking about the slow production of plutonium. The A.E.C.'s plants at Hanford and Savannah River were literally dripping it out, and Ted thought he saw a way to make a truly enormous amount of plutonium in a short time. He wanted to wrap up an H-bomb in a thick coat of uranium and place it deep in arctic ice. When it was detonated, the explosion would make plutonium-239 by capturing neutrons in uranium-238—exactly what happened in a reactor. The explosion would also turn a considerable amount of ice into a reservoir of water, which could easily be pumped out to a chemical plant on the surface, where the plutonium would be separated out. Why not? Why not make tritium in the same way? Tritium, the heaviest isotope of hydrogen (one proton, two neutrons), is the best fuel for a thermonuclear explosion, and the most expensive (eight hundred thousand dollars a kilogram). Tritium is everywhere—in the seven seas, in the human body—but in such small proportions to ordinary hydrogen that collecting tritium in quantity from the natural world is completely impractical. So it is made, slowly, in production reactors. Ted wanted to do it a short way. Put a considerable amount of lithium around a thermonuclear bomb and emplace it under ten

What becomes a Legend most?
Blackglama

BLACKGLAMA® IS THE WORLD'S FINEST NATURAL DARK RANCH MINK BRED ONLY IN AMERICA BY THE GREAT LAKES MINK MEN. AVAILABLE AT BEN KAHN SALON.

Now departing...our three-part pantsuiting

You'll love the soft going in our polyester crepe pants and shirt jacket that flower en route with red blossoms on navy and white. Navy sleeveless sweater companion is acrylic and nylon knit. For 8 to 14 sizes, $130. Prices slightly higher on the West Coast.
Fifth Avenue Shop, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

thousand feet of ice. Boom. An underground lake full of heavy isotopes. "That idea did not fly," said Carson Mark, in summary. "It properly received a lot of exploratory thought. It was a good idea. It would work, but it was too hard to do." These arctic ideas of Ted's became known as MICE—megaton ice-contained explosions. He found a serious supporter in John von Neumann, who was by then an A.E.C. commissioner. Von Neumann died two years later, in 1957, and the support died with him. Alternatively, Ted wanted to spread out on the ground somewhere a uranium blanket four hundred feet square. Then he would detonate a thermonuclear bomb in the air above it. Instantly on the ground there would be tons of plutonium. That idea did not even crawl.

Ted's imagination was given limited assignments as well as unlimited freedom. He was, after all, working for the government, and, as Marshall Rosenbluth remembers those days, "admirals and generals were forever calling up begging for appointments." One time, for example, Ted was asked to see how well he could do "in a certain yield range" in terms of "high efficiency, high compressions, high criticality"—no fancy innovations, just the best implosion bomb he could make within the parameters given. The result was Hamlet, the most efficient pure-fission bomb ever exploded in the kiloton range.

Driving around Los Alamos with him once, when I went along on a visit he made there in 1972, I asked him what he had done to occupy himself during the flat periods between projects, the lulls that would come in any pattern of conceptual work. He said, "Between bombs, we messed around, in one way or another. We bowled snowballs the size of volleyballs down the E Building corridor to see what would happen. We played shuffleboard with icicles." He supposed it helped relieve the tension, of which there was a fair amount from time to time. During the strain of preparation for the Mike shot, for example, a well-known theoretical physicist picked up an inkwell, threw it at a colleague, and hit him in the chest. He could be excused. His job was to make sure that the hydrogen bomb did not ignite the atmosphere. After the Livermore laboratory began making bombs in competition with Los Alamos, a rivalry developed that was at least as intense as the football rivalry between, say, Michigan and Michigan State. Each laboratory had its stars. Johnny Foster was the fission-bomb star of Livermore. Groups of scientists from the one laboratory would attend the other's bomb tests, and there was a distant sense of locomotive cheering in the air, of chrysanthemums and hidden flasks. If a Livermore bomb succeeded only in knocking off the top of its own tower, or a Los Alamos bomb was a dud, no one actually cheered, but some people felt better. Once, at Eniwetok, somebody decided to steal Livermore's flag, which was pinned to a wall in Livermore's barracks and included in its heraldry a California golden bear. From the central flagpole, Headquarters, Joint Task Force Seven, Eniwetok Atoll, the flag of Rear Admiral B. Hall Hanlon, commander of the task force, was removed in the dead of night. Hoisted in its place was the Livermore bear. The Admiral's flag was then pinned to the wall in the Livermore barracks. In the morning, Admiral Hanlon reacted as expected, personally yielding four kilotons, one from each nostril and one from each ear. What is that bear doing on my flagpole? Where is my flag? Where? God damn it, where? Captains, colonels were running around like rabbits under hawk shadow—and, of course, they found the Admiral's flag. Los Alamos had triumphed without a shot being fired.

An explosion, however large, was a "shot." The word "bomb" was almost never used. A bomb was a "device" or a "gadget." Language could hide what the sky could not. The Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory was "the Ranch." Often, it was simply called "the Hill." An implosion bomb was made with "ploot." A hundred-millionth of a second was a "shake"—a shake of a lamb's tail. A "jerk" was ten quadrillion ergs—a unit of energy equivalent to a quarter of a ton of high explosive. A "kilojerk" was a quarter of a kiloton. A "megajerk" was a quarter of a megaton. A cross-section for neutron capture was expressed in terms of the extremely small area a neutron had to hit in order to enter a nucleus—say, one septillionth of a square centimetre—and this was known as a "barn." Two new elements—numbers 99 and 100—were discovered in the debris resulting from Project Panda, the Mike shot. Some wanted to call element 99 pandamonium. The name it got was einsteinium.

Conversations were more likely to be in an idiom of numbers, though. Numbers, volumes, densities were the

Give a taste of craftsmanship this Christmas.

Craftsmanship is rapidly disappearing in our automated world.

But at Seagram, we refuse to let go of an ideal. Our people keep at a task, painstakingly, until they are thoroughly satisfied and proud of the result.

This Christmas, give the result of all their experience, know-how and uncompromising craftsmanship.

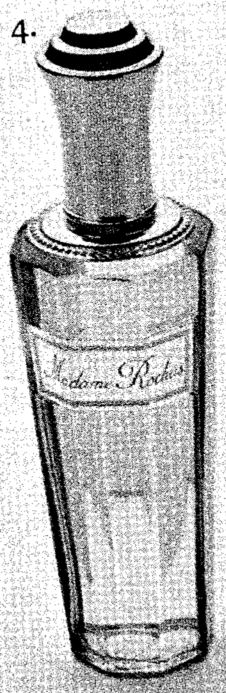
Give Benchmark.

Seagram's Benchmark Premium Bourbon.
"Measure any Bourbon against it."

INTEGRITY – TRADITION
CRAFTSMANSHIP
Seagram's
BENCHMARK
PREMIUM BOURBON
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
SINCE 1857
INTEGRITY
TRADITION
CRAFTSMANSHIP
Seagram's
BENCHMARK
PREMIUM BOURBON
FIFTH

GIFT CARTON AT NO EXTRA CHARGE. SEAGRAM'S BENCHMARK KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Food
2. Clothing
3. Shelter
4.


Madame Rochas

Parfums Marcel Rochas, Paris / New York

stuff of working thought, and of daydreams as well. Ulam announced one day that the entire population of Los Alamos could be crammed into the town water tower. Taylor figured out that the Valle Grande, a huge caldera in the mountains above Los Alamos, had been created by a thousand megatons of volcanic explosion. His conversation to this day is laced with phrases such as "of the order of" and "by a factor of," and around the top of his mind runs a frieze of bizarre numbers. He will say out of nowhere that his wife has baked a hundred and eighteen birthday cakes in the past twenty-five years, or that the mean free path of a neutron through a human being is eight inches. "The mean free path for a neutrino is greater than the diameter of the earth. They go right through the world." He says there are some numbers that are so large or so small that they are never seen, because they refer to nothing. "You never see a number larger than ten to the hundred and twenty-fourth, for example."

"Why not?"

"Because there is nothing bigger than that. That is the volume of the known universe in cubic fermis. A fermi is the smallest dimension that makes any sense to talk about—ten to the minus thirteen centimetres. That's about the diameter of an electron. Nothing we know of is smaller than that."

When I asked him how many atoms there were in his own body, he said, right back, "Eight times ten to the twenty-sixth."

We had lunch in the Los Alamos cafeteria one day with, among others, Ulam, who now teaches mathematics at the University of Colorado but keeps a house in Santa Fe and works as a consultant at Los Alamos several months each year. Ulam began wondering aloud about the surface of a billiard ball and what it would look like if the billiard ball were magnified until its diameter were equal to the earth's. Would the irregularities of the surface be as high as the Himalayas? He decided they would. He asked Ted to come home for dinner with him and his wife, Françoise, and to bring me along. He drew a map of his neighborhood in Santa Fe and said he could not wait to lead the way because he had to leave the laboratory at four.

Ulam's house, behind a high wrought-iron gate in a warren of adobe, might have been the retreat of a minor grandee in the old quarter of Seville. It was on several levels, the

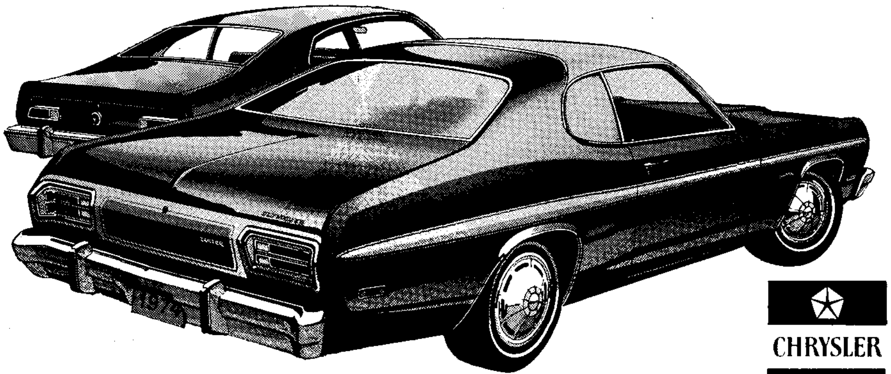
Hooper
ASSOCIATES LTD.

THE VERY ESSENCE OF EASY, ELEGANT DRESSING: **BLEYLE JACKET** OF PLAID POLYESTER PAIRED WITH PLAIN POLYESTER PANTS PLUS A SAX HELANCA® RIBBED NYLON TURTLE. THE KIND OF THINGS YOU WANT TO OWN ON SIGHT – AND WEAR FOREVER. ALL IMPORTED FROM EUROPE BY HOOPER ASSOCIATES, LTD. AT THE BEST STORES. FOR THE ONE NEAREST YOU, WRITE: 1451 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10036.
IN CANADA: 1470 PEEL STREET, MONTREAL 110, QUEBEC.

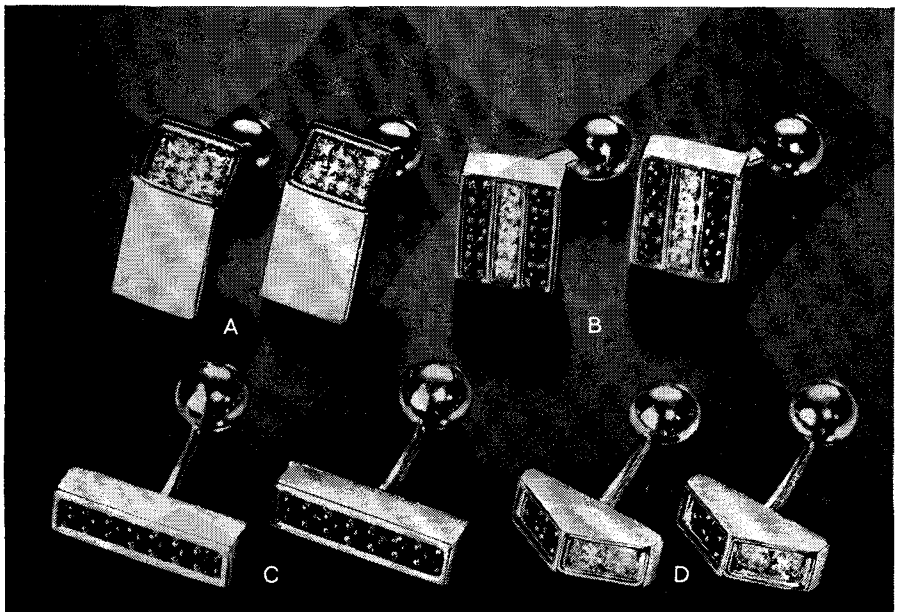
lowest of which was the living room—down a few steps and into an outreaching white space that was at once expansive, under a fourteen-foot ceiling, and compact, with a tear-shaped white fireplace built into one corner. Logs were burning. They had been stood on end, and were leaning against the back of the fireplace. Cottonwood smoke was in the air. Stretched out on a large daybed during much of the evening—looking into the fire, or, with quick glances of interest or amusement, into the eyes of his wife and his visitors—was Ulam, inventor of the hydrogen bomb. A great variety of books in French and English lined the room. A grand piano stood in one corner, and on a tripod near it was a white telescope about five feet long. Ulam, always interested in the stars, had been connected with Los Alamos since 1943, and one of the earliest potentialities that occurred to him when he began work on the Manhattan Project was that nuclear-explosive force could be used to drive vehicles from Earth into distant parts of space—an external-combustion engine, fuelled with bombs. Trim, tan across his bald head, obviously well rested, Ulam was sixty-two at the time. He looked no older than Taylor, who was forty-eight. He asked about the independent research Ted had been doing for many years in the field of nuclear-materials safeguards and was much absorbed by a story Ted told him about the attempted blackmailing in 1970 of a city in Florida. The blackmailer promised not to bomb the city out of existence in return for a million dollars and safe custody out of the United States. A day later, the threat was repeated, and with it came a diagram of a hydrogen bomb. Taylor described the diagram to Ulam—a cylinder filled with lithium hydride wrapped in cobalt, an implosion system at one end of it—and nothing in Ulam's face or Taylor's manner indicated that such a diagram might not be credible. The threat, though, had been a hoax, perpetrated by a fourteen-year-old boy. The police chose not to reveal to the public that the bomb in the threat was nuclear. A judge, after sentencing the boy, suspended the sentence and put him under the guidance of two scientists in the area, saying that talent such as the boy had should be channelled in a positive direction, and not a negative one, as might happen in a prison.

Taylor asked Ulam what was new in mathematics, and Ulam said that the properties of infinity were of much philosophical interest, that there was a lot of work being done on combina-

The Duster Coupe is more car than the Maverick Coupe.
It has room for one more passenger.
And it has half again as much trunk space.
It offers more options.
It gives you more weight, which you'll notice at freeway speeds.
It has more width.
Duster's price is more, but not that much more.
So, of course, this year, we've been selling more.
Small wonder.



CHRYSLER
Plymouth Duster. Plymouth
Extra care in engineering . . . it makes a difference.
CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION



JEWELED GEOMETRIC CUFF LINKS
Of eighteen karat gold by Tiffany
designer Don Berg. A. Diamonds, $1,250. B. Emeralds,
sapphires and diamonds, $1,700.
C. Rubies, $595. D. Emeralds and diamonds, $1,550.
TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET • TEL: (212) 755-8000 • ZIP: 100 22
ATLANTA • CHICAGO • HOUSTON • SAN FRANCISCO • BEVERLY HILLS
Please add sales tax where applicable American Express • BankAmericard

Any executive who's going places can get there faster with Victor's MEC.

Your workload doesn't let up when you leave the office; you can't afford to either. Make the most of your time with the most versatile business calculator around – Victor's new MEC.

Although the 20 oz. MEC is a handy little 8″ x 3⅞″, it offers you the advantages of a top-notch desk-top unit as well as a personal calculator. It's the only dual purpose unit of its kind on the market today.

In your office, it's at home in its unique cradle (a recharging unit) that places the MEC at the same working angle and height as any full-size unit.

It offers more capabilities than most minis. A large, clear display of 12 digits (not the usual 6 or 8). AC or battery operation. A special percentage key for speedy discount or mark-up calculations. Floating or round-off decimal. Automatic constants and chain calculations. Clear entry and clear all keys. Plus these options: a small charger for use away from the office and a useful accumulating memory.

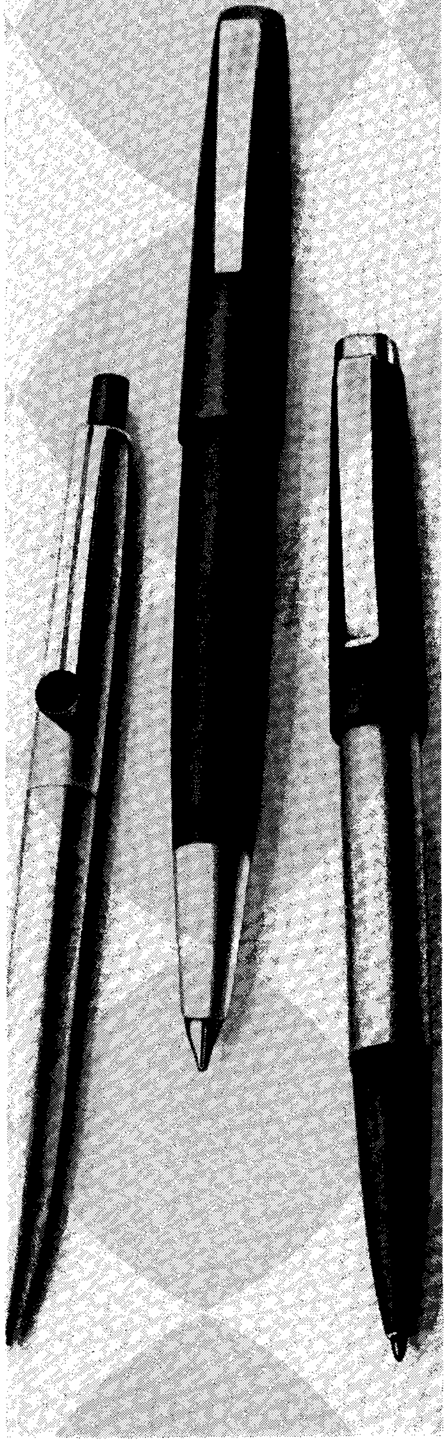
All this, and Victor's American-crafted quality, with sales and service available in every county in the U.S.A.

See the MEC at any Victor dealer or branch. Or at leading stationery, department and discount stores. For literature, write: Victor Comptometer Corporation, Business Machines Division, 3900 North Rockwell Street, Chicago, Illinois 60618.

VICTOR

There's nothing like a Lamy. European crafted with an exclusive brush finish. Made of the finest materials including gold and platinum. Fountain pens. Fiber tipped pens. Ballpoints. And pencils. Very private possessions. Very personal gifts. Unusual writing instruments and desk sets for unusual people. Available at select stores. From $35 to $6. For your nearest retailer, write Boorum & Pease International, 1776 Broadway, New York. Or call (212) 541-6093.
Lamy/Boorum & Pease International.

Lamy.
Unique as your signature.



torial mathematics as it applies to biology, and that it was now possible to prove that there are some theorems that can be neither proved nor disproved. Ulam's mind wandered on to Shakespeare, to Gaudí, to Joseph Conrad—who, like Ulam, was a Pole, and first learned English when he was about twenty years old. Ulam wondered if it was possible to discern Conrad's origins in an unlabelled quantity of Conrad's prose. "I never actually read sentences," he said. "I have a good memory. I look at a page and see what is there. But I think I miss a lot." He recalled his first arrival, many years ago, at Cambridge University, and his first visit to Trinity Great Court and the college room of Isaac Newton. He said, "I almost fainted."

Before we left, Ulam found a moment to say, out of Taylor's earshot, "I have known hundreds of people in science, and he is one of the very few most impressive and inventive. I as a boy was always reading Jules Verne. It was where I got my ideas of Americans. When I met Ted, he fitted the ideas I formed as a boy of Americans, as represented by Jules Verne. The trait I noticed immediately was inventiveness. Scientists are of different types. Some follow rules and techniques that exist. Some have imagination, larger perspectives. Often, Ted had the attitude of 'Ours not to reason why.' He was intense, high-strung, introspective. 'If something is possible, let's do it' was Ted's attitude. He did things without seeing all the consequences. So much of science is like that."

Driving away from the lights of Santa Fe and up into the mountains toward Los Alamos, Taylor fell into a ruminative mood, and eventually said, "The theorist's world is a world of the best people and the worst of possible results." He said he now saw all his work on light weapons as nothing but an implementation of "pseudo-rational military purposes." He said his belief in deterrent postures had eroded to zero. "I thought I was doing my part for my country. I thought I was contributing to a permanent state of peace. I no longer feel that way. I wish I hadn't done it. The whole thing was wrong. Rationalize how you will, the bombs were designed to kill many, many people. I sometimes can't blame people if they wish all scientists were lined up and shot. If it were possible to wave a wand and make fission impossible—fission of any kind—I would quickly wave the wand. I have a total conviction—now—that nuclear weapons should not be used under any circumstances. At any time. Anywhere. Period. If I were king. If the Russians bombed New York. I would not bomb Moscow."

To be immensely destructive, a nuclear bomb does not have to be Hamlet. It can be many times less efficient—as the Hiroshima bomb was. The making of a nuclear bomb does not require the skill and invention that went into Bee, Hornet, and Scorpion. A crude fabrication producing a small yield, or even a fizzle yield, could kill tens of thousands of people and bring tall buildings to the ground.

Ted Taylor left Los Alamos in 1956. He now lives in Maryland, in suburban Washington, not far from the Atomic Energy Commission, and in western New York, on ninety acres of forested land in the Allegheny Mountains. He is an independent technological researcher in a small company he founded, and he has supported his work and his family on grants from foundations and on contracts with agencies of the federal government, including the A.E.C. By the hundreds of thousands of words, he and his colleagues produce computer-assisted studies dealing with matters as diverse as greenhouse agriculture, pollution-control economics, and the efficiency of the United States Postal Service. As he approaches the age of fifty, he would like to forget forever the craft of nuclear weaponry, but events make that impossible for him. With the ongoing rise of civilian nuclear power comes plutonium recycle, the fast breeder reactor, a world flow of weapons-grade material in the millions of kilograms. Over his shoulder, the horizon is stuffed with thunderheads. He, of all people, knows what might be done, and how easily, with stolen uranium-235 or plutonium-239. What worries him most is that "national full-scale violence may not apply as an inhibitory force," for the so-called posture of deterrence, nation versus nation, would have no influence at all on a small group or an individual fabricating in secret a nuclear bomb. For a decade or so, he has attempted in any way he could to express his worry, in the light of his special knowledge, to the United States Congress, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the International Atomic Energy Agency, among others. He is only one of many who are equally worried, and he does not fail completely to get sympathetic attention. On the whole, though, he has been turned politely away. It is said of him that he

To Joe Greeley who wrestled his garment bag. And lost.

United dedicates Friendship Service. Extra closet space on board.

United's new closets let you stow a garment bag wrinkle-free, then grab and go.

Another reason more people choose the friendly skies than any other airline in the land.

We've doubled the closet space on most United flights.

Right inside the door you'll find big new garment bag closets, so your clothes can straighten out and fly right.

You'll also find that the extra space means extra convenience.

Because now you can carry a garment bag and a briefcase or a flight bag that fits under the seat, and bypass baggage check-in at one end, baggage claim at the other.

Extra closet space on board. A new wrinkle from us, to keep new wrinkles from you.

Call United Air Lines. Or have your Travel Agent book you on United.

The friendly skies of your land.

United Air Lines

Partners in Travel with Western International Hotels.

HIRAM WALKER
CREME de CACAO
HIRAM WALKER
CREME de MENTHE
HIRAM WALKER
BLACKBERRY FLAVORED BRANDY
HIRAM WALKER
Anisette
HIRAM WALKER
CHOCOLATE MINT
Serving Suggestions

A Hiram Walker Cordial is one present that doesn't stay gift-wrapped for long. That's because it's one of the most popular holiday gifts—even before the holidays.

After all, more people buy Hiram Walker Cordials than any other brand.

So, this time, give one of Hiram Walker's 28 cordials. And let a friend spread your spirit around.

Chocolate Mint (with special recipe guide), Creme de Cacao, 54 proof; Anisette, Creme de Menthe, 60 proof; Blackberry Flavored Brandy, 70 proof.

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

Hiram Walker Cordials

A FLAVOR FOR EVERY TASTE

makes the mistake of supposing that other people are as talented as he is. ("He seems to think that anybody could do it, but that is not so. If you wanted to make a bomb, you would need a Ted Taylor.") Moreover, his cautions can be an irritant to people who see themselves as the Horatiuses of the energy crisis—to an Atomic Energy Commission that, on the whole, regards itself as part of "the nuclear business," to a Consolidated Edison busy making "Clean Energy" for a cleaner environment. From some quarters, a chorus of disavowal places nuclear-materials safeguards below the threshold of reasonable worry.

"No one could just steal material and make a nuclear bomb."

"It is not possible."

"You would need your own Manhattan Project."

Ted Taylor would like to see Los Alamos or Livermore build and detonate a crude, coarse, unclassified nuclear bomb—unclassified in that nothing done in the bomb's fabrication would draw on knowledge that is secret. Certain questions have arisen, though, over what is and is not secret. Once, at the Atomic Energy Commission, Taylor was suggesting the factors of density that could be reached in metallic fissile material with certain levels of implosive force, and he was warned never to repeat what he had said in public print or in a public speech, because everything he had been saying was classified. Taylor replied that everything he had been saying he happened to have read the day before in the Encyclopedia Americana. A bombmaker could probably get along without the Encyclopedia Americana anyway. So many books contain information of similar value. Taylor's instructions to Livermore or Los Alamos would be "Lay off any sophistication altogether. Try to see what is the simpleminded way to make something that could knock over the World Trade Center. Try to see how sloppy you can get. Then set the thing off underground. Measure the yield. Put a stop to speculation about this subject." The Atomic Energy Commission has never come near endorsing such a plan.

"That piece has been overplayed."

"You would need your own Manhattan Project."

As one might imagine, Taylor has many times made simple, unclassified bombs in his mind. He has made them with uranium and with plutonium and in varying forms and styles. He has satisfied himself to the point of certainty that a homemade nuclear bomb is not

IN LISBON
ON MADEIRA

What has Sheraton done for you lately?

Sheraton has two magnificent hotels in Portugal

Lisbon-Sheraton Hotel Stay right in the heart of cosmopolitan Lisbon. Only 15 minutes from the international airport. And near all the historical sights. Sun by the year-round pool. Relax in the health club and sauna. And enjoy a great evening in the rooftop restaurant, lounge and outdoor terrace with its fantastic views of the city.

Madeira-Sheraton Hotel Come to the colorful island of Madeira. And the magnificent Madeira-Sheraton Hotel, overlooking the Bay of Funchal. 85 minutes by air from Lisbon. And near the center of town and the casino. Work on your tan by the ocean-level fresh water pool or the terrace-level salt water pool. Play some tennis and mini golf. And enjoy panoramic views from the cliff-edge night club.

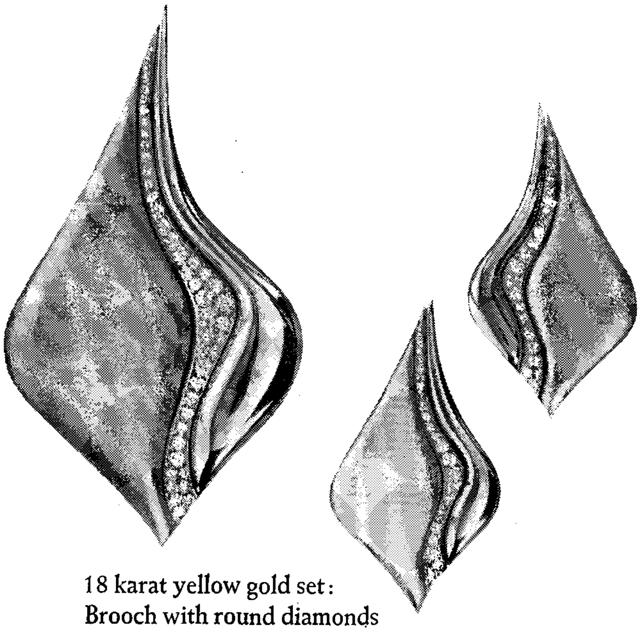
For reservations call
800-325-3535.
Or have your travel agent call.

Sheraton Hotels in Portugal
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS. A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

Memorable vacations in Portugal start aboard TAP
THE INTERCONTINENTAL AIRLINE OF PORTUGAL

In many itineraries the fare to Madeira costs no more than the transatlantic fare to Lisbon.

BVLGARI
JEWELLERS



18 karat yellow gold set:
Brooch with round diamonds
in sanded and shiny finish.
Earrings to match.

HOTEL PIERRE, NEW YORK, N.Y. • (212) 486-0086

Shirts are sheer pleasure

A shirt to see you through—evening, or sun-days at a resort with pants. Sheer voile, filming over a pucker-braided sheer tank top. The shirt, for 6 to 16 sizes, $20; the tank, for small, medium or large, $24. Both, in washable polyester and cotton, chocolate brown, denim blue or black. Blouse Collections, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

an impossibility, that such an undertaking need not even be particularly difficult, and that the people who could do it are countable in an expanding number that is already in the many tens of thousands. For some years, he attempted from inside the nuclear world to influence the development of materials safeguards that would be good enough to allay his fear. He felt his efforts were unsuccessful. So, near the end of the nineteen-sixties, he decided that his views of the safeguards problem properly belonged to the public and should be vented in a public way. At universities, he began to give lectures and papers on safeguards. He contributed chapters to books with titles like "Preventing Nuclear Theft: Guidelines for Industry and Government." He has talked to journalists, sometimes at their request and sometimes at his own. He has outlined the gist of his worry on television. The usual result of these forays is a short, local burst of public interest, with a half-life of about two days. People don't seem to care whether they blow up on Columbus Day or soon after the first of the year. The A.E.C., for its part, steadyingly assures inquirers that the problem is, first of all, under control and, second, not serious. "You would need your own Manhattan Project."

In 1972, Taylor was given a grant by the Ford Foundation to do a thoroughgoing study of the safeguarding of special nuclear materials, for publication in book form—"Nuclear Theft: Risks and Safeguards" (Ballinger)—early in 1974. The study was done in collaboration with Mason Willrich, of the University of Virginia, who handled the legal and sociological aspects and what he called "the risk potential." Taylor looked after the physics, the physical whereabouts of the fissile material, the nuclear-power fuel cycle. He travelled to nuclear installations all over the United States, from M.I.T. to San Diego, West Valley to Los Alamos. At my request, he took me along. He said (and I am putting this together from fragments spoken over a number of months), "I'm an advocate of nuclear power, but there's a certain aspect of it that has to be fixed. Is it better to discuss this in the open now or later, when so much material will be around that the idea of the clandestine bomb will obviously occur to someone? The A.E.C. thinks the devices we made at Los Alamos are too complicated for clandestine manufacture by amateurs. True, our bombs were complicated. But there are much easier ways to make bombs. Getting this out into full

Maybe the last reason for buying a tape recorder should be the tape recorder.

Maybe the first reason should be a built-in AM radio. Or a built-in FM/AM radio. Even a radio with a marine band. So you can know what's happening out at sea.

Or it could be a tape recorder with stereo sound heavy enough to fill a concert hall. Even though it's light enough to carry around in one hand.

Perhaps it's a reason you never thought about before. At least not connected to a tape recorder.

For instance, one model lets you hear the sound of your favorite TV programs. And another lets you watch them. Because out from this gem of a tape recorder pops a jewel of a Panasonic TV.

Most of our cassette recorders come with a sensitive condensor mike. Built right in. So recording is easy because there's no mike to hold. Lose. Or forget.

Of course, there are some features you get with every Panasonic cassette recorder.

Like Auto-Stop that shuts the machine off at the end of the tape. To prevent tape damage. Easy-Matic that sets the right recording level every time.

PANASONIC
HI-TOP
PREMIUM POWER
C SIZE BATTERY

And Panasonic batteries. To get you off to a quick start. And keep you going a long time.

Anybody can give you a reason to buy a tape recorder. We've just given you 6 to make sure it's a Panasonic.

Built-in radio with FM/AM, marine and TV bands. (RQ-438S)

Built-in AM radio. (RQ-430AS)

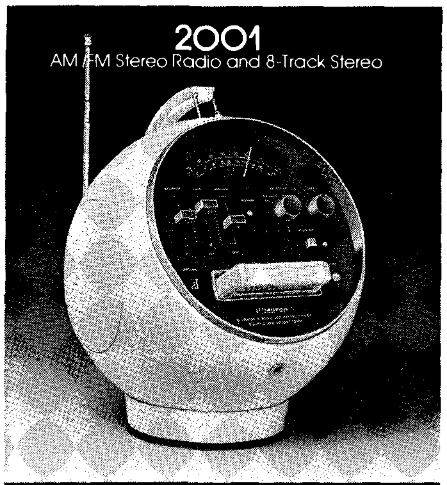
Built-in FM/AM radio, Sleep Switch, Battery/VU Meter. (RQ-437S)

Built-in FM/AM radio, Sleep Switch. (RQ-432S)

Built-in two-piece stereo cassette system. (RS-264S)

Built-in pop-up TV. (TR-003)

Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.
200 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.



2005
AM/FM Stereo Radio, 8-Track Stereo, and BSR Record Changer
Stand optional

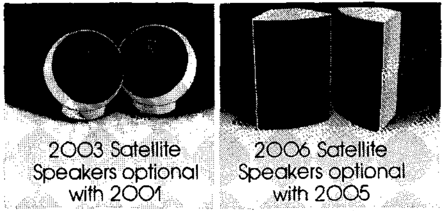
The new shape of sound.®

We've captured the essence of sound. And made it as beautiful to look at as it is to listen to.

Each Weltron unit combines the simplest natural design with the best of contemporary technology.

Weltron 2001 or Weltron 2005 both have built-in speakers. For more information, ask your dealer or write us.

And begin your odyssey into tomorrow's sound. Today. **Weltron**
Durham, N.C. 27702


2003 Satellite Speakers optional with 2001
2006 Satellite Speakers optional with 2005

See the new shape of sound® at these Weltron dealers:

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
Madison Ave. at 45th Street

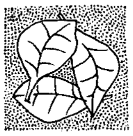
B. ALTMAN
361 5th Avenue

BLOOMINGDALES
59th Street & Lexington Avenue

HAMMACHER–SCHLEMMER
147 E. 47th Street

LIBERTY MUSIC STORES
450 Madison Avenue

view may accelerate action that will make the probability of a clandestine bomb less likely. Risks are associated with the use of any type of energy. The question is: Are the risks, in the light of the benefits, reasonable to take on? It seems to me wrong, and impractical, for the public at large not to be presented with the class of risks as well as with the benefits. I see no way of doing this without going into the risks. It seems necessary to be quite specific. You have to make the risks credible or people will find a way not to believe you. You can't just say, 'Bombs can be made on a scale that does not approach the scale of the Manhattan Project,' and let it go at that. Historically, public pressure is the only kind that the nuclear community responds to. The special-nuclear-materials problem is getting bigger now, and before long will increase by a huge factor. Someone will get the idea. In England, about five years ago, somebody—it was a hoax—*advertised* U-235 for sale. He got plenty of takers. For the making of a bomb, more than enough information is in the public domain already. The Atomic Energy Commission does not do enough to control weapons-grade material. The problem in a few years will be huge, so it must be talked about now. Describing this publicly makes hoaxes more likely, but it could lead to making real theats less likely if the A.E.C. and the International Atomic Energy Agency were to do certain things. That's the rationale by which I decided to mention this publicly, despite the obvious dangers involved. Internal pressure has not brought the needed results. The A.E.C. is up to its ears in environmentalists—in reactor-safety problems—and thus there is insufficient budget for and insufficient attention to safeguards. The United States spends billions every year preventing nuclear war; several hundred million a year is spent keeping nuclear power plants 'safe' (against accidents); not much is spent (four to six million a year) keeping nuclear materials out of the wrong hands. The actual probabilities are reversed. Nuclear war is the least likely eventuality, reactor accidents are more probable, and, by a big jump, the clandestine manufacture of a nuclear bomb is the most likely eventuality of the three. If I were convinced there was no better way to protect nuclear material than there is now, I would be slam-bang for stopping the development of the industry."



Between travels with him, I went by myself to Brookhaven National Laboratory, which is out in the rural part of Long Island, and to Charlottesville, Virginia. I wanted to ask Professor Willrich and certain physicists of Brookhaven how they would defend the idea of reviewing in public such a volatile matter as the home manufacture of a nuclear weapon. Willrich said (in capsule form), "The A.E.C. is in a state of flux and reorganization. There have been occasions when as much as a hundred kilograms of high-enriched uranium—in a fuel-fabrication plant—have been missing and unaccounted for. Meanwhile, the entire United States nuclear industry is getting clobbered by environmentalists. The investment is great. The cost of reactors has tripled. The utility companies are not making money. Then we come in and try to say that we are worried about fissile material flowing around, and they say, 'Jesus, don't bother us with that.' "

William Higinbotham, at Brookhaven, said, "Good safeguards against the theft of nuclear materials will involve a conflict between the Atomic Energy Commission and industry. We're worried that the A.E.C. will become captured, like other regulatory agencies. We'll all become victims of the industry we're trying to control. The A.E.C. is almost seven thousand people, mostly looking after dollars and cents, and looking out for their own jobs. You keep a low profile, keep your secretary busy, and look out for yourself. Eighty-one people are in safeguards applied to the nuclear-power industry. They are not always heard. The A.E.C. is overwhelmed with reactor-safety problems. The safeguards people get little support from upstairs. The International Atomic Energy Agency will be coming in to inspect the American nuclear industry. Things will erupt. The effectiveness of the International Atomic Energy Agency depends on national safeguards systems."

Higinbotham sat at a conference-room table with two other physicists. One of them, whose name was Raymond Parsick, said, "I'm pretty much of a cynic on how well a regulatory agency can control industry. A safeguards system has to be designed for maximum benefit to the public, and I think this requires public knowledge. The public has first to know what is needed and then to demand it. If you are worried about presenting a blueprint to the wrong person, that problem is least critical right now. The threat is not so great now as it will be. The future plutonium cycle is what matters, when the problem really grows. The

It was Some Party. Ballantine's was there.

1935
CHICAGO

A NOVEMBER night in 1935. The Chicago Auto Show. Snappy, sleek cars and hopelessly auto-nuts people. At the International Amphitheatre, a crowd waits to see what delights Detroit has offered just in time for Christmas. "Ashtrays in the backseat? Fingertip control? A radio? How marvelous!"

Ladies in polo coats look longingly at a LaSalle and talk about moving to the country. Those who already owned cars try not to look smug as they whisper about a new kind of restaurant called a "drive-in."

A line forms to try out the speaking tube in a Packard limousine. Couples sigh over a gift-wrapped Pierce-Arrow. America was having a love affair with the automobile.

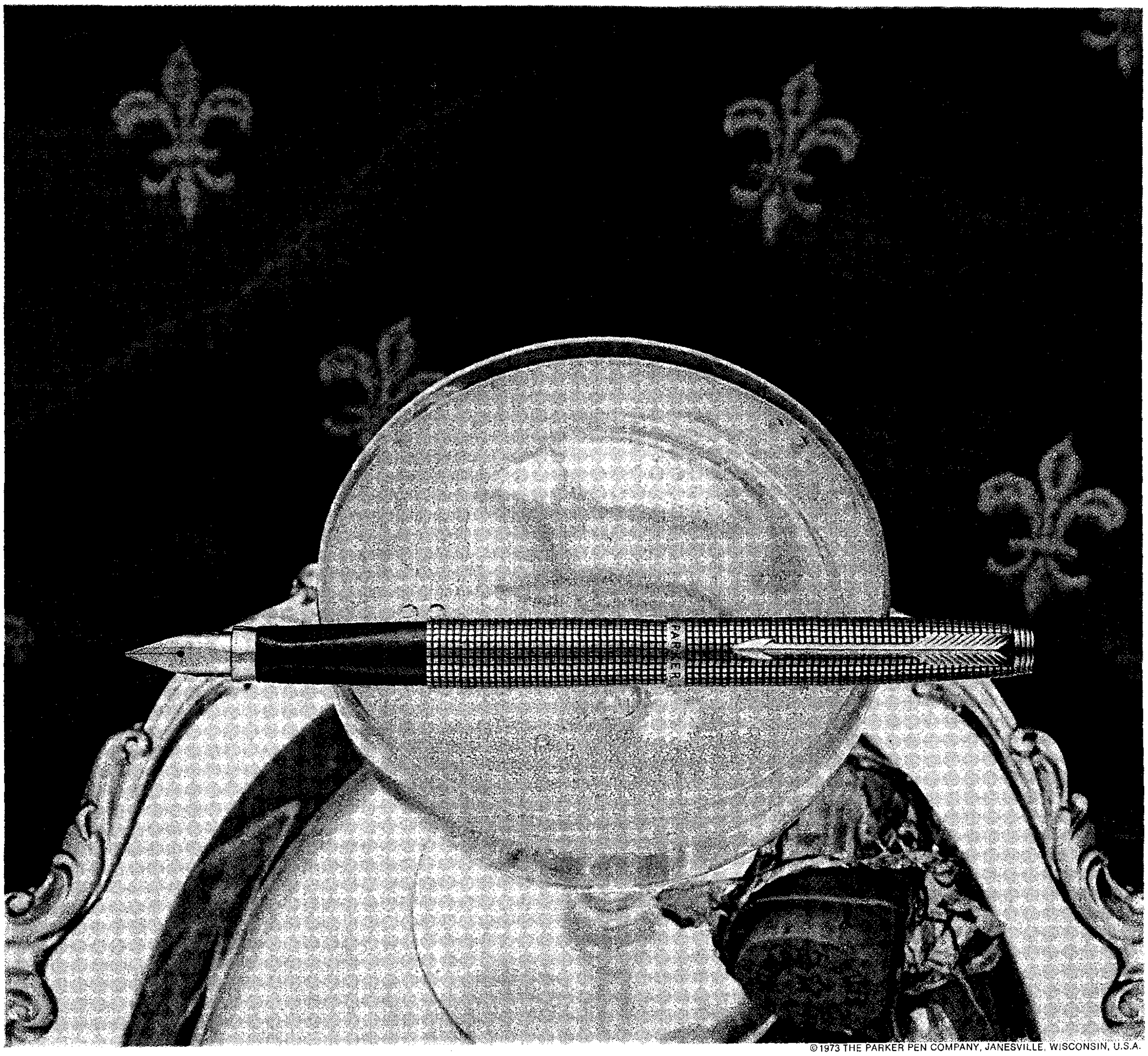
Ballantine's was there. A stylish sort of scotch. Like those grand cars, a scotch for people who prefer classics.

Give the scotch that was there

ONE FIFTH
Ballantine's
SCOTCH WHISKY
Ballantine's
FINEST BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY

© '21' Blended Scotch Whisky, bottled in Scotland. 86 proof. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., N. Y. C.

PARKER 75



©1973 THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.

It's almost a collector's item. The Parker 75 Pen in vermeil.

There is only one vermeil pen in the world—and Parker makes it. Because vermeil is expensive and little known here, we make only a limited number. Each is an impressive gift.

Vermeil comes into being when gold is applied to sterling silver, producing a soft, warm glow. Louis XIV used it freely at Versailles. And the Emperor Napoleon so treasured vermeil he had it cleaned only with champagne.

The pen you see here in our vermeil (solid sterling silver subtly electroplated with 22K gold) is the Parker 75. Much about it is exceptional. Instead of a fixed point, we gave the pen a 14K gold point that can be turned 360° until it meets the paper precisely, at whatever angle is most comfortable. We even sculpted the finger area to a tapered trefoil to provide a firm grip. The pen is guaranteed, of course. If it fails to perform due to defects, we will repair or replace it—free. At $50, the Parker 75 in vermeil is a gift fit for an emperor.

PARKER
World's most wanted pens

The Parker 75 Pen in vermeil is $50. Soft tip version, $45. Matching ball pen or pencil, $25. You'll find the distinctive arrow clip trademark on every Parker, from the famous $1.98 Jotter Ball Pen to the $150 Parker 75 Presidential Pen.

weakness right now is on the high-enriched-uranium side."

Sylvester Suda, Higinbotham's other colleague, said, "What we need to do is to build a safeguards system for the future. We are at the crossroads right now, and the question is: Will regulations suit the nuclear industry or protect the American public?"

Parsick said, "It will be hard to get industry to coöperate. For example, if you inspect a plant every thirty days, then you have to shut the plant down every thirty days, and you lose money against foreign competition. Industry will carry a lot of clout with this argument."

Higinbotham said, "As it is now, when the A.E.C. says it has seven thousand people keeping track of material on all sides, the truth is that they only know where it is once a year. Even then, they don't know enough. When facilities that fabricate and reprocess U-235 and plutonium are inspected, the inspectors go through sets of books to see if they more or less balance. The inspectors count cans. They pull samples. They can't afford to do enough. In the end, they make a complicated statistical analysis, scratch their heads, and say, 'O.K.'—or they file a statement of lack of compliance, and *this* has to be good enough to stand up in court."

"The present safeguards system is not a system for the future," Suda said. "In order to prove suitable, it has to shape the developing industry, rather than play catch-up all the time."

What, then, if someone did have a few flasks of uranium hexafluoride? Fully enriched. Took it off a truck outside a McDonald's in Wheeling, West Virginia. Took it out of a freight room in a New York airport. It does not matter where or how the material was obtained, whether the theft was a hit or an inside job. It is hardly arguable that the material is there for the taking. If Ted Taylor, imagining himself to be the thief, had enough uranium safely sequestered, what would he do with it to convert it to a form that could be used in a bomb?

In rural Maryland, no more than thirty miles from Washington, a friend of mine has about a hundred acres of land with a cabin in the center of it. A stream runs past the cabin, and hillsides that are covered with deep deciduous forests rise away on every side. The cabin has a big fireplace, no electricity, kerosene lanterns, and a roof that projects six or eight feet over a front porch, on which there is a table and some chairs. Taylor and I went

Massachusetts Hall
Harvard University

Historic Massachusetts Hall, Harvard University

Shreve, Crump & Low presents the first in a series of Damascene plaques of the Ivy League Colleges, in very Limited Edition, each numbered. This handsome plaque, created exclusively for us, measures 10½" x 12" overall, $85.

Mass. Residents add 3% tax (or if delivered in Mass.) Please add $2. to cover shipping.

Each plaque carries the following message on reverse side.

MASSACHUSETTS HALL
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

This northwest view of Harvard's oldest standing building (1720) has been exclusively created for Shreve, Crump & Low in Reed & Barton's patented Damascene process, an elegant blending of rich silver and copper on bronze, mounted on walnut-finished mahogany. Historic Massachusetts Hall in famed Harvard Yard was originally a dormitory and now serves as the Administration Building for the University.

No. ________ *of A Limited Edition of Five Hundred*

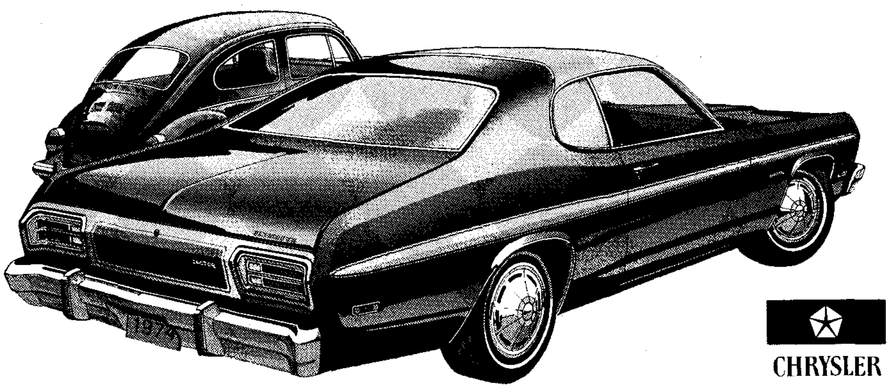
SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO.
ESTABLISHED 1800
330 BOYLSTON ST. BOSTON, MASS. 02116 (617) 267-9100

iittala incandescent

Let Finland's Northern lights brighten your table — holidays and every day. Beautiful even without candles. Timo Sarpaneva's frosty design makes a warm gift. When shopping, look for this mark:

For a color brochure send 25 c to
iittala USA ltd.
Subsidiary of the Ahlstrom Group
225 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10010
Tel. (212) 689 7430

VW is more money than Duster.
Duster is considerably more car than VW.
VW seats four.
Duster seats five.
Duster has three times as much trunk space as VW.
Duster delivers about twice as much horsepower as VW.
And it has more weight, wheelbase and width.
So, when you buy a Duster instead of a VW you get more.
And pay less.



CHRYSLER
Plymouth Duster. Plymouth
Extra care in engineering . . . it makes a difference.

CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

there almost every day for a week or so, sat on the porch, and looked across the stream and meadow into the woods. The place was convenient. It was near his home. He had a pair of binoculars, with which he followed birds, and a slide rule, with which he created imaginary weapons. I had notebooks and pencils, the table to write on, and a lot of leisure time, because he spoke slowly, if at all, making sure that everything he said was in a context as available to the world in public print as it was to him from memory. Nothing he said there crossed barriers of secrecy that had not already been taken down. He was pursuing, in its many possible forms, the unclassified atomic bomb.

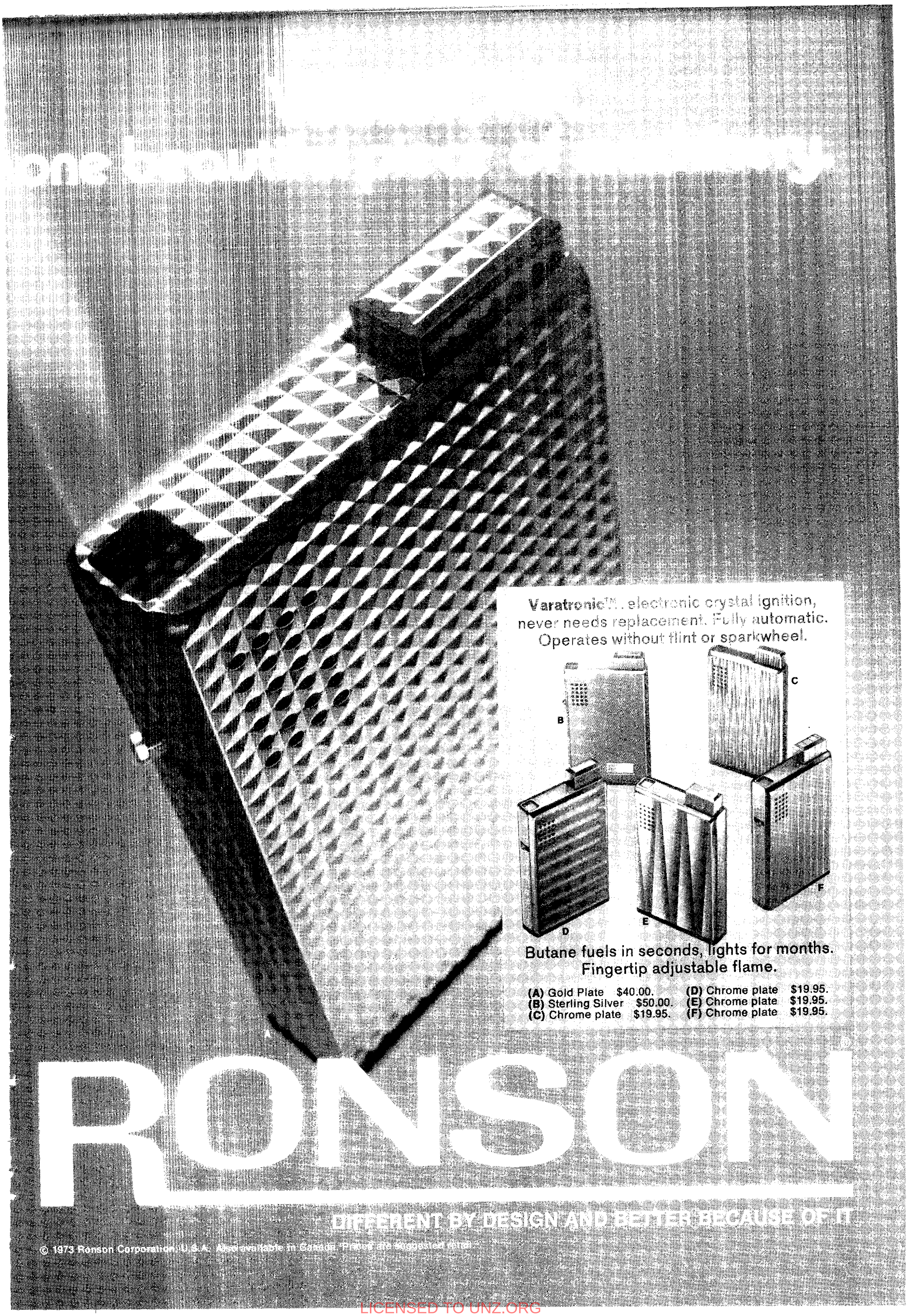
There would be a scale of convenience. It would be much simpler to use "broken buttons"—chunks of metallic uranium-235—than uranium oxide, for example. It would be easier to begin with the right form of uranium oxide than with uranium hexafluoride. Concomitantly, though, a clandestine bombmaker would have to settle for what he could get, on a scale of availability, and he could use uranium-235 in almost any form. There is no absolute need to have uranium metal. If the oxide were used, the sacrifice in yield would not be prohibitive. The oxide is a powder, easy to handle, easy to pour. It could be packed into a box.

I asked if there would not be a density problem in using a material so relatively fluffy compared to metal.

He said, "Any high explosive that you have in the thing will see to it that the density problem disappears." The more he thought about it, he said, the more convinced he had become that the oxide would be particularly serviceable for a crude bomb, and convenient as well, for great amounts of U-235 in oxide form move around the country.

I asked him what someone would do who wanted to change the oxide into metal.

Taylor said he would put about four and a half kilograms of the powder on a vibrating tray in a laboratory furnace, and then heat up some hydrofluoric acid in a stoppered flask. Through a tube in the top of the flask, hydrogen-fluoride gas would move into the furnace. Heat the furnace up to five hundred degrees centigrade. The hydrogen fluoride and the uranium-oxide powder form water and uranium tetrafluoride, also a powder. In a ratio of six to one, put uranium tetrafluoride and powdered magnesium into a graphite crucible. Add potassium chlorate as a chemical heat genera-



Varatronic™. electronic crystal ignition, never needs replacement. Fully automatic. Operates without flint or sparkwheel.

Butane fuels in seconds, lights for months. Fingertip adjustable flame.

(A) Gold Plate $40.00.
(B) Sterling Silver $50.00.
(C) Chrome plate $19.95.
(D) Chrome plate $19.95.
(E) Chrome plate $19.95.
(F) Chrome plate $19.95.

RONSON®

DIFFERENT BY DESIGN AND BETTER BECAUSE OF IT

© 1973 Ronson Corporation, U.S.A. Also available in Canada. Prices are suggested retail.

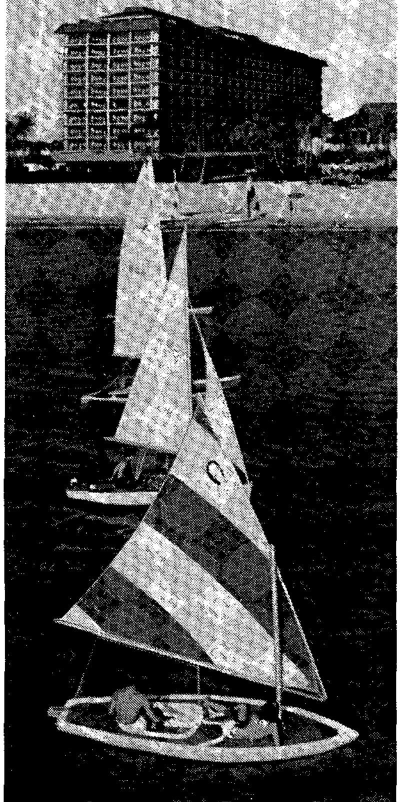
The American tropical island.

Just off Florida's west coast you'll find an island. A tropical island you can drive to. And a sparkling hotel that fulfills every definition of a great resort.

The place is Marco Island. The resort—the Marco Beach Hotel & Villas. There's not another hotel in sight. Just three miles of uncrowded, unspoiled beach. Tennis and sailing. Two intriguing golf courses. And a welcome, "We're glad you're here" attitude that'll make *you* glad you didn't leave the country, to find your tropical island.

You can fly direct from Miami via Marco Island Airways. Special joint fares available from many major cities.

For reservations or a brochure write Department NYM Marco Island, Florida 33937. Or call Toll Free (800) 237-7509.



Marco Beach Hotel & Villas

One of America's great resorts
a Deltona property

tor. Put the crucible into a strong steel container. Using electrical ignition wire—like the wire in a toaster—get the temperature of the material in the crucible up to six hundred degrees. At that temperature, the uranium tetrafluoride and the powdered magnesium ignite. In combustion, they become uranium metal and magnesium fluoride. Let cool to a hundred degrees. Now spray water on the crucible and bring it to room temperature. The metal inside is known as a derby. Four kilograms of U-235. Repeat the process.

For the various procedures involved in converting uranium from one compound to another, or for bringing it ultimately to metallic form, the necessary equipment can be made at home, or can be sought in the Yellow Pages of the telephone directory, under "Laboratory Equipment & Supplies," or, for that matter, under "Hardware—Retail." Most useful of all would be the catalogue of a large chemical-supply house, such as Fisher Scientific, which has branches in most cities. The furnace costs less than a hundred dollars. A graphite crucible costs three dollars. Hydrofluoric acid costs seven dollars a quart, and magnesium oxide costs twenty-one dollars a pound. A vibrating tray is simple to make. It works with a little motor and vibrates like a bed in a Holiday Inn. Uranium oxide on a vibrating tray will mix more readily with hydrogen fluoride to form uranium tetrafluoride and water.

In 1969, Vincent D'Amico, a safeguards specialist at the Atomic Energy Commission, got word that an air shipment of fifteen kilograms of uranium hexafluoride, in a steel cylinder, was missing. He went out to search the country for it, and eventually found it in a freight room at Logan Airport, in Boston. UF_6 is the most abundant form in which fully enriched uranium travels. It comes out of Portsmouth, Ohio, in steel bottles and is distributed to conversion plants that change it to oxide or metal.

"How would you—if you had stolen some—turn UF_6 into metal?"

"Mix it with carbon tetrachloride in an evacuated nickel container. Four parts of carbon tetrachloride to one part UF_6. Heat the mixture—a stove will do—to a hundred and fifty degrees centigrade. The contents react and form uranium tetrafluoride and fluorinated carbon chloride. The UF_4 is a loose cake of solid material. Wash it with weak acid or alcohol. From there, it's the same as it was with the conversion of uranium oxide. Add powdered magnesium to the UF_4, burn it, and you get a derby of uranium metal."

The fuel plates that run certain research and test reactors are thin strips of metal only about two feet long and four inches wide. What could someone do with a stack of those?

Put them in an aqueous solution of lye and fertilizer. The lye would have to be quite pure, though—good sodium hydroxide. The fertilizer would be sodium nitrate. The fuel plates consist of an aluminum-uranium alloy sandwiched between layers of uncomplicated aluminum. After five hours in the lye and the fertilizer, the aluminum has dissolved and the uranium is in suspension. Add barium nitrate to keep the uranium from dissolving. Then put the whole business into a centrifuge—say, a six-hundred-dollar centrifuge from Fisher Scientific. Whirl it there for twenty minutes at eight hundred Gs. Pour off the aluminum solution. In the bottom of the centrifuge tubes is solid uranium-235.

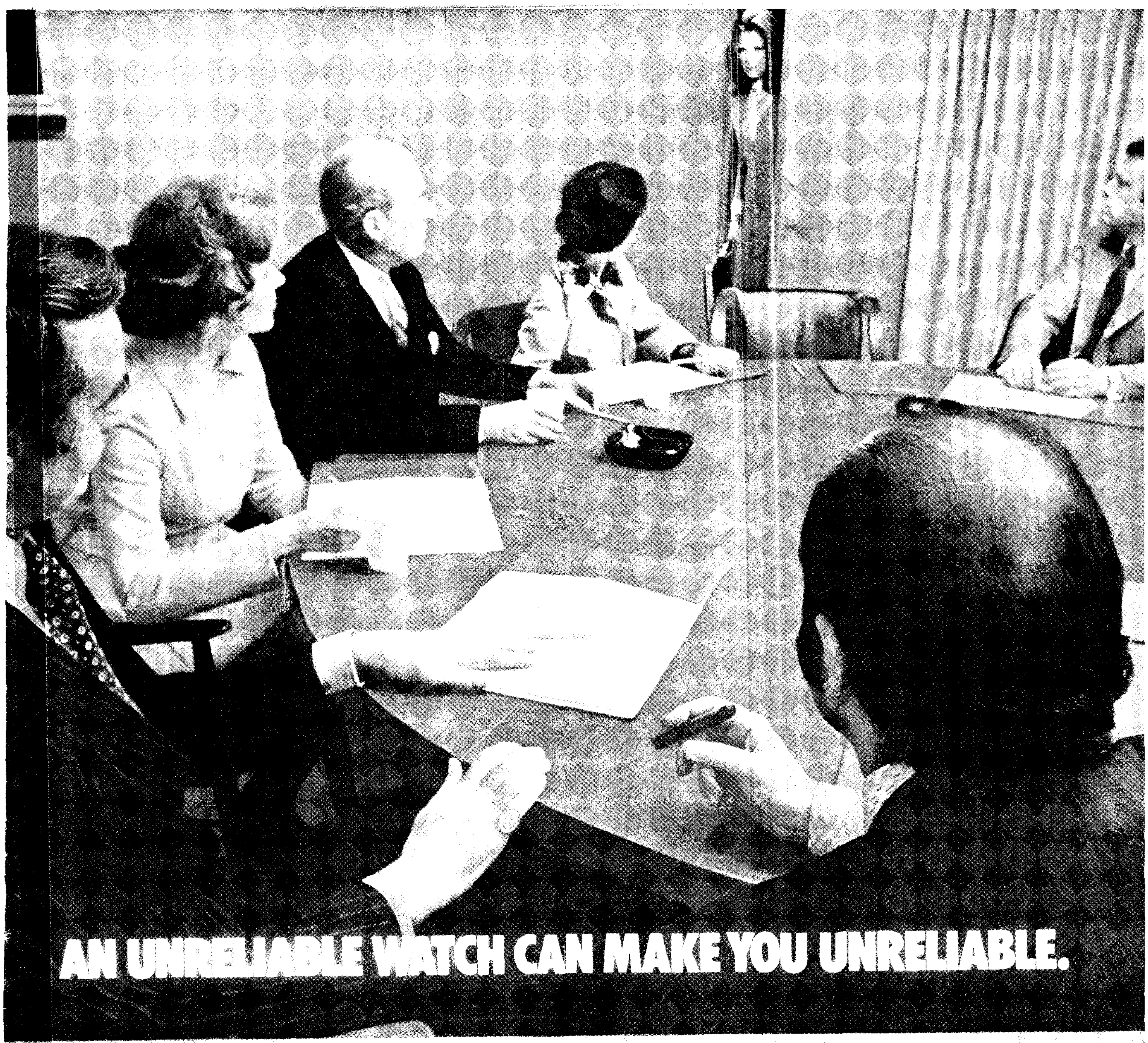
"Uranium-zirconium hydride is the fuel for about half the research reactors," Ted continued. "And uranium-zirconium alloy is a step along the way to making it. The alloy is stockpiled in significant amounts, depending on business. Fuel for TRIGA reactors, for example, is made in San Diego and then shipped all over the world. If you wanted the pure alloy, you would have to steal it in San Diego. If you want the hydride, go to Bandung, or wherever, or get it in transit. The core of a standard TRIGA contains only two to six kilos of uranium, so a bombmaker would probably have to collect the stuff. If you were stealing fuel being shipped, you would have to perform at least four thefts. The reactors use cylindrical rods of hydride, clad in aluminum or stainless steel. You burn off the hydrogen at a thousand degrees, and dissolve the zirconium in sodium hydroxide."

"How much uranium is the least you might need?" I asked him.

"The classical figure for the critical mass is twenty kilograms of fully enriched uranium," he said. "The classical statement is that it takes that much to make a bomb. That statement isn't true. It takes much less—and how much less depends on how good you are at making bombs."

"How much less?"

"All I can say is it's not a nit-pick. It isn't a matter of saying twenty and meaning eighteen. It matters a lot how much less, but that is classified, and there is nothing we can do about


AN UNRELIABLE WATCH CAN MAKE YOU UNRELIABLE.

Your watch has done you in again.

And everybody's fed up with your excuses.

To insure your dignity, not to mention your job, you need an Accutron® watch.

It doesn't have a mainspring that can get unsprung. Or a balance wheel that can get unbalanced.

It has a tuning fork movement guaranteed to turn in an honest day's work to within a minute a month.*

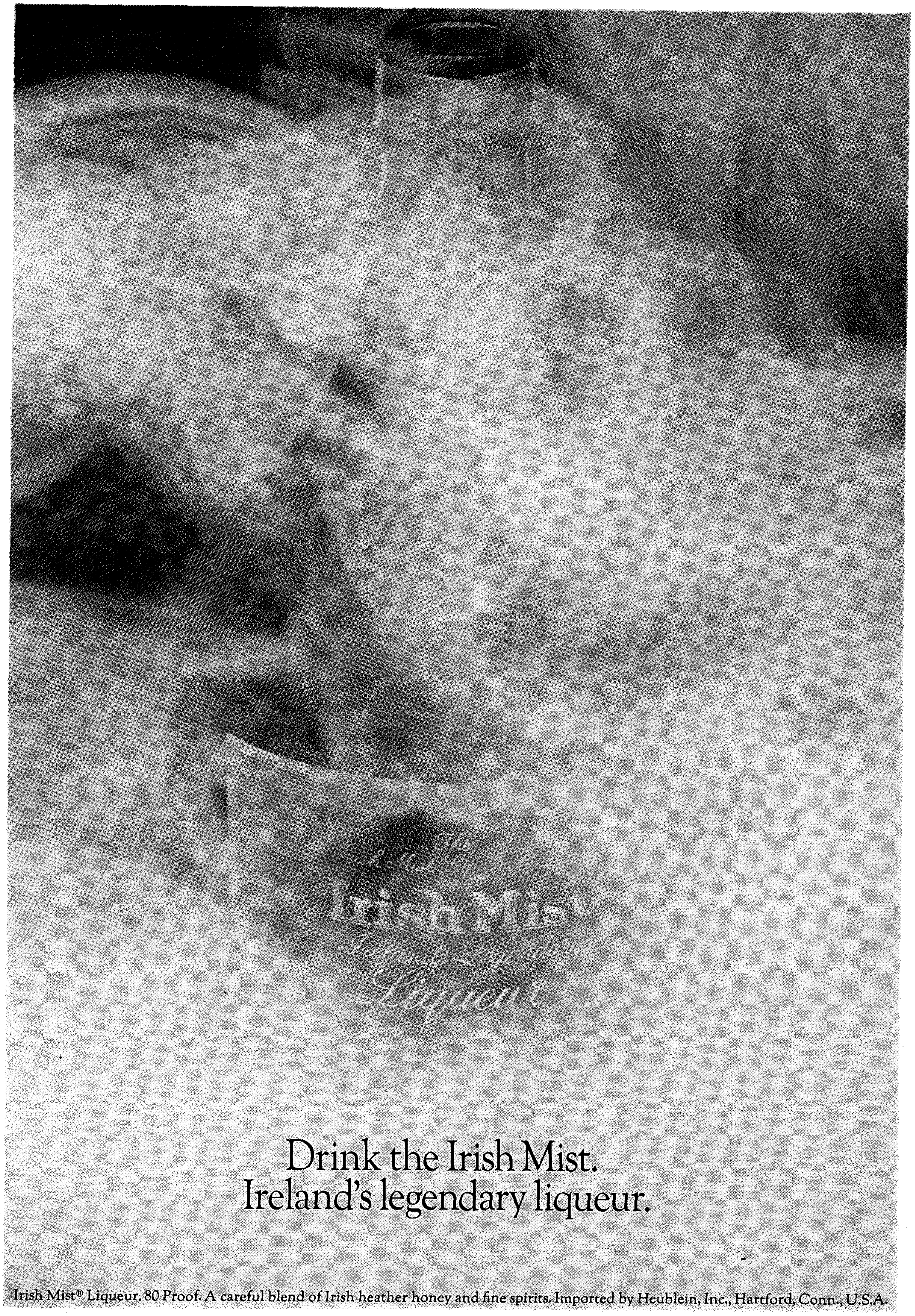
Just match that record, and your worries are over.

BULOVA ACCUTRON®

For men and women.

ACCUTRON
SAT 15

Left. #25806. 14K solid gold case and bracelet. Right. #25522. 14K solid gold. You'll find many other styles at fine jewelry and department stores. From $95. *Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if returned to Accutron dealer from whom purchased within one year from date of purchase. ©Bulova Watch Co., Inc.



Drink the Irish Mist.
Ireland's legendary liqueur.

Irish Mist® Liqueur. 80 Proof. A careful blend of Irish heather honey and fine spirits. Imported by Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.

that, I guess. But if someone gets hold of the Los Alamos critical-mass summaries, he can see how much material is critical in various forms—various ways of shaping the metal, various reflectors wrapped around it. You write to the National Technical Information Service, in Washington, for the critical-mass summaries. They cost three dollars. In one of them it says that the critical mass varies inversely with the square of the density of the metal and reflector. If both the reflector and the core are compressed by the same amount—remember, this is an implosion system—the critical mass is reduced by the square of that amount. This is as close as you can sidle up to this classified point."

Dusk had long since come down. We quit for the day. The corners of Taylor's mouth turned down for a moment, and he said, "A small group has not had the opportunity before to rearrange people and buildings this way."

Not long thereafter, when we were in Los Alamos, Carson Mark talked about clandestine bombmaking, and he said, "Everybody has it in mind that it would be impossible to do. They say you would need your own Manhattan Project. They speak of the scale of ingenuity, of the required genius; they think of it as a tremendous operation. But the context has changed. It would not be impossible now. It does not take a fleet of Einsteins to accomplish, or even Ted Taylors, for that matter. It is not beyond reach. It is much within reach. There's a great difference between 1942 and now." Mark went on to explain that the people in Project Y (the Los Alamos part of the Manhattan Project) had faced eight principal requirements in 1942. They needed nuclear and neutronic data—energy estimates, and so forth. They needed equation-of-state data to estimate assemblies or explosions. They needed to know the probability of initiating a neutron chain. They needed a way to estimate the dependence of efficiency on various parameters—such as the mass of material, energy generation, and features of disassembly—or it would be impossible to decide if, say, five critical masses were needed for an effective bomb, or one and one-tenth, or whatever. They needed to develop numerical techniques for making neutron multiplications. They needed hydrodynamic calculations. They needed computing equipment. "And, finally," Mark said, "they needed people who could ask the right questions and suggest the significance of the answers

PIONEER A NEW ERA... WITH WORLD'S
MOST ADVANCED ELECTRONIC POCKET CALCULATOR

There certainly is no longer any need to sell you on the necessity of an electronic calculator. You simply can't be competitive in today's fast moving business scene without one.

But there are now so many instruments on the market that we can't blame you if you get confused about prices and features. We suggest you consider the **Rodell**, which we believe to be the world's most advanced calculator in its price bracket. It's ultra-small—smaller yet than so-called "shirt pocket" calculators—weighs a scant 6 ounces and measures just 4"x3"x1".

But this "midget" is a giant in action. Because it doesn't just perform all standard calculations, but features such niceties as ■ percentage key ■ stored constant ■ floating decimal ■ chain multiplication/division ■ AND full memory for complex mixed calculations.

The Rodell has advanced features as ■ angled 8-digit readout ■ advanced technology of LIC circuitry ■ overflow and excess entry indicators ■ powered by contained NiCd batteries (charger is included) ■ can be operated (and charged at the same time) on 110V house current.

We don't have to convince you that an electronic calculator has become the indispensable tool for anybody who has to work with numbers. But until now, price has often been the stumbling block. And here, beyond size and performance, is perhaps the best surprise: because U.S.-made **Rodell** costs just $99.95, a real breakthrough in pricing and less than you would expect to pay for a machine with half the features.

If you are heavy on science or engineering you may consider **Rodell 2**, the "electronic slide rule" that performs all the functions of the **Rodell**, but also features three additional algebraic keys for ■ square roots and all other even roots ■ squares and all other powers ■ reciprocals. With this additional capability, there simply isn't a problem, however intricate, you won't be able to solve.

Order either the **Rodell** or the **Rodell 2** and examine it in your own home or office for two full weeks. If after that time you are not completely satisfied, if the calculator doesn't live up to your every expectation, pack it up and return it to us for immediate refund or for cancellation of all charges. You are the only judge and this is our promise to you. And if anything should go wrong with **Rodell** within the year (except for intentional misuse or accident) return it and we'll replace or repair free, of course—just charge for postage and insurance.

You know an electronic calculator is a necessity and that you should no longer work without one. So why delay? Get the most advanced machine at the lowest possible price—now!

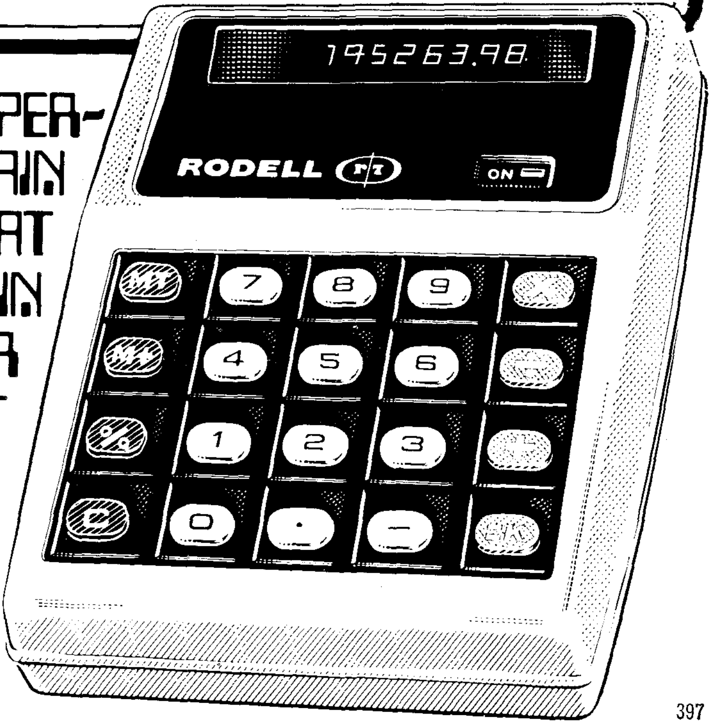
Please send me:

☐ **Rodell**, with full arithmetical features, constant, percentage, full memory, rechargeable batteries, charger, vinyl case, and full instruction booklet, **$99.95.**
☐ **Rodell 2**, same features, plus algebraic keys for advanced performance, **$129.95.**
☐ My check plus $2 for postage and insurance (tax for Calif. deliveries) is enclosed.
Charge ☐ BA, ☐ MC, ☐ HaverCharge #________ Expires ________
Signature ________________ (For credit cards only)
Name ________________
Address ________________ Zip ________

NOTE: If you have any of the above cards, you may place your order by calling toll free **(800) 227-0272.** (In California call collect **(415) 871-8645**) and we'll send your order out immediately.

584 Washington
San Francisco, Calif. 94111
haverhill's

NY1210



THE SUPER-BRAIN THAT FITS IN YOUR SHIRT POCKET ...LESS THAN $100

397

How the English keep dry for the holidays.

GORDON'S
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
GIN
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

Gordon's Ruddy Merry
Take 1½ oz. of Gordon's Gin, 3 oz. tomato juice, juice of ½ lime, pinch each of salt and pepper, dash of Worcestershire sauce. Shake well with cracked ice.

GORDON'S
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
GIN
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

Gordon's® Gin. Largest seller in England, America, the world.

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N.J.

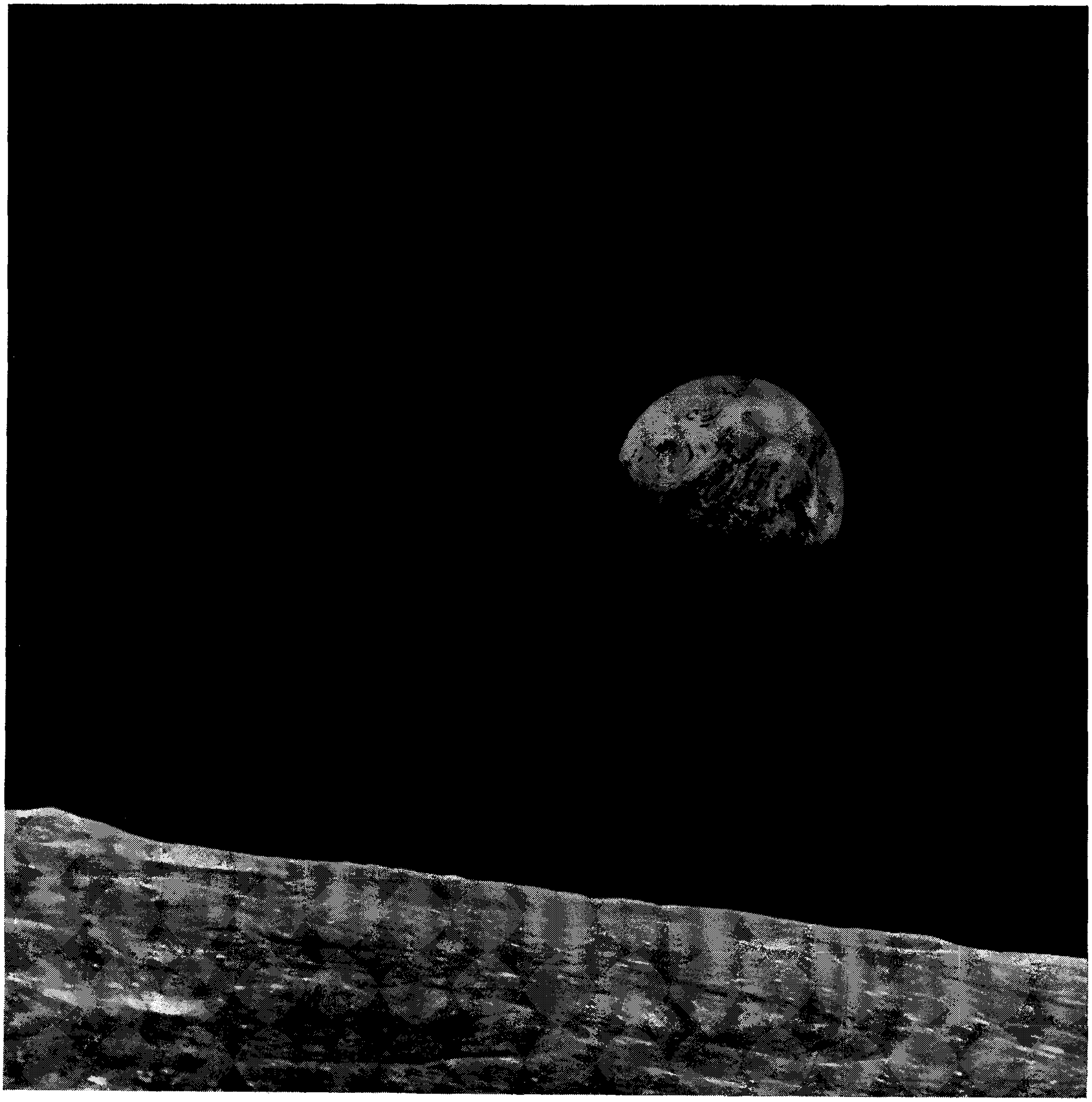
The Knives

Our set of six sterling steak knives in a fitted case for presentation and storage. 65. The Silver Salon, second floor.

Cartier Inc.
Fifth Avenue and 52nd Street, New York 10022 (212) 753-0111
Bal Harbour • Beverly Hills • Chevy Chase • Palm Beach

when they found them—call them physicists, if you want. When the United States began work, it was well equipped on Item Eight—the people who could ask the questions—and on nothing else. Those people were the constellation of Los Alamos. That is what is assumed is needed now—but it is not so. You now *have* Items One to Seven. You don't need to ask the questions. You need an ingenious fellow, perhaps, but not really all that much so. He is hitchhiking on the talents of others. You don't need a lab anymore to measure cross-sections. They're all measured and published. If you need equation-of-state data, you can go over to the high school and find out what it is. Everything is unclassified except plutonium. But equations of state for heavy elements tend to be identical. See the 'Rare Metals Handbook.' Any reactor-theory textbook now will tell you the probability of initiating a neutron chain. The work that has been done on maximum-credible reactor accidents will tell you what you need to know about efficiency. You can get neutron calculations by mail. For hydrodynamic calculations, read Richtmyer and von Neumann on how to avoid the discontinuity of shocks. As for adequate computers, most airline offices have them. When people first began work here at Los Alamos, they needed to assure themselves that no unsuspected factor would vitiate the whole thing. We needed that information. It was possible, and remained possible until an explosion occurred, that something unexpected would affect the outcome. No one need worry about that now. Once you had made the explosion, you knew the unexpected wasn't there. You didn't have to comb the woods—that is the most important thing in all of this. Project Y was analogous to a group of alpinists finding the route up a mountain and reaching the top for the first time. After that, others could follow. Although you still need equipment—for example, a casting furnace—the steps you take are well prescribed. So far as we know, everybody in the world who has tried to make a nuclear explosion since 1945 has succeeded on the first try."

THE safeguarding of weapons-grade material is not widely thought of as the most significant or pressing problem that besets the nuclear industry. The safety questions involved in disposing of radioactive fission products have been reviewed more prominently, for example, as have been



One world. One piano.

No one is quite sure when it happened.

But sometime between the orbital journeys of Phileas Fogg and Yuri Gagarin, the Steinway piano, too, circled the earth.

It didn't happen in 80 days or 108 minutes. And it created no stir to speak of. But one after another, as surely and predictably as the tides, the immortals of the music world chose the Steinway.

Today, in international music competitions everywhere, Steinway is the one piano most often played.

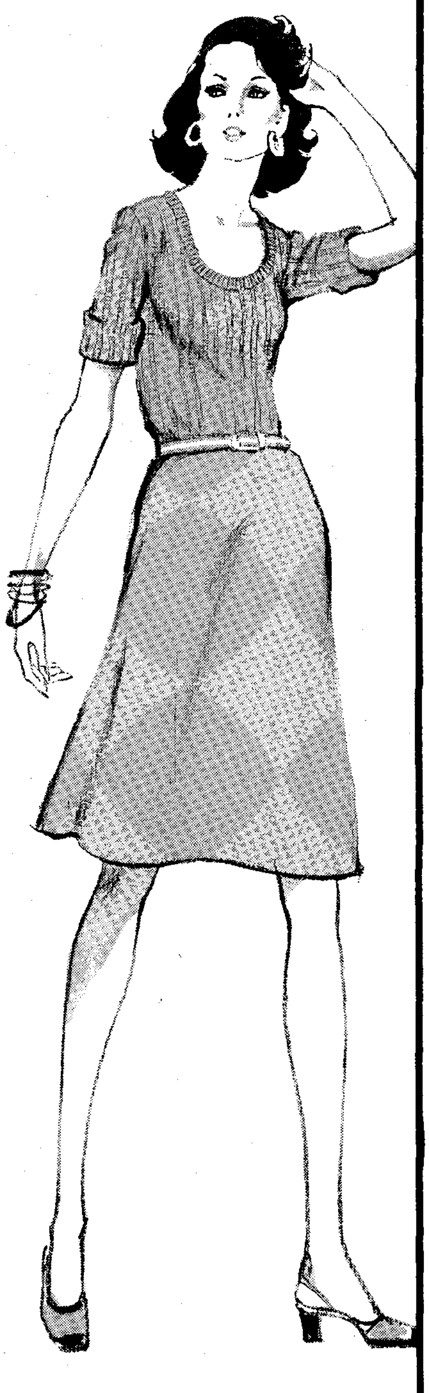
From the Bolshoi Theatre to Carnegie Hall, it is the piano on which concert artists most often perform. In Auckland and Ottawa, in Jerusalem and Chicago, wherever music is loved and played, the Steinway continues to be the world standard of how a piano should sound.

And you can own one.

For more information please write to John H. Steinway, 109 West 57th Street, New York 10019.

Steinway & Sons

James Kenrob



Crystal blue polyester knit in a ribbed bodice dress with U-neckline. Sizes 6 to 16, about $48
Featured at:
Martha West
B. Forman Company
Jacobson's, Michigan
Stix, Baer & Fuller
Neusteter's
and other fine stores everywhere. Prices slightly higher in the West.
A division of Dalton

the day-to-day effects of nuclear plants on their immediate environments, not to mention the predicted results of a major reactor accident. A very bad nuclear-power-plant accident could kill tens of thousands of people. The plants are so carefully engineered, however, that the possibility seems remote. The reactor core would have to melt down, and the outer containment shell would have to be breached. Then an invisible, odorless, imperceptible cloud would drift downwind. How many people died would depend on how many people were downwind.

In West Valley, New York, high-level radioactive wastes from used reactor fuel—ruthenium, cesium, strontium—are buried in liquid form in steel containers set in concrete in the ground. The earth is back-filled, and markers very much like tombstones record what is buried below. In Morris, Illinois, high-level wastes will be stored in a concrete basin lined with stainless steel. Thirty-six feet of water will cool and shield the wastes, which will be in solid form. The radioactivity of the waste material is lethal for thousands of years.

Perspective is where you find it, and in the physics laboratories of universities, in the various companies that service the fuel cycle, in the utility companies, in the Atomic Energy Commission the talk may eventually get around to safeguards, but it is more likely to dwell on other problems.

"This poor industry has taken its lumps—first from the memory of the bomb, then about radioactivity, then about thermal pollution."

"In the mid-nineteen-sixties, it was reactor safety—in demonstration plants, in test plants, in small power plants. In 1970, the environmental roof caved in. The Atomic Energy Commission was voted 'Environmental Rapist of the Year.' Radiation effects, thermal pollution became big issues. In 1971, radiation questions were beginning to be answered. Radiation is a phony issue in the normal operation of plants. The thermal-pollution matter was simply unfair. The whole electric-power industry has a thermal-pollution problem. So the issue shifted back to reactor safety. What happens when the cooling system fails and the reactor melts?"

"Nuclear power plants are redundantly engineered. They are safe."

"There is no choice, anyway. We need the electricity, wherever we can get it."

"There are problems in technology, but the real problem is in the bedroom."

"Fission products should be loaded onto rockets and shot into the sun."

"No. They are potentially too valuable—for medical purposes, and so on. Gamma rays. They should be put into high earth orbit, and saved there."

"They could be used here on earth as a heat source."

"Yes, but using fission products as a heat source is like using very old brandy to light a fire."

"This reprocessing plant is designed to contain ten years of waste storage. There is a total of two and a half cubic feet of waste per metric ton of fuel processed—three hundred tons a year. Three thousand times two and a half equals seventy-five hundred cubic feet in ten years, or, let's see, a twenty-foot cube. That's all. And nothing goes into the ground here in Illinois. Everything will remain in the tank. There is no waste-storage problem here."

"What happens to the steel drums in the ground in New York?"

"They rust through."

"The burial method is not sophisticated, true. But the soil is clay. It's water-impermeable."

"You find in this industry that the simpler things are, the better off you are in the long run. We believe in the fulcrum, and we believe in the inclined plane. The wheel we're not sure of."

"Safety was last year's problem. The next thing that is going to clobber us is safeguards."

"In the face of the very, very quick development of this technological system over the past twenty years, we should know more about the behavior of man. We have, maybe, to study, in this system, the personal interactions. We sometimes disregard the problem of human behavior."

"I can't help but believe that if something serious were to happen, if plutonium in quantity were stolen, the A.E.C. would immediately activate a plan of action that we know nothing about. I'll admit I base this on blind faith."

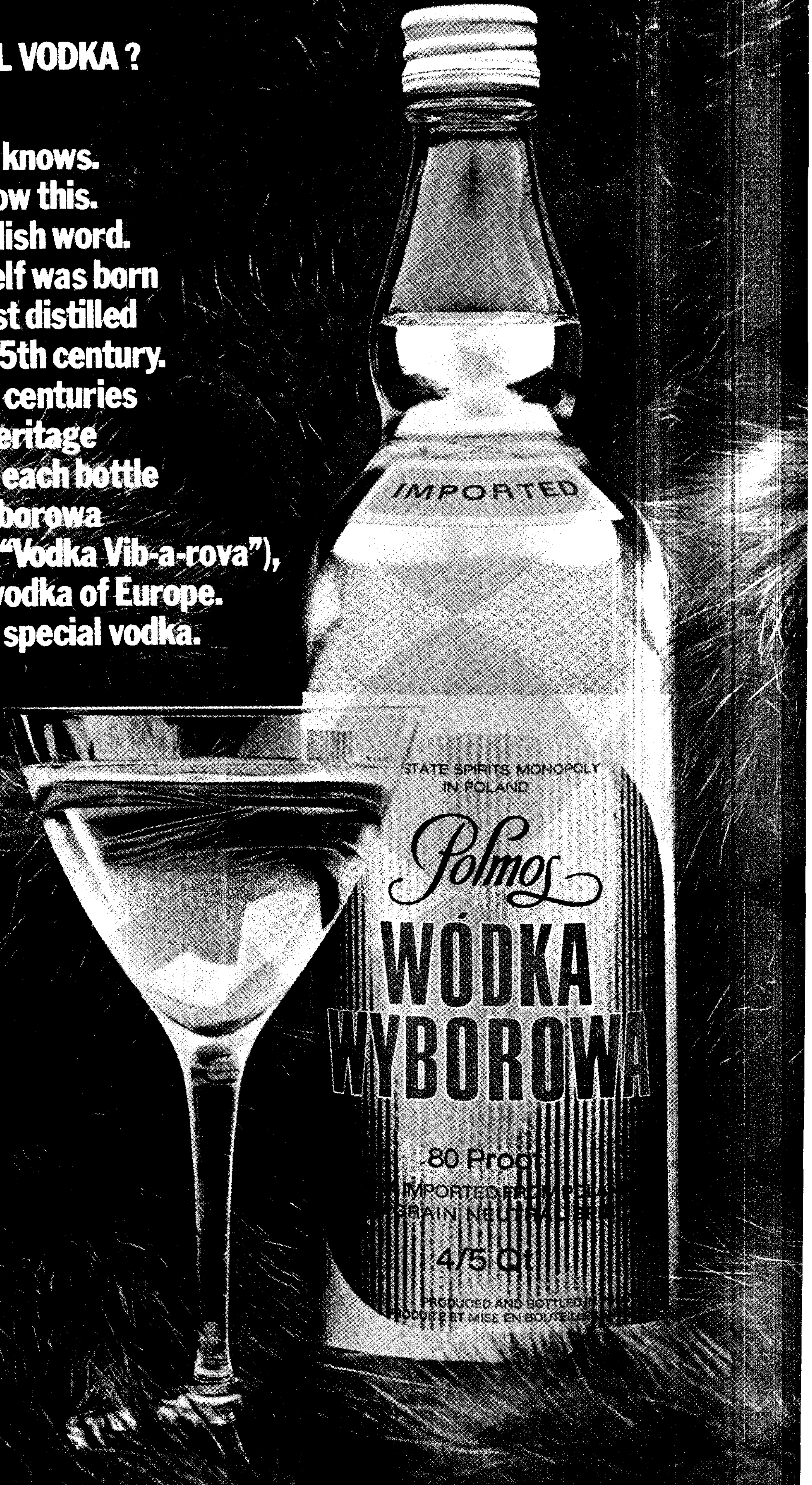
"I feel the A.E.C. recognizes the problem and is working on it all the time. I'm not the one to say if they're working on it hard enough."

"My gut feeling is that it's not being taken as seriously as I'd take it. It would not be my No. 1 consideration among nuclear problems, but I'd give it serious consideration."

"The commissioners sweep safeguards under the rug, and, for all their

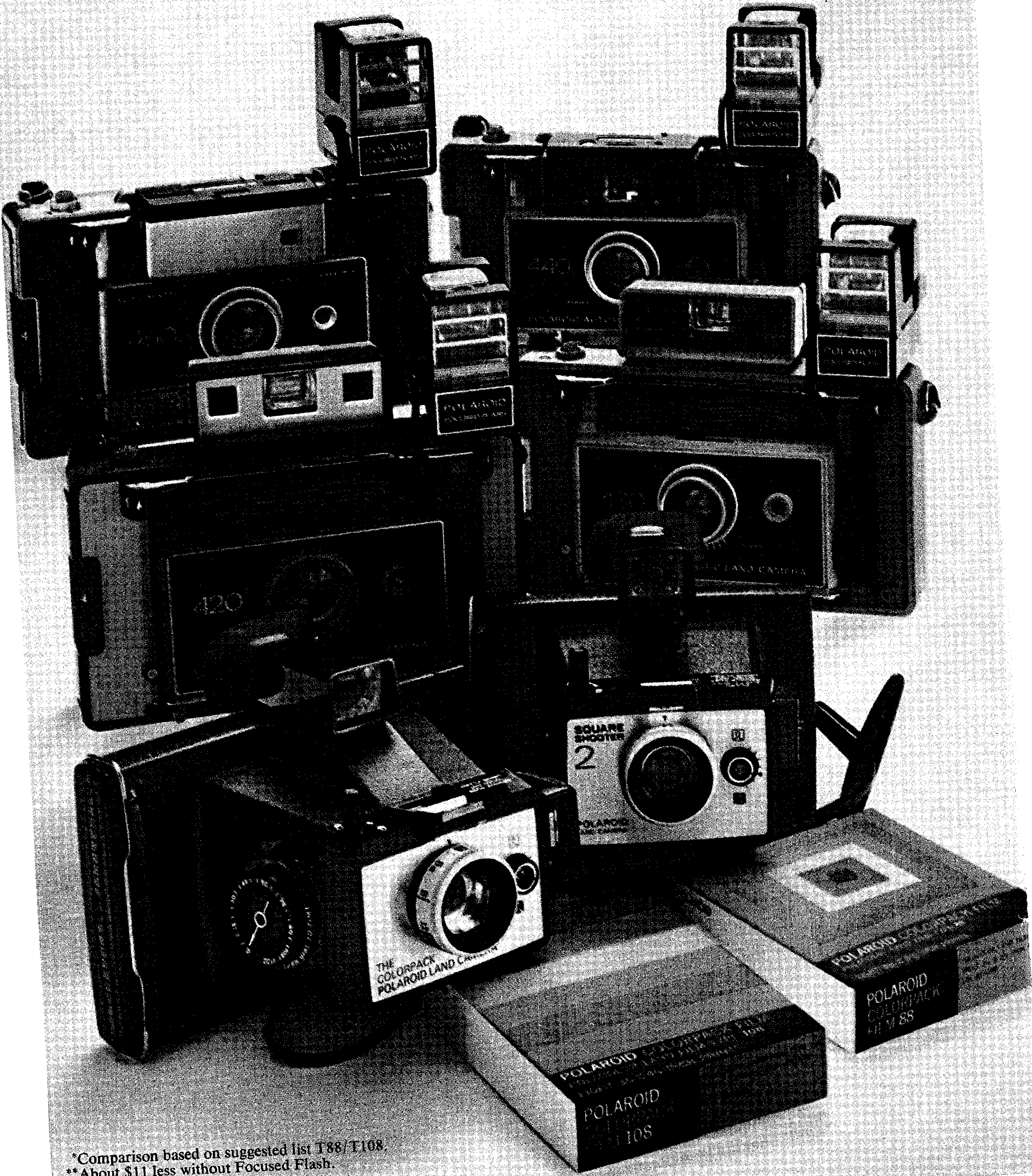
THE ORIGINAL VODKA ?

No one really knows.
But we do know this.
Vodka is a Polish word.
The spirit itself was born
in Poland, first distilled
there in the 15th century.
So it is that 5 centuries
of distilling heritage
stand behind each bottle
of Wodka Wyborowa
(pronounced "Vodka Vib-a-rova"),
the premier vodka of Europe.
This is a very special vodka.
Very special.


IMPORTED
STATE SPIRITS MONOPOLY
IN POLAND
Polmos
WÓDKA
WYBOROWA
80 Proof
IMPORTED FROM POLAND
GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
4/5 Qt.
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN
PRODUITE ET MISE EN BOUTEILLES

100% grain neutral spirits, 80 and 100 proof, imported by Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

Instant joy.


POLAROID
420
420
SQUARE SHOOTER
2
POLAROID
THE COLORPACK POLAROID LAND CAMERA
POLAROID
COLORPACK
FILM 88
POLAROID
108

*Comparison based on suggested list T88/T108.
**About $11 less without Focused Flash.

From under $25.

In just 60 seconds, a Polaroid Land camera captures the spirit of Christmas. And lets you hold it in your hand.

It's the kind of magic that lasts all year long. And here are seven great ways you can give it.

Square Shooter 2. Under $25.

Our least expensive all-purpose camera. It's strictly color and you can save up to 25%* with our square film. There's an electric eye and electronic shutter for automatic exposures (even for flash). A sharp 3-element lens. An ingenious viewfinder and built-in flash.

Minute Maker Kit. Under $36.

This handy little kit contains everything you need to take instant pictures. There's the Square Shooter 2, our most popular camera. 2 Sylvania Blue Dot flashcubes (4 shots each). A pack of square color film (for 8 beautiful moments). And a coupon good for 3 free copies of a favorite instant picture. A handsome carrying case wraps it all up.

Polaroid Minute Maker Kit

The Colorpack Camera. Under $40.

The surprise here is that it doesn't cost more. This camera takes both color and black-and-white shots. (Big rectangular pictures. 3¼" x 4¼".) And a built-in development timer tells you when they're ready. It has a 3-element lens. And our unique face-in-the-square viewfinder. And it takes standard or Hi-Power cubes (for great flash pictures up to 12 ft.).

Models 420, 430, 440, 450.
From under $71
with Focused Flash.**

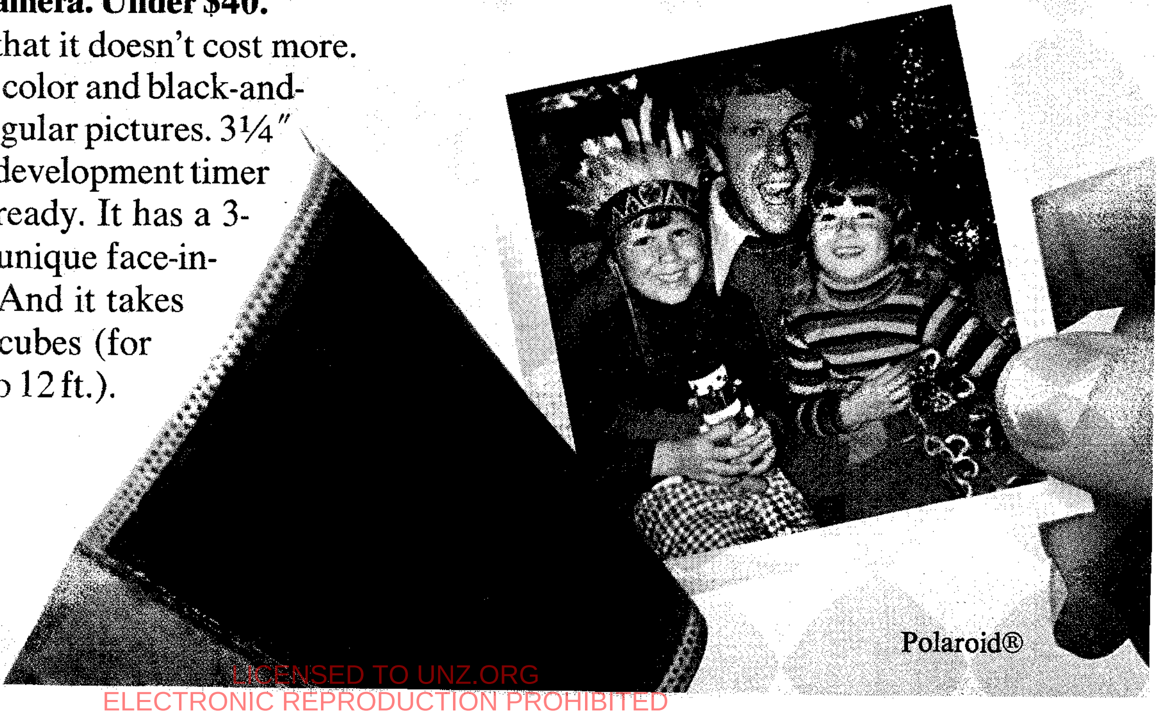
Our 400s are well worth looking into. They all use Focused Flash which, as you focus, automatically keeps the picture from being too light or too dark.

The 420 is the most economical. It gives big color pictures in a minute or black-and-white in seconds. Our 430 has a built-in mechanical timer that buzzes when the picture is ready. Our 440 can take automatic time exposures up to 5 seconds. It also has a built-in timer. Our 450 is the top of this line. (Under $176 with Focused Flash.**) An electronic development timer beeps when the picture is ready. And it has a deluxe Zeiss Ikon single-window rangefinder-viewfinder.

Colorpack Film.

One pack of film gives 8 beautiful Christmas presents on the spot. Type 88 for the Square Shooter 2. Type 108 for our other pack cameras.

Polaroid Land Cameras



Crème des crèmes.

Freezomint is what every Crème de Menthe strives to be.

A truly superior Crème de Menthe *should* taste shiveringly cold, intriguingly minty, and unmistakably French.

It *should* be distilled by the slow, costly pot-still method, using the most expensive English mint leaves.

And it *should* cost enough to leave no place for compromise.

Freezomint. About $10 a bottle.

Once you've tasted the best, there's no retreating.

Freezomint. The finest Crème de Menthe in the world.

CUSENIER
IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
3/4 QUART
FREEZOMINT
crème de menthe
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY
CUSENIER
PARIS - FRANCE
CUSENIER
PARIS

[illegible] One of the exceptional liqueurs from Cusenier.
[illegible] Imported by Dreyfus, Ashby & Co., New York, N.Y. © 1973

new regulations, they will continue to sweep safeguards under the rug until they have an incident."

"Safeguards can go beyond the feasibility of what you consider normal economics. You can't have Fort Knox with a cavalry division sitting on top of it. A 'foolproof' system would only minimize the odds. We have locks, watchmen, gates, alarm systems, communication with authorities. Do you want to try to steal material here? Steal it from a shipment. That is where it is most vulnerable."

"Our employees could never steal the stuff, because of in-plant procedures."

"We are assuming that the managers are honest. If management is crooked, that is a new ballgame."

"We've got the best God-damned system here that is economically feasible. If you're all the time shutting down for inspection, you're never going to get any product."

"How did we ever get off the subject of the nice, clean, productive atom?"

"It's got a double head, and one head has to be cut off."

"If someone had written an environmental-impact statement before the first sustained chain reaction, they might not have nuclear energy to kick around today."

"Looking at the nuclear industry is like looking at a healthy-looking man who has come down with a fever. Is it a cold he is getting, or is it pneumonia?"

"The A.E.C. blew the environmental issue. The A.E.C. blew the safety issue. The A.E.C. will now blow the safeguards issue."

"It is ethically indefensible to leave future generations so much dangerous material."

"I guess all this is just one of the things that man and civilization are going to have to live with. I've heard it said it's no worse than fire."

ONE way to bypass any civilian safeguards system would be to go straight to the military and steal a bomb. That would take care of almost everything in one act. The purpose of safeguarding fissile material in the civilian nuclear-power fuel cycle is to prevent a person, group, or nation from misappropriating the material and making a bomb. All the instruments for counting atoms and all the techniques for physically protecting uranium-235 and plutonium-239 have been developed to this end. But why go to all the trouble to steal, say, uranium hexafluoride and convert it to metal and

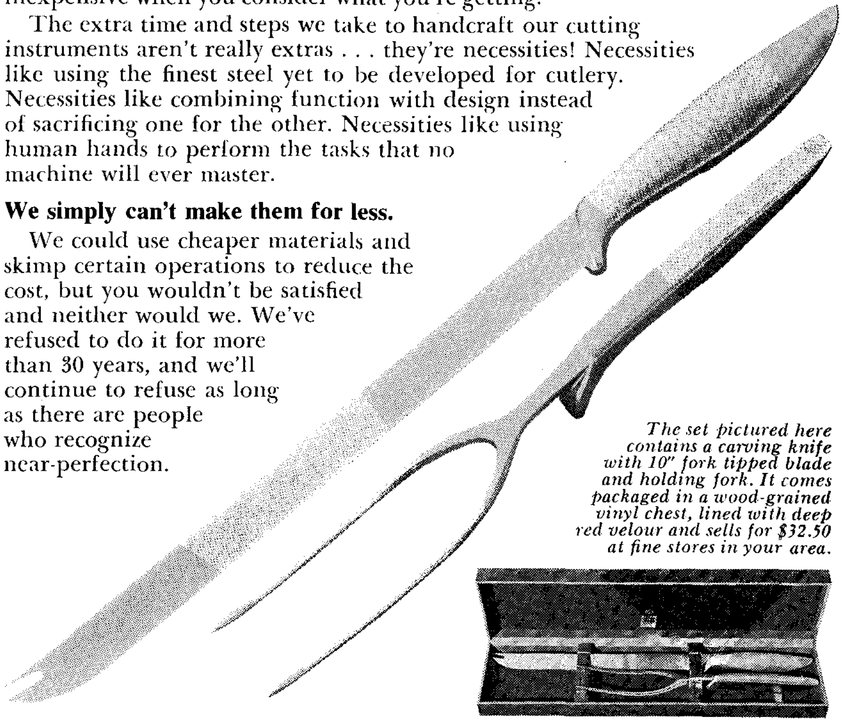
America's most expensive cutlery is inexpensive when you consider what you're getting.

It's easy to understand why we've been called America's most expensive cutlery, but the honest truth is that Gerber Legendary Blades are amazingly inexpensive when you consider what you're getting.

The extra time and steps we take to handcraft our cutting instruments aren't really extras . . . they're necessities! Necessities like using the finest steel yet to be developed for cutlery. Necessities like combining function with design instead of sacrificing one for the other. Necessities like using human hands to perform the tasks that no machine will ever master.

We simply can't make them for less.

We could use cheaper materials and skimp certain operations to reduce the cost, but you wouldn't be satisfied and neither would we. We've refused to do it for more than 30 years, and we'll continue to refuse as long as there are people who recognize near-perfection.



The set pictured here contains a carving knife with 10" fork tipped blade and holding fork. It comes packaged in a wood-grained vinyl chest, lined with deep red velour and sells for $32.50 at fine stores in your area.

Quality is never expensive.

The steel in Gerber cutting instruments is, in fact, the finest cutlery steel in existence. We'll have to admit that it costs a little more, but the difference in the performance you'll experience is unbelievable.

The unique cutting edge is drawn to razor-like perfection by a man standing at a grinding wheel because no machine can do a comparable job. That's an absolute necessity when it comes to superior cutlery, and quite frankly, it costs a little more to provide the level of sharpness that has become synonymous with the Gerber name.

The beautiful handles are given a special chrome plating that won't chip or peel. They're cast directly onto the blade . . . no rivets or screws to loosen with wear . . . no seams to collect dirt or grease. They possess a contemporary elegance and will give you a lifetime of trouble-free service.

With Gerber Legendary Blades, you're getting cutting instruments that are unequalled in quality . . . instruments that will serve you for a lifetime and be treasured as heirlooms by your sons and daughters.

Cutlery by Gerber . . . from $4.95 to $235.00. Available at fine department, jewelry, and gift stores in your area. Write for the Gerber story and where to buy.

GERBER Legendary BLADES

14200 S.W. 72nd Avenue • Portland • Oregon 97223

Salvatore Ferragamo

nordstrom

exclusive
patent 'speedy'
27.95

ours alone, an old favorite now in a brand new patent leather of soft, easy-to-wear naplack with uniquely designed molded sole. in white, taupe, navy, black, brown, red, bone, yellow, orange, or green. 5-11, s; 4½-11, n; 3-11, m. sizes over 10, 1.00 more.

nordstrom, c/o sally brown, 1501 fifth avenue, seattle, wn. 98101.
please send me the 'speedy' from ferragamo in size....................................
width......................color...................second color choice..............
name..
address...
city...................................state..........................zip..........
charge account no............................check....................c.o.d.............
please include 1.00 for postage: washington residents add sales tax.

BAL à VERSAILLES

BAL à VERSAILLES
JEAN DESPREZ

Jean Desprez
PARFUMEUR
PARIS

IMPORTED DIRECTLY FROM FRANCE

B. ALTMAN & CO. • JOSEPH MAGNIN • JORDAN MARSH, FLORIDA
AND OTHER FINE STORES

PERFUME ONE OUNCE NINETY DOLLARS

fabricate a crude weapon when the military has tens of thousands of extremely well-made bombs distributed all over the world? Some people shrug their shoulders about materials safeguards—what's the point? why bother?—in the light of the more straightforward alternative of stealing a bomb. They suggest that such thefts may well have occurred already. They ask questions like this one: "I'd be interested to know why, at any given time, the military thinks they still have all the bombs they thought they had." In 1971, Representative Craig Hosmer, of California, a member of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, told a safeguards forum at Kansas State University that he had once worked in military-weapons laboratories, and had also ridden the perimeters of sites where bombs were stored, and had since reviewed the procedures by which bombs are protected, and that, quite frankly, the job "ought to be done better." It has also been pointed out that in order to make a blackmail threat completely credible, if that were the purpose at hand, a homemade-bomb maker would have to make two bombs. After one had been exploded—in, say, a desert—the bombmaker would be believed. But if a bomb was overtly stolen from the military, no one would doubt that it existed and the threat could the more simply proceed. As one engineer has put it, "If he took one, I'd say he had it."

The plutonium for military weapons is machined and otherwise prepared for assembly by Dow Chemical at a plant in Rocky Flats, Colorado—a place full of gleaming machines, where people go around in white hats, white protective clothing. Rocky Flats has been described as a combination of an automobile-assembly plant and a hospital. Fully-enriched-uranium-bomb parts are made in A.E.C. shops at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. From Oak Ridge and Rocky Flats, the uranium and plutonium go to a plant called Pantex, near Amarillo, Texas, or to another A.E.C.-contractor plant near Burlington, Iowa, where they are combined with other components in the building of nuclear bombs. Safeguards procedures for government bombs are not publicized. The bombs leave Amarillo and Burlington under guard and travel in so-called courier vehicles, by air or rail or road. Guards go with them. The guards have recently been ordered by the A.E.C. to "shoot to kill" anyone trying to steal bombs. Few would deny, though, that a hijacking effort of high sophistication could result in a successful theft.

Nuclear bombs become obsolete. Certain types become run down and diminish in potency with age. So, from all the many hundreds of stationary sites where they are kept in readiness around the world, and from all the submarines and planes that carry them, they have to be sent back from time to time to Pantex or the Burlington plant, to be disassembled, and then back to Oak Ridge or Rocky Flats to be recycled. Revitalized, modernized, they go back to Turkey or New Jersey, or wherever they belong. One would not need a crane, or even an assistant, in order to carry off a nuclear bomb. A suitcase would do.

I once visited the National Atomic Museum, in Albuquerque, with Ted Taylor. It had been open to the public since 1969, but he had never been there, and as we walked through the door he drew a shallow breath in sudden surprise. It was a hall of weapons, a long, high-ceilinged room filled with fission and fusion bombs. They were hanging from the ceiling and sitting on the floor—forty or fifty in all. A bomb called Mark 61 was dangling from a drogue parachute. It was a cylinder about twelve feet long, and it had a diameter of one foot. A plaque near it said, "Yield of the Mark 61 is in the megaton range."

"Just looking at it tells you a great deal about the design of an H-bomb," Taylor said. "Wow. This place is really something."

The museum was organized more or less along lines of chronology, beginning with Little Boy and Fat Man, the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombs, and proceeding clockwise around the room down through the history of fission bombs to some of Taylor's minutest devices. Thermonuclear bombs, for the most part, came after that. Of course, all the bombs lacked explosive material. What was on display was the outer jackets or, in specific instances like Fat Man, Little Boy, and Mike, precise replicas of the outer jackets. That was display enough. Little Boy was ten feet six inches long and only twenty-nine inches in diameter at its widest point. It had a square, boxlike set of fins on its tail, and a blunt nose. Twelve spikes protruded from it. It was painted black. Fat Man was black, too. Fat Man had the exact proportions of an egg, with a huge box fin attached to one end. Fin and all, Fat Man was eleven feet long. The maximum diameter of the egg was five feet. On a wall near Fat Man and Little Boy were pictures of the triumphant crews that flew them to Japan—youths

The amount of prizes Gübelin has won are too numerous to be pure chance.

For the house of Gübelin to win the Diamonds-International Awards has hardly been a rarity.

Again in 1973 Gübelin earned this coveted trophy. This time it was for the ring creation called "Sculpture II". One more proof that Gübelin of Lucerne (Switzerland) has some of the leading jewelry designers at work in its studios. These in turn work with independent artists, even encouraging painters or sculptors to create jewelry although they had never given the subject a thought. Indeed some of the most original creations of the house arose that way.

Gübelin designers work along three different lines: traditional, high-fashion, and avant-garde. For traditional and fashion jewelry, of course, they have to take account of prevailing tastes. For the avant-garde they can do as they please.

Luckily, the Gübelin clientele includes enough people who want avant-garde jewelry and dare to wear it. As a matter of fact they deserve much of the credit for the prizes Gübelin creations have won.

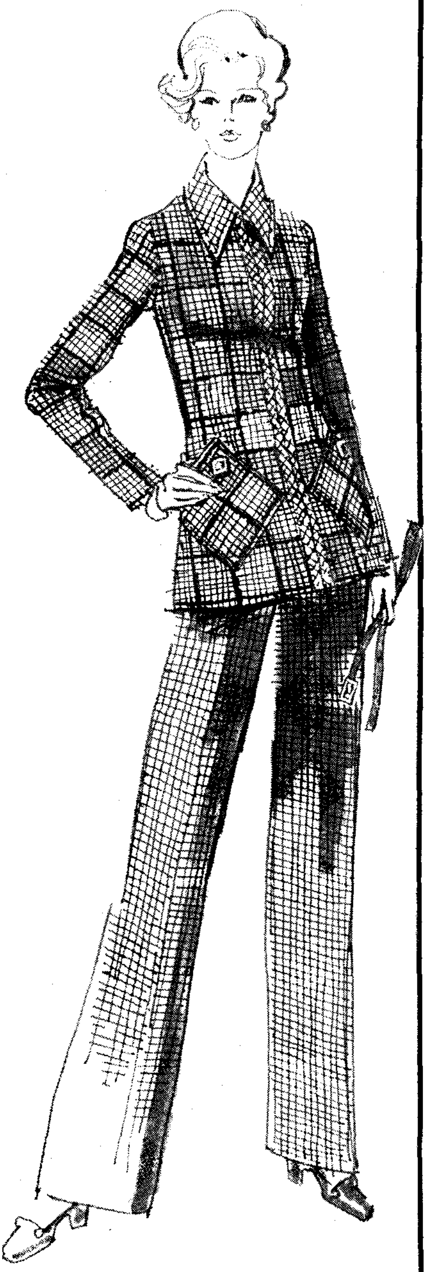
Well, they do acquire jewelry no one has ever seen before, which you can't buy anywhere else.

Sculpture II, an 18-carat white-gold ring with 24 diamond baguettes and two smoky quartzes, fancy cut, is a unique work of art to be worn on one finger, and without doubt rightly among the Gübelin creations that have taken the Diamonds-International Award.

GÜBELIN
745 Fifth Avenue, New York
American Express card accepted.
PATEK PHILIPPE OMEGA Ω AUDEMARS PIGUET

GGK

Draper's
of SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



A BOLD COMBO OF CHECKS

Mini check squares in dark and light reverses in a zip-front tunic top with matching check pants. Belt it with psuedo leather belt and button up patch pockets on a sharp angle. It's our ROUTE ONE polyester knit in navy/white or brown/white heading for a happy '74! Sizes 8-20 at 46.00

Ten Draper stores famous in the West for quality fashions in half-sizes!
Send for 16-style free brochure.

Mail Orders promptly filled . . . $1.00 handling
Californians add 5% state tax
BANKAMERICARD CHARGE ACCEPTED

DRAPER'S
1855 East Colorado Boulevard
Pasadena, California 91107

in coveralls, laughing, lying on bunks reading newspapers about Hiroshima and Nagasaki. In one photograph, the two pilots—Charles Sweeney, of Nagasaki, and Paul Tibbets, of Hiroshima—were shaking hands.

Taylor said that Fat Man and Little Boy were so big—and so "Model T-ish," as he put it—that no one could possibly mind showing their dimensions, but as we walked along the bombs became smaller and smaller, until he remarked that he was "not really shocked but quite surprised" to see them there. Mark 7—thirty inches in diameter. Mark 12—twenty-two inches. They were ten or twelve feet long and were shaped like sharks, but they were built to contain spherical fission bombs. Davy Crockett was the end of the line—a small bomb that had the exact proportions of an egg, with a box fin attached to one end. The egg part was just about the size of a Rugby football. The whole bomb was about two feet long, and its maximum diameter was twelve inches. Ted had designed it. "That is what happened to Fat Man," Ted said. "You can see why I used to get so riled up, in my first year at Los Alamos, when people said, 'With fission bombs, there's nothing left to do.' "

One display was a cross-sectional mockup of the Terrier missile, half scale, and the dimensions of its warhead cavity indicated that the bomb the Terriers carry could not have a diameter greater than ten inches—probably a near cousin of Davy Crockett. Mark 48 was an artillery shell about three feet long, with a diameter of six inches. That strongly suggested a gun-type device within, and I asked Taylor if that's what it was, and he said he couldn't be sure. A complete implosion bomb could, in other words, have the diameter of a small cantaloupe. In the nose of another missile he pointed to an area about the size of an orange, and he said, "I'll tell you right now, you can't put an A-bomb in there. Not quite."

Mike, the first hydrogen bomb, sat at the far end of the room—a brooding presence, out of place. In a hall of tapered, aerodynamic projectiles, Mike was just a huge, five-hundred-cubic-foot hot-water tank, lying on its side—a big cylinder, with no taper, twenty-two feet long. Its progeny, one after another, and progressively smaller, were set in a row beside it—cylinder after cylinder, no taper. "The shape tells you a lot about H-bomb design," Taylor said again. "But not enough." I drew a sketch of a hydrogen bomb showing a cylinder full of thermonuclear fuel, with *two* fission bombs, one at each end, so built that their explosive force would travel primarily through the thermonuclear fuel and meet in the middle. Looking over this pathetic effort, he said, "Nice try, but that is not what happens."

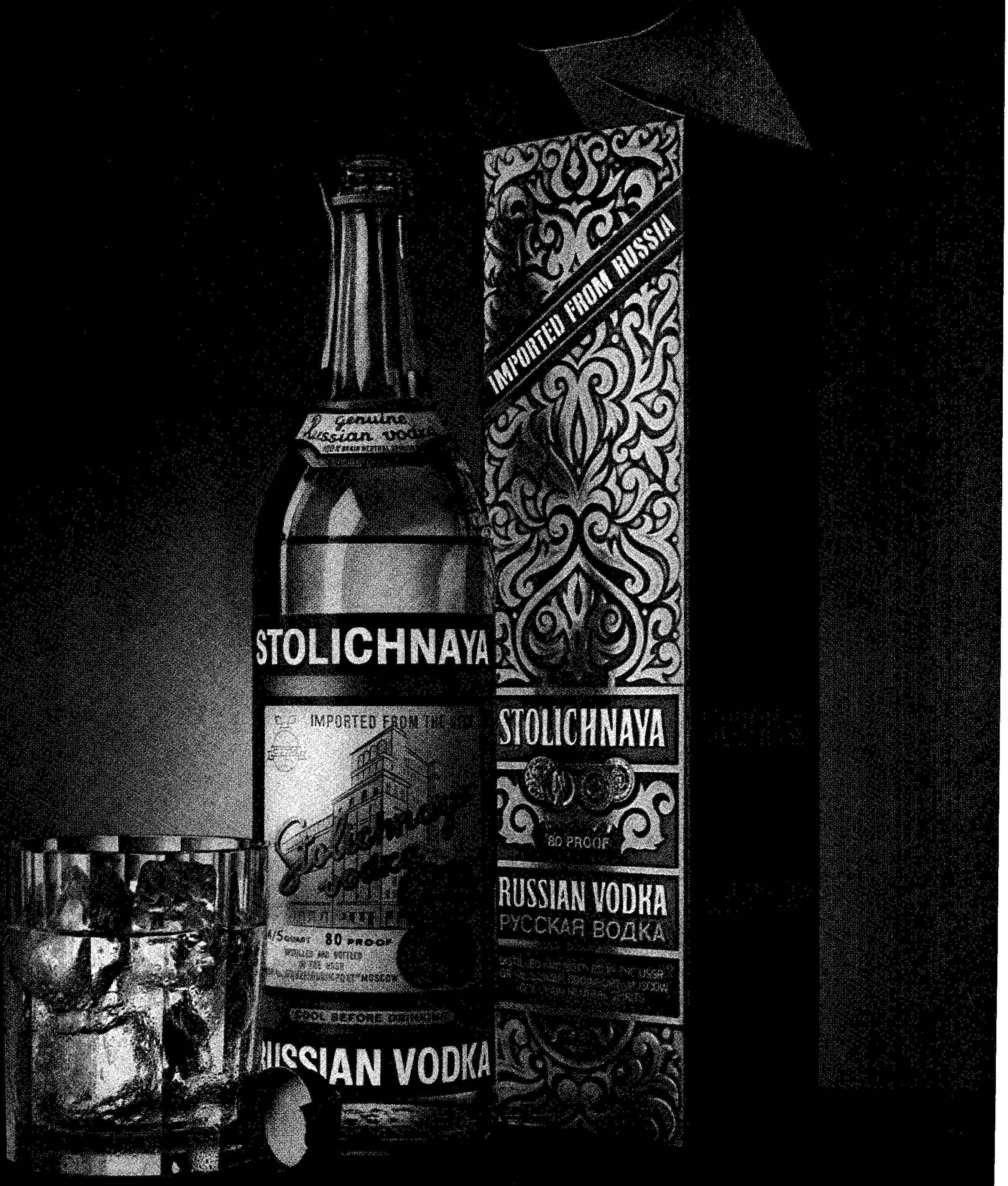
He was resting his arm on an H-bomb called Mark 41, labelled only, like the others, with its name and the phrase "in the megaton range." It was just a tube a few feet long, like a section of pipe. I asked him how much it could destroy.

"A great deal," he said. "But not as much as people sometimes think. People imagine doomsday, but even an all-out nuclear war would not bring doomsday. Remember, the largest bomb ever exploded was sixty megatons. Mike was ten. This one is a great deal less than that. If one wanted to, I suppose, one could imagine a single superbomb that would kill all things on earth, that would deliver a hundred thousand roentgens to every part of the world and leave life belowground ecologically strangled. Such a bomb would be a quarter of a mile long, though, and five hundred feet high. It would probably have to be deeply buried to keep from blowing off the top of the atmosphere and dissipating too much energy into space, but not so deeply buried that the explosion would be contained. It would make a crater perhaps hundreds of miles in diameter. The yield would be many millions of megatons." On a wall of the museum, near the door, was a picture of two young men with their sleeves rolled up lifting the core of the first bomb out of a 1942 Plymouth, which had carried the device the two hundred miles from Los Alamos to Alamogordo in 1945. It was not much of a load—less than twenty pounds in all. Beside the picture was a framed copy of the front page of the Albuquerque *Tribune* of July 16, 1945. The headline said, "MUNITIONS EXPLODE AT ALAMO DUMP." The story began, "An ammunition magazine exploded early today in a remote area of the Alamogordo Air Base reservation, producing a brilliant flash and blast, which were reported to have been observed as far away as Gallup, two hundred and thirty-five miles northwest."

The symbol of Project Y was the letter Y framed in a circle—an inverted peace sign. A sample of the wax

Don't just make them feel good,
make them feel important.

Give the only vodka imported from Russia.


Genuine Russian Vodka
STOLICHNAYA
IMPORTED FROM THE USSR
Stolichnaya Vodka
4/5 QUART 80 PROOF
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN THE USSR
COOL BEFORE DRINKING
RUSSIAN VODKA
IMPORTED FROM RUSSIA
STOLICHNAYA
80 PROOF
RUSSIAN VODKA
РУССКАЯ ВОДКА

STOLICHNAYA (Stōl-ich-naya) Imported by Monsieur Henri Wines Ltd., New York.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you want your car waiting even when your plane is 2 hours late...

join the Club.

Hertz

The Hertz #1 Club®

MEMBERSHIP CARD

PAUL HOWARD

FOR U.S.A. RESERVATIONS CALL TOLL FREE
800-654-3131

#1 CLUB MEMBERSHIP
#6331912

In this business, no one can make ironclad guarantees about anything. But you'll be delighted to know of this Hertz policy at U.S. airports: even if your plane's 2 hours late, we'll do everything humanly possible to hold that reserved car for you.

We created The Hertz #1 Club because you need rent-a-car problems like a hole in the head.

As a member, you'll have a car preassigned before you even arrive. We believe you'll find no other rent-a-car company can give you better assurance of getting a car.

As a member, you'll step up to the counter and see your name clearly—on a rental agreement form that's already been filled out for you. Just show your license and charge card, sign your name and go.

And our practice is to give every Ford and other fine cars a 12-point safety check each time out.

Your phone reservation will take just seconds...and so will dropping off your car with our express check-in service.

Hertz is the worldwide leader in rent-a-cars. Because of innovations like The Hertz #1 Club. So join now. Anyone can—free. Just call toll free 800-654-3131. Or tell us to enroll you at the Hertz counter. It's that easy to join the Club.

Hertz rents Fords and other fine cars.

The Hertz #1 Club.

© HERTZ SYSTEM INC. 1973

seal by which this symbol was affixed to secret documents is on display in the Science Hall and Museum at Los Alamos, which, like the National Atomic Museum, in Albuquerque, is open to the public. The Los Alamos museum is the more subtle. It includes the skull of a twenty-year-old Indian female who died near Los Alamos around 1580. It includes pictographs, petroglyphs, Indian bowls, tools, axeheads, and the points, or warheads, of obsidian projectiles. It includes Oppenheimer's chair, and a formal requisition in which the United States government was asked to provide a nail on which Oppenheimer could hang his hat. It includes a melted windowpane from Nagasaki and a glasslike rock that was once sand beneath the tower near Alamogordo. I remember Stan Ulam in that museum. He had been wandering along talking to Taylor, and they happened into the museum. Ulam went across a room and opened a door to an interior courtyard. Four bombs were there: a 1961 thermonuclear bomb, eleven feet long; a 1962 gun-type fission bomb, eight feet long; and Little Boy, of Hiroshima, and Fat Man, of Nagasaki. They were not black, as in Albuquerque. They were all painted pure white, up here in Los Alamos, and were dazzling in the light of the sun. Ulam, holding the door open, said, "See there. That is the Grand Guignol."

LUNCHTIME on a bright fall day at the Maryland cabin, Taylor opened a can of beer, took a bite of a ham sandwich, and began to consider what might be done with plutonium. Some people thought plutonium was too difficult to handle and would only frustrate an amateur bombmaker, but he did not agree. Seaborg, a co-discoverer of plutonium, had said, "It would take sophisticated, scientifically literate gangsterism to cope with it," and Taylor had no quarrel with that. True, uranium would be easier to deal with, but, for various reasons, he felt that plutonium was the material more likely to be used in a clandestine bomb. In the first place, a designer of nuclear weapons would select plutonium over uranium in the same way that a cabinetmaker would choose mahogany over yellow pine. The mass of plutonium needed for a sustained chain reaction is a third that of uranium. Plutonium's efficiency in an explosion could be expected to be far greater. A bad bomb made with plutonium might produce more yield than a fair one made with uranium. Moreover, with the coming

Fly/Drive Australia at a down under price.

$683*

AIR FARE INCLUDED

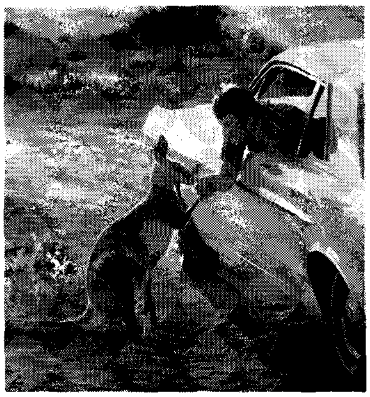
Let's get down to it:

You get your round-trip air fare to Sydney, an airport transfer upon arrival, 10 days' lodging in the Kingsgate Hyatt Hotel, Sydney. And get this: a Hertz Ford Falcon with 500 free miles (14¢ a mile after that).

We even throw in a Get Ready Kit with maps and information to help you get around.

And not only is the price right, the season's right. It's Spring now and Summer is not far behind. Trout fishing is open. Cricket is on. And the Greyhounds are off and running.

We also have other escorted and independent vacation tours to the South Pacific. And we'd like to tell you all about them, too. So give us a call at American Airlines. Or ask your Travel Agent to fill you in. Then fill in the coupon that's down under.



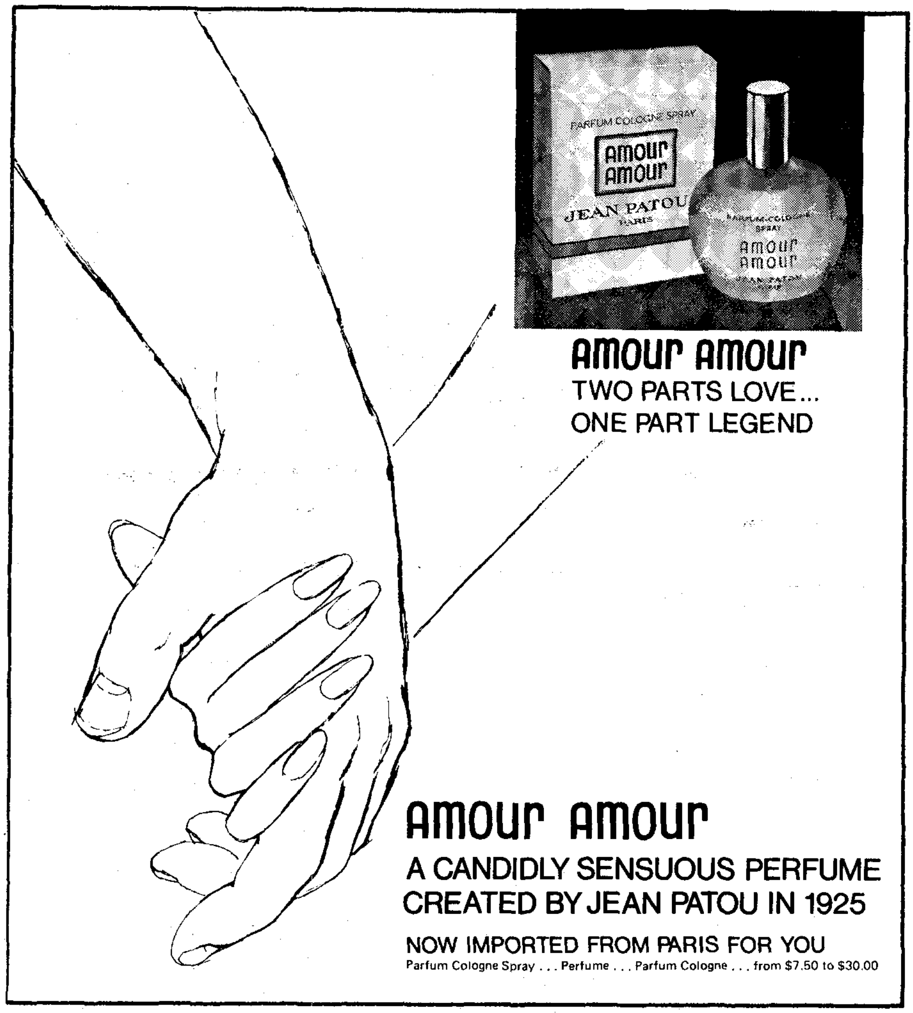
American Airlines, P.O. Box 1000, N.Y.12
Bellmore, New York 11710
Your Fly/Drive sounds like a vacation I can't afford to miss. Please send me your brochure.

Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State_____ Zip_____

*Price is per person based on double occupancy and includes GIT air fare from the West Coast (Saturday departures) based on group of 15. We help you join the group. Higher fares apply if group is not formed.

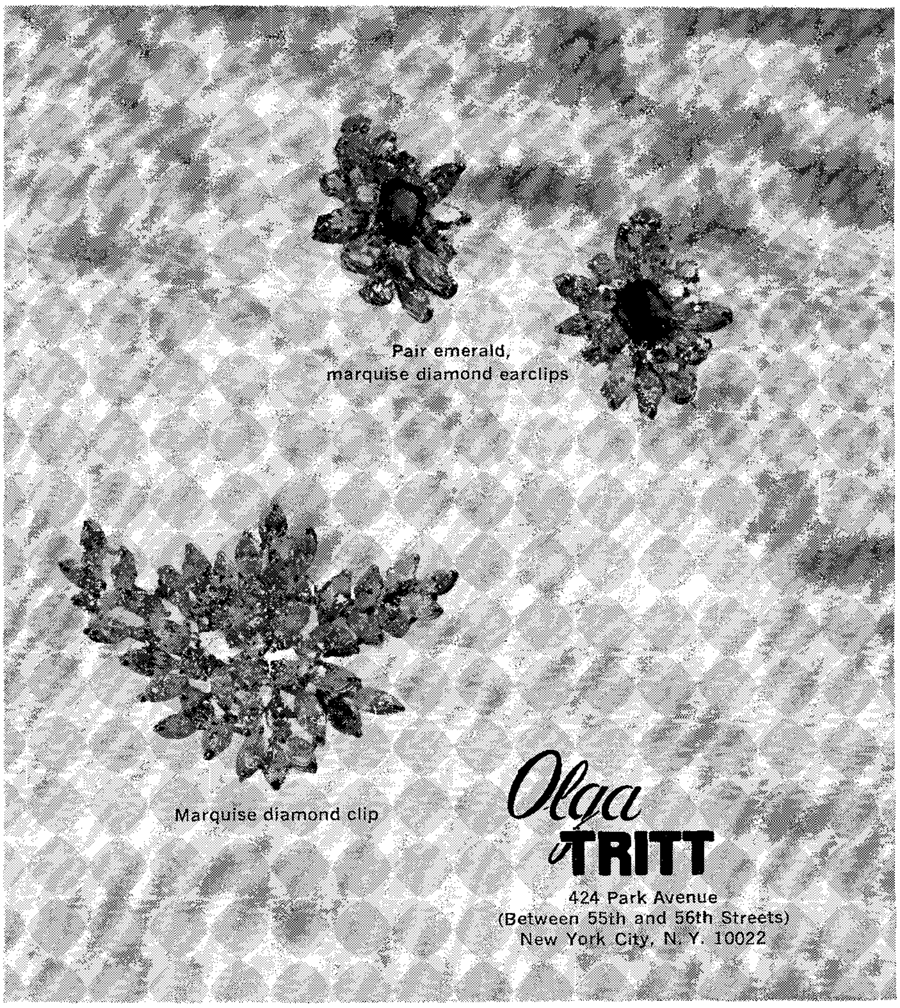
American Airlines
To The Good Life©

"The Good Life" © 1963, Paris Music Co. Inc. Used by permission.



amour amour
TWO PARTS LOVE...
ONE PART LEGEND

amour amour
A CANDIDLY SENSUOUS PERFUME
CREATED BY JEAN PATOU IN 1925
NOW IMPORTED FROM PARIS FOR YOU
Parfum Cologne Spray . . . Perfume . . . Parfum Cologne . . . from $7.50 to $30.00


Pair emerald,
marquise diamond earclips

Marquise diamond clip

Olga Tritt
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York City, N. Y. 10022

of breeder reactors, and with plutonium recycle, plutonium will be, for thievery, by far the more available material.

The process might begin with plutonium nitrate in solution, because that is the form—at present—in which plutonium is generally shipped and stored. In each four-foot flask, which is like a long thermos bottle, is about two and a half kilograms of plutonium, and, even if the bombmaker were not very skilled, only three or four flasks would be enough. Shipments include twenty to thirty flasks. Taylor guessed that a relative amateur, proceeding cautiously, would probably refer to the "Plutonium Handbook" (Gordon & Breach, New York, 1967, two volumes; $81.50), a guide to plutonium technology, and to the "Reactor Handbook" (Wiley, New York, 1960-64, four volumes; $123), which he called a how-to book that contains details of plutonium processing. Plutonium would require equipment on a scale more complicated and expensive than would uranium. The most expensive item needed might be a fifteen-hundred-dollar induction furnace, a device that produces a magnetic field and can heat up to high temperatures anything within it that is resistant to electricity—for example, plutonium. Such furnaces are sold by metallurgical-equipment-and-supply companies. They are also available at Fisher Scientific. A crucible in the ten-dollar range would be needed, too—and, of course, a glove box. The Stainless Equipment Company, in Denver, sells glove boxes for a few hundred dollars apiece, but a wooden one, made at home, would do well enough.

In one particular sense, Taylor said, a person trying to make a plutonium bomb at home today would indeed be imitating the Manhattan Project. Carpentered wooden glove boxes were used at Los Alamos in 1945. The first bomb, the one exploded near Alamogordo, was a plutonium bomb, and it was made at Los Alamos in an old icehouse. The making of the bomb itself was only the last and least onerous of the many tasks of Project Y. Chemists and metallurgists scavenged the country for supportive equipment. Eventually, they got the bomb together in circumstances not importantly different from what someone might do in a private way these days. Taylor said he remembered his friend Dick Baker, a metallurgist, telling him that he had worked weekends fashioning ceramic crucibles with his own hands in preparation for the making of the Alamogordo bomb. (Baker, amplifying the story himself, would tell us at Los Alamos, "Frankly, the only unique thing to the production of an atomic weapon is the fissile material. We developed no great special equipment for the bomb during the war. We just put fissile material with commercial materials. It's not that complicated, if you see what I mean. The early bomb work was something like what might happen in a garage now. For the reflector and so forth, all you need, frankly, is a good machine shop." A slight and gentle person, around sixty, in rimless bifocal glasses, Baker went on to say, "Trained people could work plutonium without getting into a serious health problem. But in order to perform a clandestine operation you don't need to be as conscious of safety as we are at Los Alamos. People are sort of expendable, you know. You could have a bomb that didn't have to be near as refined as the first ones we made here and you'd still have a bomb.")

Taylor mused on, ignoring his beer and his sandwich. This was October in Maryland, not wartime in Los Alamos, but what might happen in a secluded place like this was pretty much what had happened there. The typical way to get metal out of a solution is to add something that makes an insoluble compound with metal. When the compound precipitates, filter it. Add, say, oxalic acid to plutonium nitrate. The precipitate is plutonium oxalate in crystals that hold water. Remove the water with heat. Now you have a cake of anhydrous plutonium oxalate. Now further dry it by running a stream of hydrogen-fluoride gas through a sealed crucible.

"How?"

"Oh, simply enough. Buy some hydrofluoric acid and heat it in a quartz container—ten dollars. Hydrogen-fluoride gas comes off and goes into the crucible through a quartz tube. Anhydrous plutonium oxalate cooked at five hundred degrees centigrade in hydrogen fluoride becomes plutonium fluoride. Do it in batches of a few hundred grams—small enough to avoid going critical. Build up a stockpile of plutonium fluoride. Now line a crucible with magnesium oxide. You mix it with water and make a paste. Form it. Work it. Dry it. It's like clay. This is what Dick Baker did at Los Alamos in 1945. Now get some metallic calcium and crystalline iodine from a chemical-supply house. Put five hundred grams of plutonium fluoride in the crucible. Add a hundred and seventy grams of calcium and fifty grams of iodine. Cover with argon, which is a heavy inert gas. Close the lid. Now

OTB Greenbacks
Galey&Lord

by Rena Rowan of Jones New York in polyester/cotton woven fabrics by Galey & Lord, a division of **Burlington Industries** at Burlington House, N.Y. 10019.

Bauer Goose Down Guarantees You Head-to-Toe Warmth

FOUR-SEASON LIGHTWEIGHT

Light, handsome Goose Down Sportsman's Cap is warm at sub-zero and comfortable at 50° because it "breathes." Crown and turn-down storm flaps are fully insulated. Fabric is tough, long-wearing nylon and cotton. **Sizes:** S(6½-7), M(7⅛-7¼), L(7⅜-7½), XL (7⅝-8). **Colors:** Red, Autumn Tan, Olive, Camouflage. **0138** Sportsman's Cap, **$9.95** ppd.

HEAD-HUGGING FASHION

Our Goose Down Bonnet is sleekly styled to flatter your face, warmly insulated with fluffy Bauer Goose Down to protect your head, ears and neck. Visor keeps snow off your goggles and sun out of your eyes. Colorful, durable Nylon taffeta. **Sizes:** S/M/L. **Colors:** Yellow, Red, Navy, Powder Blue, Sienna Brick, Butterscotch, Dark Green. **0137** Bonnet, **$12.95** postpaid.

WORLD'S WARMEST TRAVELERS

Tuck these Eddie Bauer Goose Down Sox into a travel bag, wear them to bed, enjoy them as slippers or as inner sox for your cold weather footwear. Quilted in soft, long-wearing Nylon taffeta. **Colors:** Red, Winter Blue, Powder Blue, Taupe. **Sizes:** Specify men's or women's shoe size and we will supply proper fit. **0123** Sox, pair **$7.95** ppd.

Order today! Money back guarantee!

Enclosed is my check or money order for $______. (Add sales tax where applicable.)
Please RUSH my order.
☐ 0138 Sportsman's Cap
Size_____Color_____
☐ 0137 Bonnet
Size_____Color_____
☐ 0123 Sox: Men's Size_____
Color_____
Women's Size_____
Color_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____Zip_____
☐ Send me FREE your color catalog of over 1000 exciting outdoor products.

Eddie Bauer®

Dept DNK, 1737 Airport Way S., Seattle, Wa. 98124

heat up the crucible inside an induction furnace to seven hundred and fifty degrees centigrade. At that point, the mixture in the crucible reacts and, in one minute, heats *itself* up to sixteen hundred degrees. The pressure is considerable. In the next ten minutes, the whole thing cools itself to eight hundred degrees. Remember, this is just what they did to make the first bomb. Now remove the crucible from the induction furnace. Let it stand until it comes to room temperature. Open the lid. Metallic plutonium is in there with some calcium-iodine junk. Use nitric acid to wash off the iodine flakes and the calcium-fluoride salt. What you have left is a small lump of plutonium. You can hold it in your hand. It won't hurt you. It feels a little warm, from alpha decay."

Taylor fell silent for a while, and there was no sound but some wind in the turning leaves. Finally, he said, "Of course, you could just boil away the water, get plutonium-nitrate crystals, and make a bomb out of the crystals. It would not be much of a bomb—only a tenth of a kiloton, say—but that's enough to knock down the World Trade Center. When recycle comes in, the reactor-fuel rods will probably contain mixed uranium and plutonium oxides. The uranium would be only slightly enriched and not usable in a bomb, but the plutonium would be. There is good, better, and worse, but there is no nonweapons-grade plutonium involved in the nuclear industry. Mixed uranium and plutonium oxides can be separated chemically. It's not a difficult thing to do, but you'd better be pretty careful, because plutonium is so poisonous. You would add nitric acid to put the pellets into solution. Then add oxalic acid. The plutonium forms plutonium oxalate. The uranium remains in solution, because it does not combine with oxalic acid. So you filter out the plutonium oxalate with filter paper. Now you are where you were when you had plutonium oxalate before—and you proceed to make metal. Or you can heat up the plutonium oxalate in a furnace to a thousand degrees centigrade, and you get plutonium oxide, which is weapons material in itself, although less efficient. When plutonium recycle really gets going, incidentally, this stuff—plutonium oxide, out of which bombs can be made directly, without any chemical processing—will exist in huge quantities all over the country, both in transit and in storage." The afternoon by now was well along. Taylor's beer remained open but untouched. He had taken two bites out of his sandwich.

A BOEING 707 banked in the sky above us, flashed in the sunlight, squirted hydrocarbons, and lowered its flaps for Dulles. Taylor watched it go out of sight over the hill behind the cabin. Minutes later, the raw smell of jet fuel fell into the air around us—all over the woodland and the valley stream, incongruous in place if not in time. The smell was the same as from the lantern fuel inside the cabin. Taylor seemed to be working numbers in his head. After a time, he said, "It took ten million kilowatt-hours of electricity to make that airplane. It also takes a great amount of energy just to keep it up in the air. When you stop and think about it, it doesn't make any sense to fly." He said he would like to explode his way across the United States deep underground, making with nuclear bombs a tunnel from New York to San Francisco in which vacuum-tube trains would move as fast as that nonsensical jet. Such trains would be cheap to run and would have no effect on the biosphere.

"Yes, and Pittsburgh, Chicago, Omaha, and Denver would fall into your holes in the ground," I said.

"Oh, my goodness, no," he said. "You don't just gouge out one cavern after another in the rock. You shape the charge."

He paused, and his gaze went into the middle distance and rested on a meander in the brook. "Suppose a deer were standing over there and you were hunting it," he went on. "You could kill it with a bomb that weighed many pounds. Or you could kill it with a bullet that weighed a few grams, if you knew how to direct the bullet. A nuclear explosion is not completely symmetric. Its asymmetries can be enhanced by rearranging the way the thing is put together. Various kinds of energy come out in the explosion. You can, if you want to, concentrate energy of a particular sort in a particular direction. You can, in effect, fire it like a bullet.

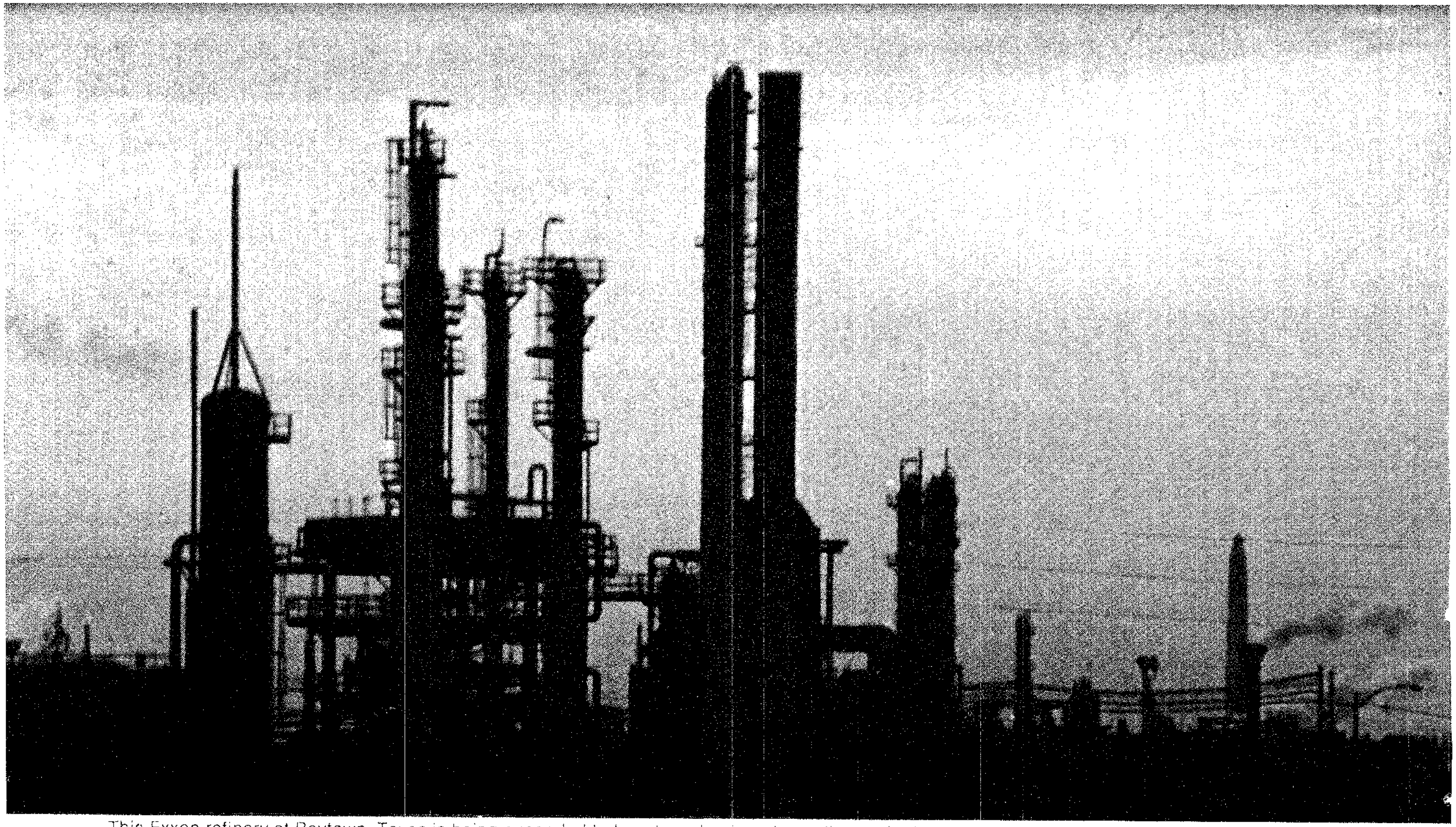
"You could perform an experiment with TNT that would show you just what I mean. Set five pounds of TNT next to a huge block of steel. Explode the TNT. It will make a quarter-inch dent, maybe not even that much, in the steel. Now take another five pounds of TNT and form it into the shape of a C about six inches high. Line the inside of the C with tungsten, or any dense metal, and set the thing back

We'd like you to know

"World energy relationships are now at a turning point. The earth is not running out of potential sources of energy, but it will take a major effort and considerable lead time to develop resources to meet our future needs."

J. K. Jamieson, Chairman
Exxon Corporation

EXXON



This Exxon refinery at Baytown, Texas is being expanded to boost production of gasoline and other products by 13 million gallons a day. Smaller expansion programs will take place at several of Exxon's other refineries in the United States and abroad.

Almost every American is aware that our country is facing a serious energy problem. But the fact is, the problem is not ours alone—it involves the entire world.

It is not easy to explain in brief how the situation came about. Complex factors are involved—ranging from increasing consumption to disappointing discoveries to environmental considerations to world political relationships. And solutions are not around the corner.

One thing is sure. The earth is not running out of potential sources of energy. But it will take a major effort and considerable lead time to develop resources to meet future needs.

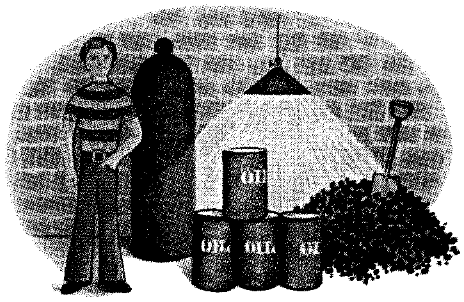
On the following pages we review the energy situation, and tell what Exxon is doing both short-term and long-term to meet the needs of its customers.

We need all the energy we can get.

Looking first at the current supply-demand situation in the United States, it is clear that this country needs all the energy it can get from all available sources.

Exxon has responded to the immediate need by producing domestic crude oil at maximum efficient capacity. We have increased imports of crude oil and petroleum products, and have kept our refineries running at an all-out pace.

Exxon has a major refinery expansion program under way that will increase Exxon's U.S. capacity by almost 15 million gallons a day, or about 30 percent. A small part of the increase will be available soon, and the full amount by 1976.



Every day the average man, woman and child in the U.S. uses nearly four gallons of oil, 300 cubic feet of natural gas, 15 pounds of coal and smaller amounts of other energy. This is substantially more than the average of other industrial countries and eight times as much as the world average.

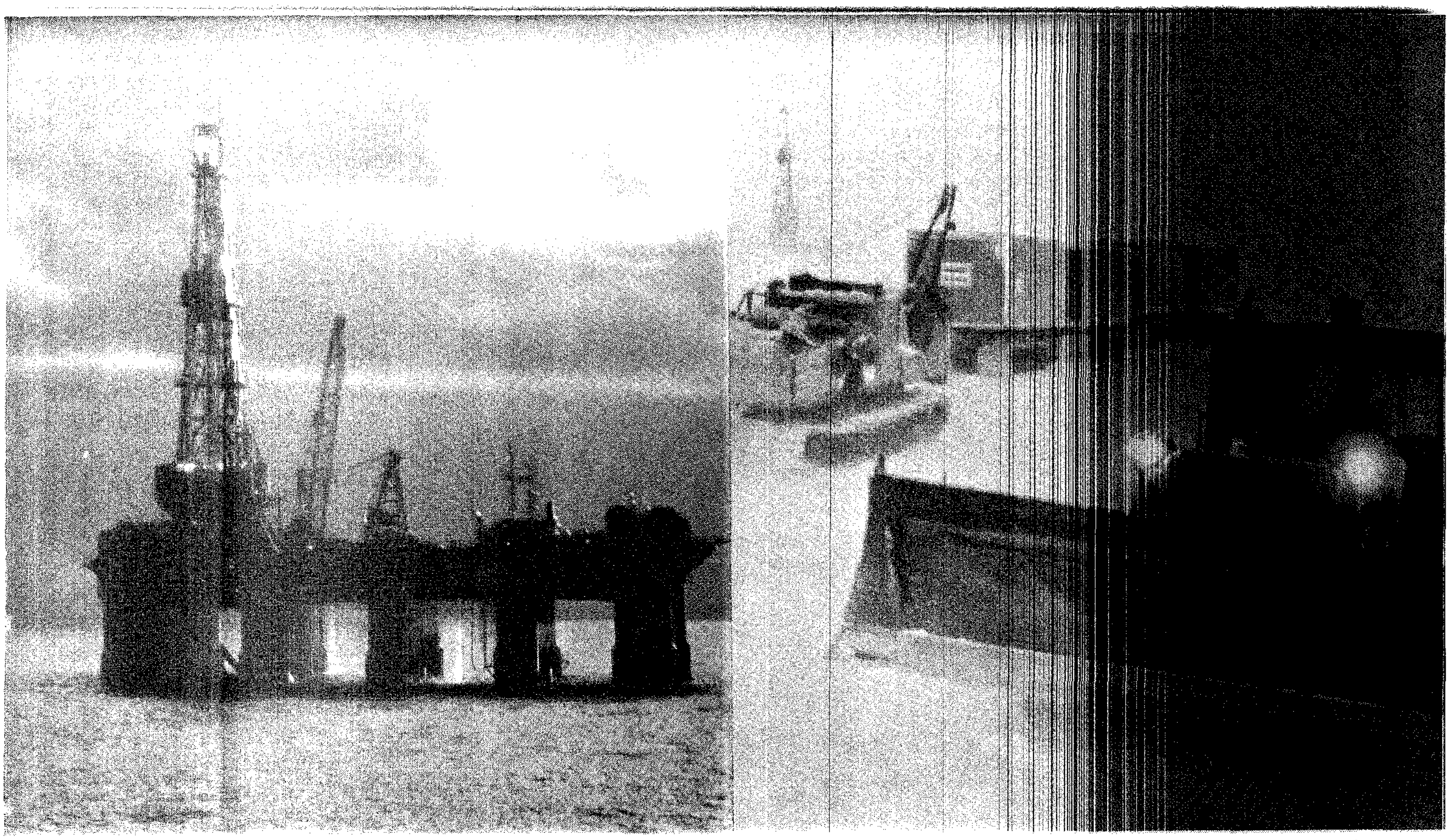
Until new domestic refining capacity is brought on stream, substantial volumes of imported petroleum products will be required to meet the needs of U.S. consumers. Even with the refinery expansions that Exxon and others have so far announced, it is not certain that the rapidly increasing demand anticipated for the next few years can be satisfied.

Raising U.S. refinery capacity to adequate levels on a basis that satisfies environmental requirements will not in itself end U.S. energy supply problems. Worldwide, crude oil supplies will be tight in relation to the high demand now forecast.

Demand rising 7% a year.

Oil and gas now account for about 65 percent of total world energy consumption, and their relative position is still increasing. Supplies of other fuels have not grown as fast as energy demand, and oil has been called upon to make up the difference. As a result, world petroleum demand, now rising at an annual rate of about 7 percent, could double by 1985.

EXXON



[illegible] ies [illegible] temperature may plummet to minus 60°
[illegible] from the Slope is expected to total
[illegible] gallons) of oil a day.

The United States will remain the largest oil-consuming country during this period and will become increasingly dependent on imported oil. Discoveries in the U.S. have not kept up with consumption for some time, and production is now actually declining.

An enormous goal.

Present and future demand for oil is massive. To meet the expected growth, the industry would have to add about 4 *million barrels* a day of producing capacity each year. To produce this much oil, the industry would have to find about 20 billion barrels a year—the equivalent of two fields the size of Alaska's Prudhoe Bay. By 1980, the required amount could be 30 billion barrels a year.

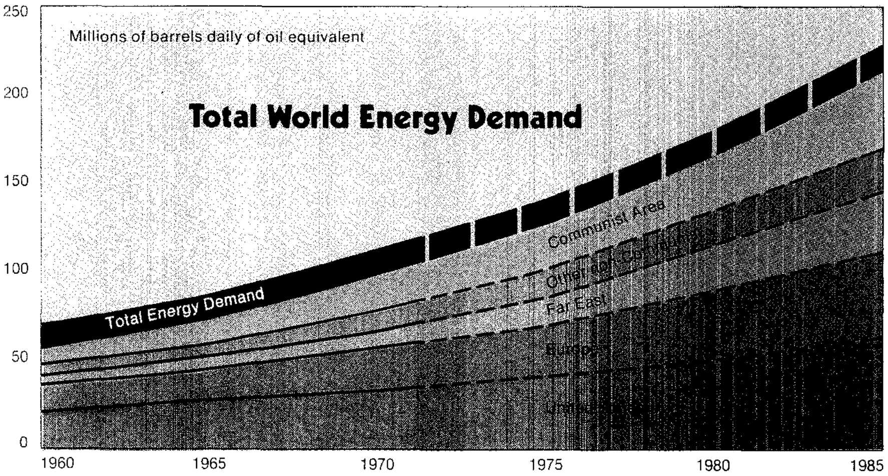
The physical and financial challenge of finding and producing this much new oil each year is enormous.

At the present time, about two-thirds of the world's known oil reserves are in the Middle East and North Africa. About half of total reserves are in the countries bordering the Persian—or Arabian—Gulf.

Despite the fact that significant recent discoveries have been made in the North Sea and other areas, they are small in relation to demand. Therefore the world will necessarily be dependent on the Middle East for an increasing share of its oil supplies for some years to come. Raising Middle East production at an adequate rate will require an all-out effort.

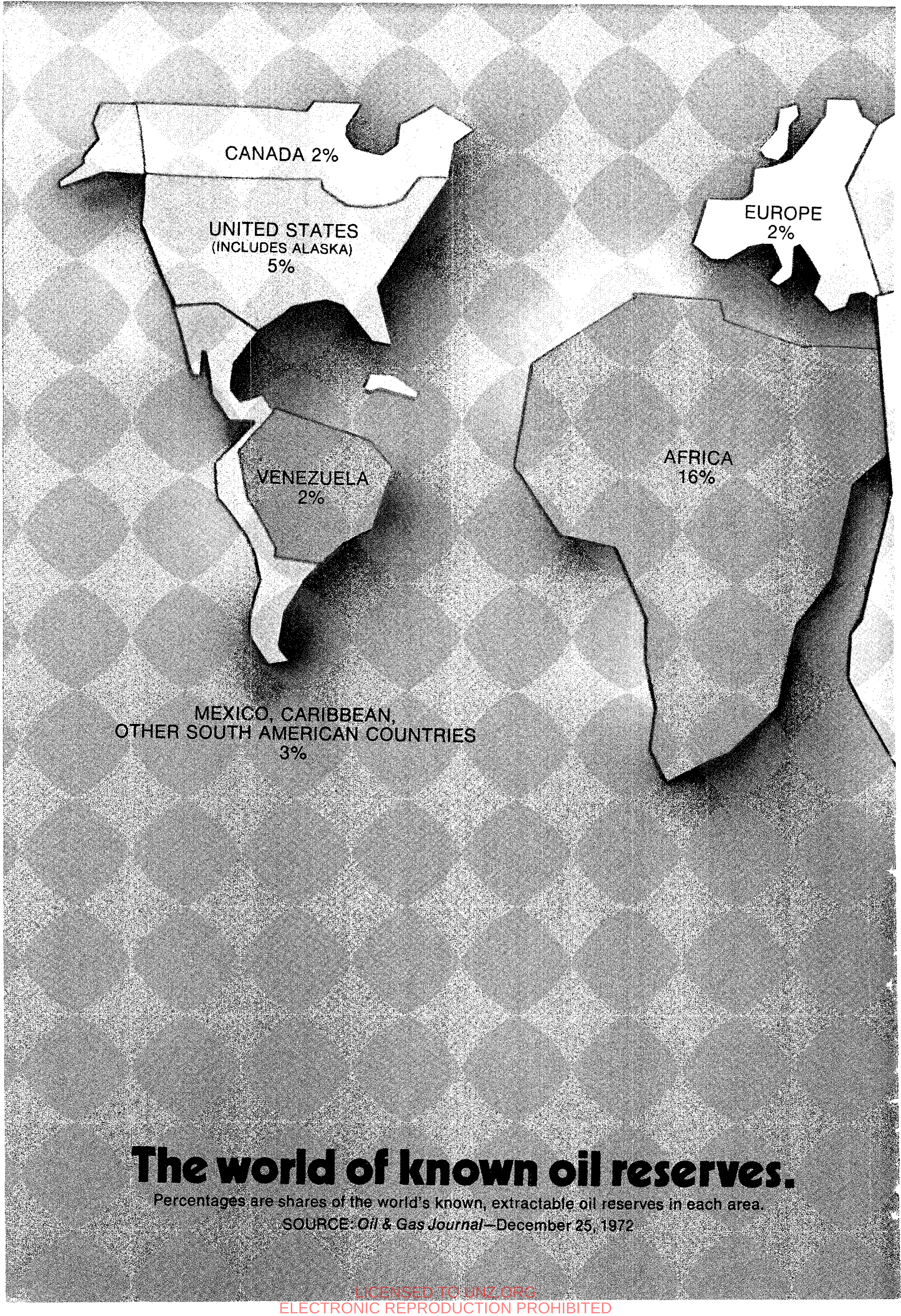
Even Middle East supplies are not limitless, and Middle East governments can be expected to watch closely the rate at which their resources are depleted. Furthermore, continued expansion in the Middle East could be affected by the concern of some Middle Eastern countries over their ability to invest additional income gained from increased oil production.

It is important then to continue our efforts to find oil in all parts of the world. Although the industry



Demand has been growing steadily. Assuming no significant limitations in available supply, the outlook is for sustained growth, almost doubling world consumption by 1985.

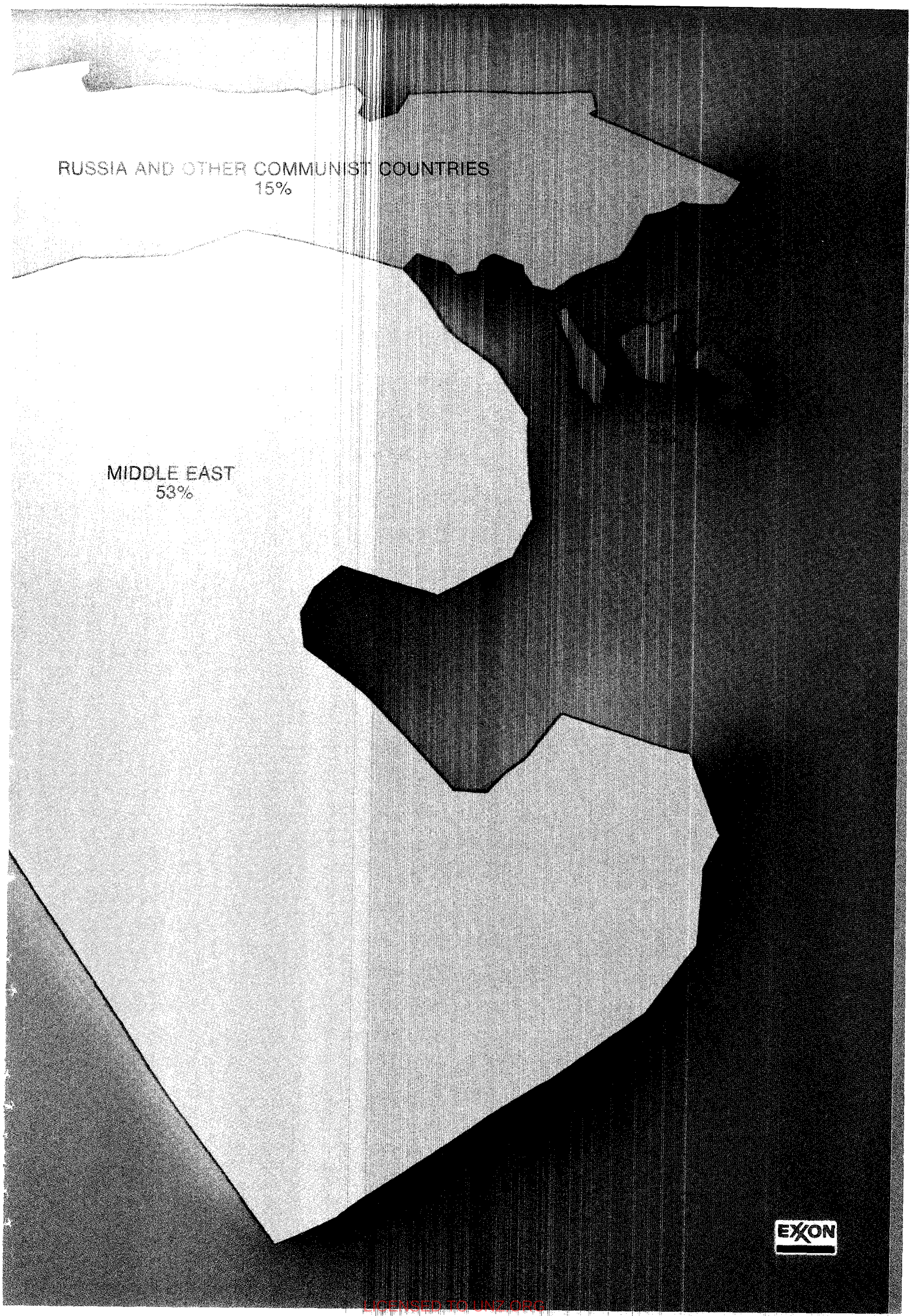
EXXON

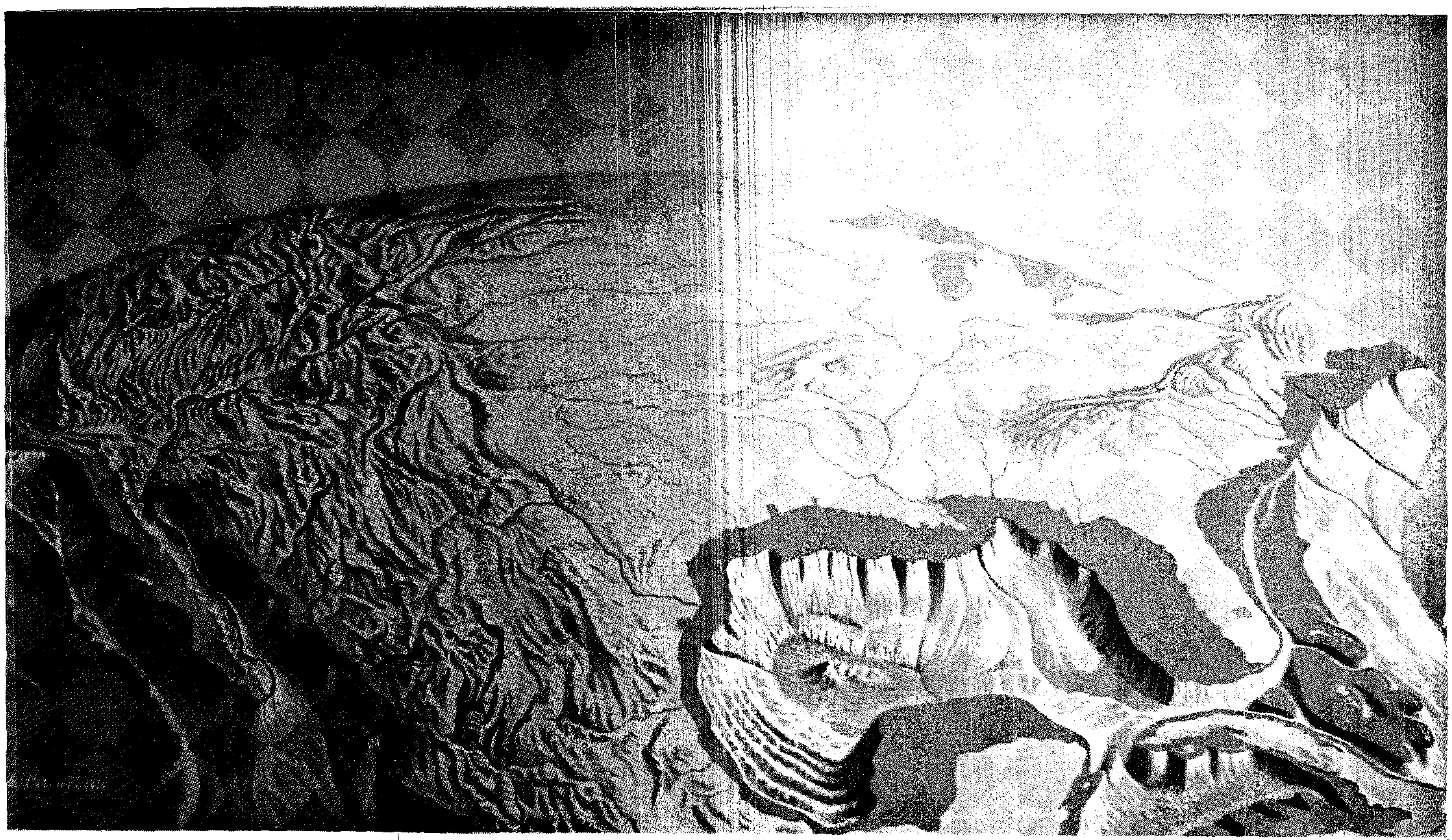

CANADA 2%
UNITED STATES
(INCLUDES ALASKA)
5%
EUROPE
2%
VENEZUELA
2%
AFRICA
16%
MEXICO, CARIBBEAN,
OTHER SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRIES
3%

The world of known oil reserves.

Percentages are shares of the world's known, extractable oil reserves in each area.

SOURCE: *Oil & Gas Journal*—December 25, 1972


RUSSIA AND OTHER COMMUNIST COUNTRIES
15%
MIDDLE EAST
53%
EXXON



Extending beyond U.S. shores is an enormous undersea ledge called the continental shelf. This land mass is rich in oil and natural gas deposits. Some geologists estimate there may be nearly as much oil under this shelf as has ever been found onshore in the history of the U.S. To date there has been active exploration and production only off the coasts of Louisiana, Texas and California.

may find itself with a modest surplus from time to time, consumers will probably have to live with the fact that surges in demand, delays in planned oil-producing capacity, unexpected restrictions by governments of producing countries, or any other major supply disruption could lead to shortages in the U.S. and other world markets.

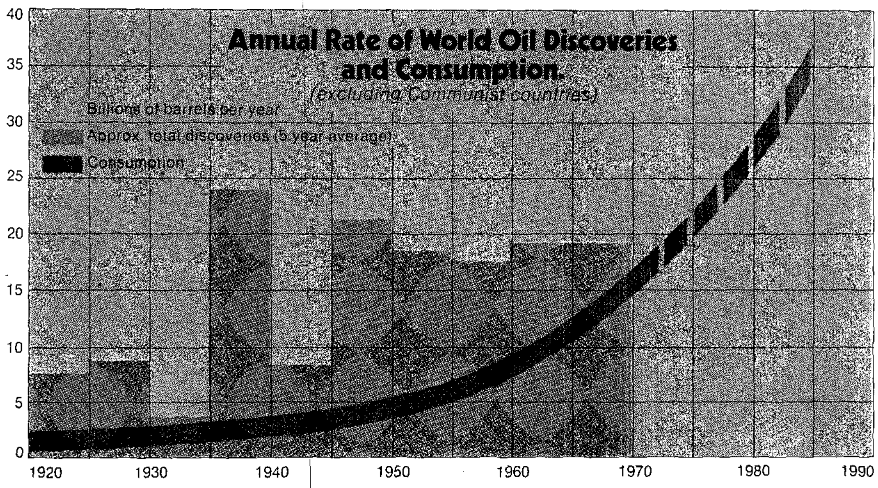
Why it's harder to find oil.

The effort to find new oil has been accelerating in recent years, but it's not as easy as it used to be. Our industry has to search in increasingly difficult environments such as the Arctic and North Sea.

Despite the industry's best efforts, oil findings (See chart below) have held at a fairly constant rate in recent years.

The very large fields of the Middle East represent discoveries whose size is unmatched in the history of oil. It is hard to foresee any other prospective area that could make such a contribution in the future.

It would thus seem imprudent to plan the world's energy supplies on the assumption that it would be possible to accelerate discoveries of crude oil to parallel the rising consumption. Even if demand growth is moderated—as we believe it must be—we need to face the fact that the world's conventional oil resources will not indefinitely support increases in production.



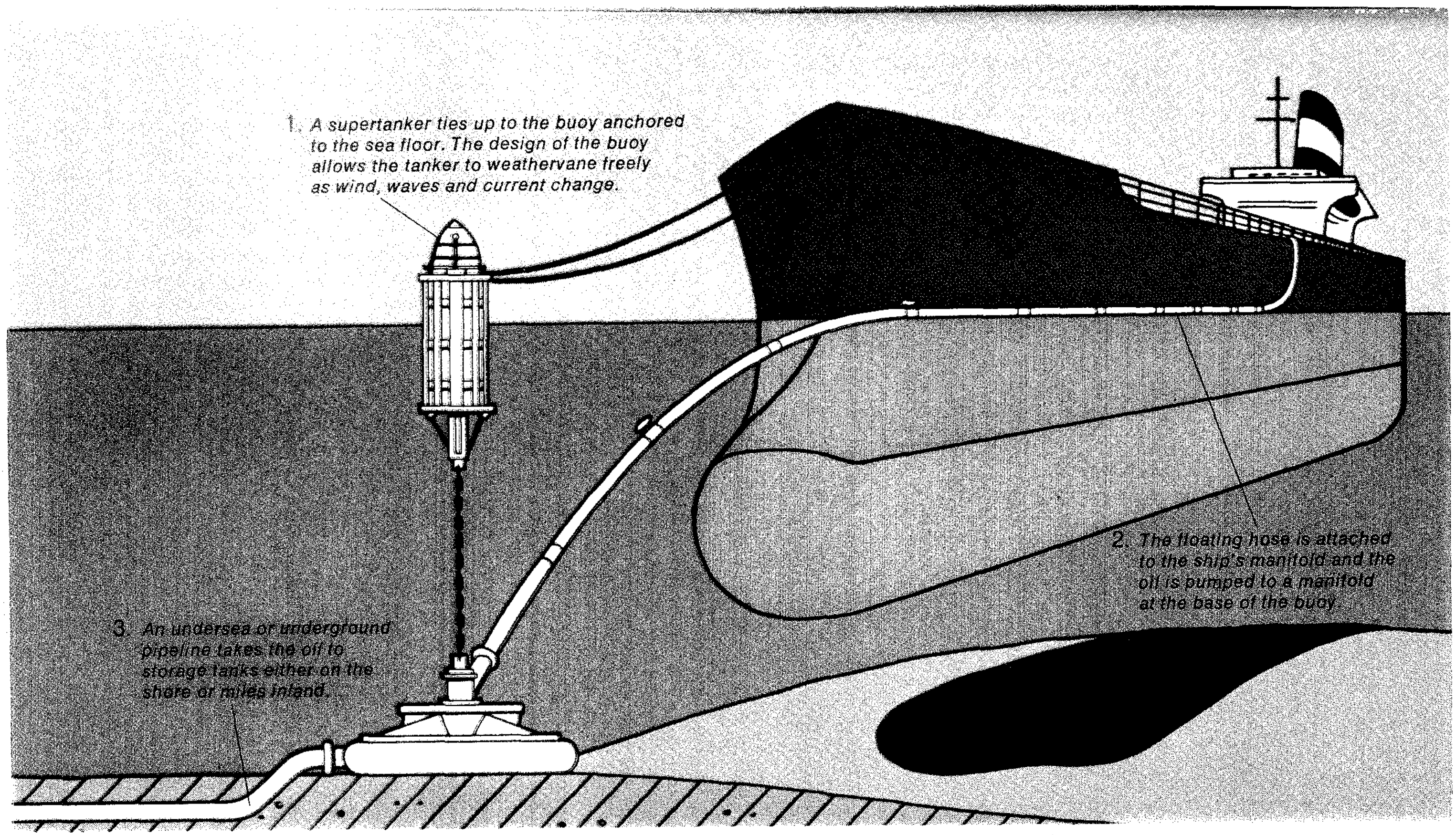
Oil discoveries until now have exceeded consumption. Most experts agree that future discoveries are unlikely to keep pace with consumption.

Two important things we must all do.

To prepare for such a situation, and for an orderly transition into a new energy era, every consuming nation must create a political and economic environment that will encourage energy conservation and speed the development of other conventional and nonconventional energy sources.

The U.S. has wider choices than many other nations because of the scale of our basic energy resources. We have such options as these:

EXXON


1. A supertanker ties up to the buoy anchored to the sea floor. The design of the buoy allows the tanker to weathervane freely as wind, waves and current change.
2. The floating hose is attached to the ship's manifold and the oil is pumped to a manifold at the base of the buoy.
3. An undersea or underground pipeline takes the oil to storage tanks either on the shore or miles inland.

A deepwater terminal allows supertankers to load or unload miles from shore. There are over 100 deepwater terminals around the world. They permit countries that have no deepwater ports to take advantage of the economies of supertankers. Because the U.S. has no deepwater ports, this system is being proposed for sections of the East and Gulf Coasts.

- Use more coal, both directly and as a source of synthetic oil and gas. America has perhaps a third of the world's coal supply.
- Speed the pace of nuclear power plant construction. Increase research on more advanced nuclear technology and the direct recovery of solar energy.
- Implement government programs to advance the commercial development of shale oil. Large deposits exist, but there are long-term technological and environmental problems to be solved.
- Reduce gasoline consumption through the use of lighter, more efficient automobiles; car pools; better vehicle operation and maintenance; and auto emission controls and other devices designed with fuel economy in mind.
- Improve rail and bus systems for short to moderate length interurban transportation, to provide a better balance with auto and air travel.
- Rewrite residential and commercial building standards to save energy used for heating, air conditioning and lighting.
- Develop new ways to generate power more efficiently, controlling air pollution and energy consumption at the same time.
- Resolve conflicts between environmental goals and energy resource development through appropriate government processes.

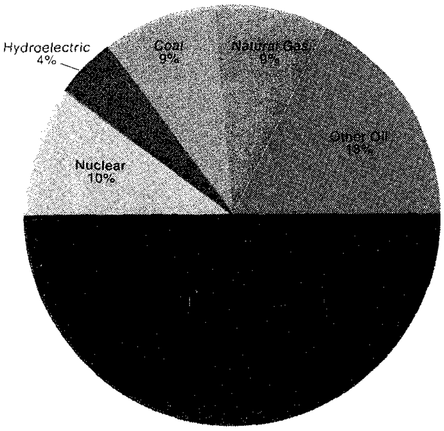
There is no time to waste if the United States and other major energy-consuming countries are to adjust to the changed situation that lies ahead. Government leadership will be essential in setting goals and policies. In the United States a start on an energy program has been made.

In this context, the President has directed the council on Environmental Quality to prepare within one year environmental impact statements for exploration and development in the Atlantic and Gulf of Alaska outer continental shelf areas. This is a useful step even though significant production cannot be obtained from these areas in this decade.

This country also needs deepwater terminals to handle—with greater safety and efficiency than existing facilities—increasing amounts of imported crude and heavy fuel oil.

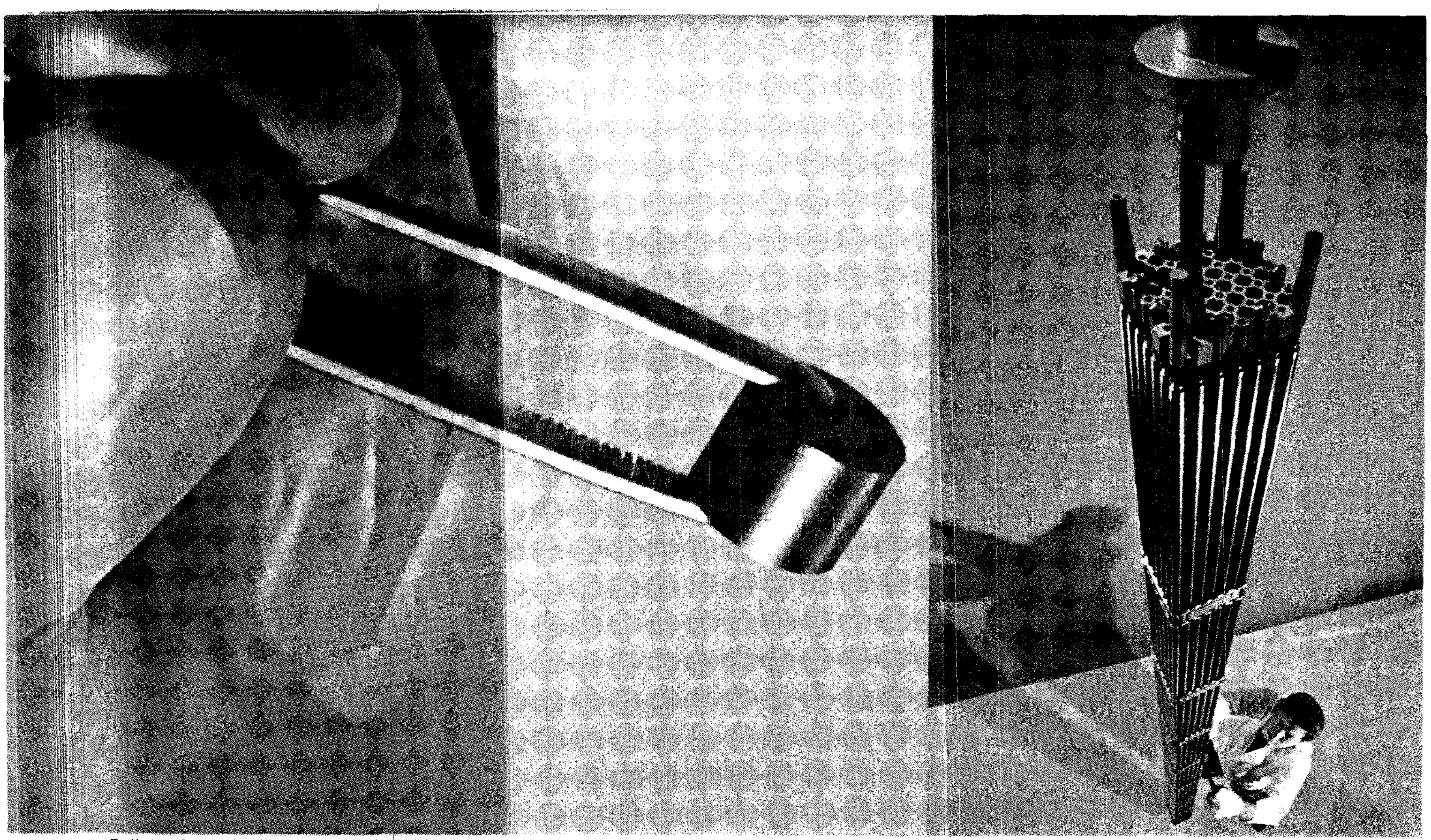
It may be necessary for both American industry and citizens to alter some of the ways they work and live.

In our desire to achieve rapid economic growth and higher standards of living, we Americans have been prodigal with resources that



Where the increase in the non-Communist world's energy supply might come from between now and 1976

These figures reflect economic, safety and environmental restrictions on the production and use of coal; reserve and transportation limitations on natural gas; and continued delays in nuclear power development.



Pellets of enriched uranium (left) and fuel assemblies (right) are made by Exxon Nuclear Company. The pellets are inserted into rods, and the rods are grouped to form assemblies which make up the core or "furnace" of a nuclear reactor. An assembly, like the one shown, can generate enough electricity to run 16,000 average homes a year.

once seemed limitless. Recent developments have made us all more conscious that energy resources, as well as air, water and usable space, are finite.

With new attitudes on these matters, it should be possible to achieve coordinated goals and a balanced, more satisfying way of life—without having to choose between running out of fuel or running out of clean air and water.

What Exxon is doing today for tomorrow.

We have already pointed out what Exxon is doing to increase its output of gasoline and other products for the next several years. Our efforts are also directed at developing alternate forms of energy and synthetic energy sources for the future. To highlight a few of those efforts:

■ Exxon is exploring for uranium in the U.S. and abroad. From our mine in Wyoming, we are extracting 2800 tons of uranium ore a day.

Exxon Nuclear Company is a major supplier of uranium and plutonium fission reactor fuels. We are providing finished fuel and services to ten nuclear plants in the U.S. and to three in Europe.

■ To date we have invested over $20 million in research aimed at converting coal into synthetic fuels. One process turns coal into a gas which can be upgraded to a fuel comparable to natural gas. Work at our pilot plant indicates that this process may be less complex and less expensive than other gasification processes being developed.

Another Exxon process turns coal into low-sulfur fuel oil or synthetic crude oil. This may be applicable to low- and high-sulfur coal.

It will take several years and over $150 million in development costs before either Exxon process is available for commercial use.

■ Exxon is also developing processes that would allow utility companies to use the high-sulfur coal that our country has in abundance. When high-sulfur coal is burned today, it produces sulfur oxides which can pollute our air.

One process, being developed for the U.S. Government, would reduce the formation of sulfur oxides as the coal is burned. The other process, being developed with a major power plant builder and several electric utilities, would remove most sulfur oxides from the flue gas —after combustion but before the gas escapes from the stack.

Again, both processes look promising, and one of them—flue gas desulfurization—is ready to be demonstrated commercially.

These are some of the things Exxon is doing to help expand our nation's energy supplies. We will continue to work on new energy technology and look for more efficient systems for the use of energy.

And we will be cooperating fully with the government and the public in this country, and in all the countries in which we do business, to help build a better economic and human environment.

EXXON

We'd like you to know.

If you would like more information, write: Energy, Exxon Corporation, 1251 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020 about three feet with the opening in the C facing the steel. Detonate it. A projectile of liquid tungsten will cut a hole half an inch in diameter two feet into the steel. It would go fifteen feet into a wall of rock. It's exactly like a straw in a tornado being driven through a telephone pole or the roof of a house. A one-kiloton fission device, shaped properly, could make a hole ten feet in diameter a thousand feet into solid rock. And the reason such a tunnel hasn't been dug by now is that the American engineering community is essentially conservative as hell.

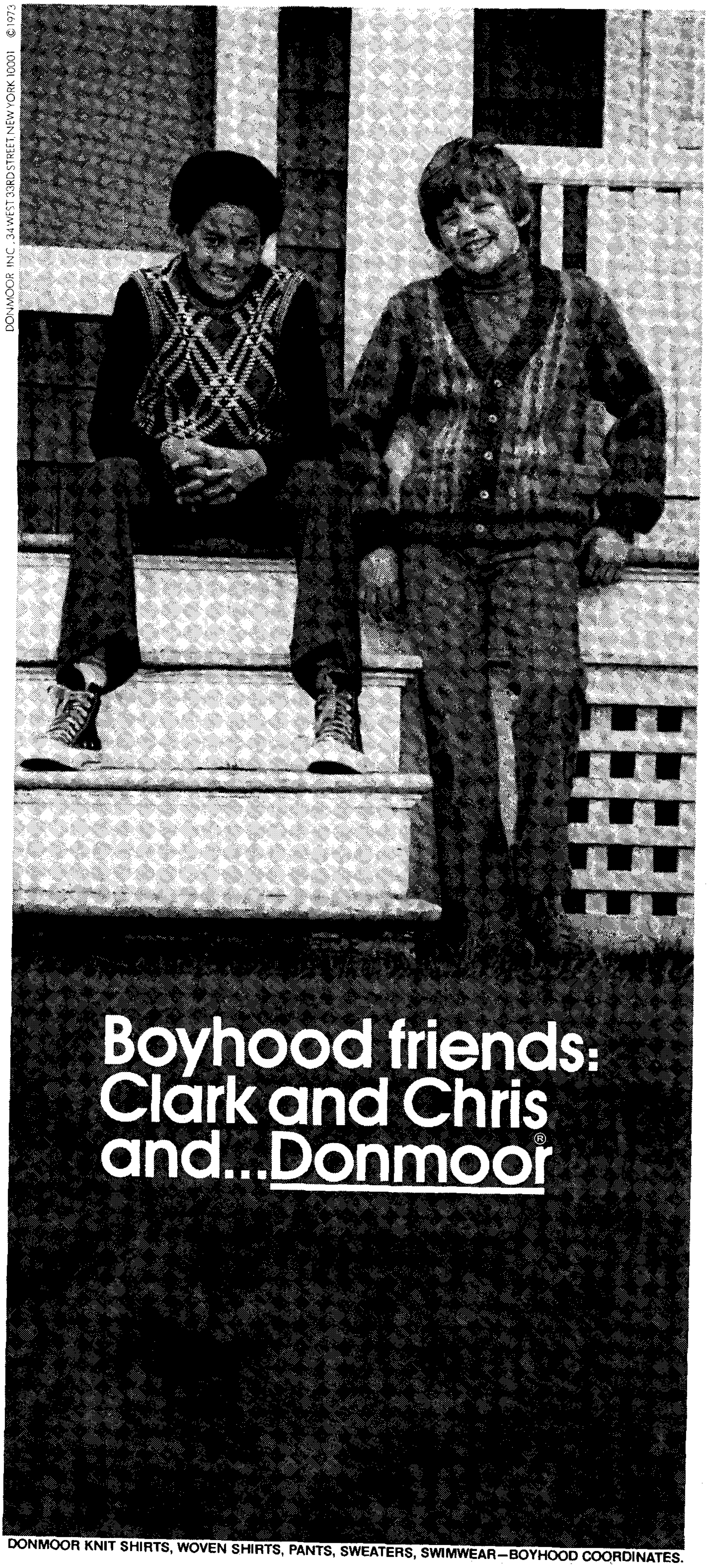
"A great variety of things, many forms of energy, come out of a nuclear explosion—gamma rays, alpha particles, neutrons, X rays, visible light, radio frequencies, radar frequencies. To some extent—and in all cases, to an important extent—you can select what to enhance and what to suppress. The relative amounts and directions can be controlled over very wide ranges. There are so many things you can do—through conceptual design. If you want a bomb that spews out nothing but green paint, you can do that."

Ted said he would admit to a pure fascination with nuclear explosions, a fascination wholly on an intellectual plane, disjunct from practical application. Down the years, it had been a matter of considerable anguish to him to live with the irony that what he thought was the worst invention in physical history was also the most interesting. He said he had been hopelessly drawn to the spectacular and destructive potentialities of plutonium, even from the first moment he had ever heard its name, and to the binding energy that comes out of the nucleus and goes into the fireball, even before he could come to grasp the stunning numbers that describe it.

A proton on its own, free, weighs more than it does when it is inside an atomic nucleus. The same is true of a neutron. The difference in weight is extraordinarily small—in each case, a few octillionths of a gram—but a difference is there. How could something that is indivisible, a fundamental block in the construction of matter, have more weight in one situation and less in another? Several centuries of physical science indicated that this could never be, because it was a law of physics that matter could not be annihilated but could only be changed into other forms of matter. What, then, happens to the few octillionths of a gram of a neutron or a proton when it gets inside a nucleus? Why the slight loss in weight?

A law concomitant to the law of the

DONMOOR INC. 34 WEST 33RD STREET, NEW YORK 10001 ©1973



DONMOOR KNIT SHIRTS, WOVEN SHIRTS, PANTS, SWEATERS, SWIMWEAR—BOYHOOD COORDINATES.

A billfold called "The Phantom"

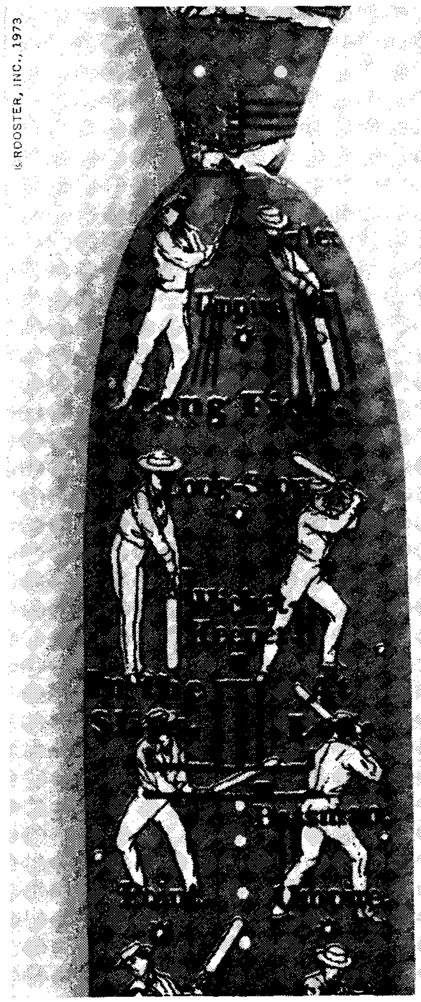
Men's billfolds have grown progressively thinner. Mark Cross, a pioneer in the skinny wallet movement, now offers the ultimate development—a billfold so thin as to be hardly more than a ghost: in short, The Phantom. Very sleek, with seven compartments and two credit card holders. In suave black calf with silk lining, $30.

Add sales tax where applicable and $.80 for handling outside our delivery area.

MARK CROSS

Fifth Avenue at 55th Street, New York 10022 (212) 421-3000

Atlanta • Bal Harbour • Beverly Hills • Chevy Chase • Houston • San Francisco • Troy, Michigan



© ROOSTER, INC., 1973.

The Shape of Today.

Rooster meets it fair and square. Employs the fine art of gamesmanship in a holiday collection gifted with sporting ideas.

Like our British inspired hand screen printed Cricket, Crew and Rugby motifs. Good show at very good stores. $4.50

rooster

ROOSTER, INC., 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK

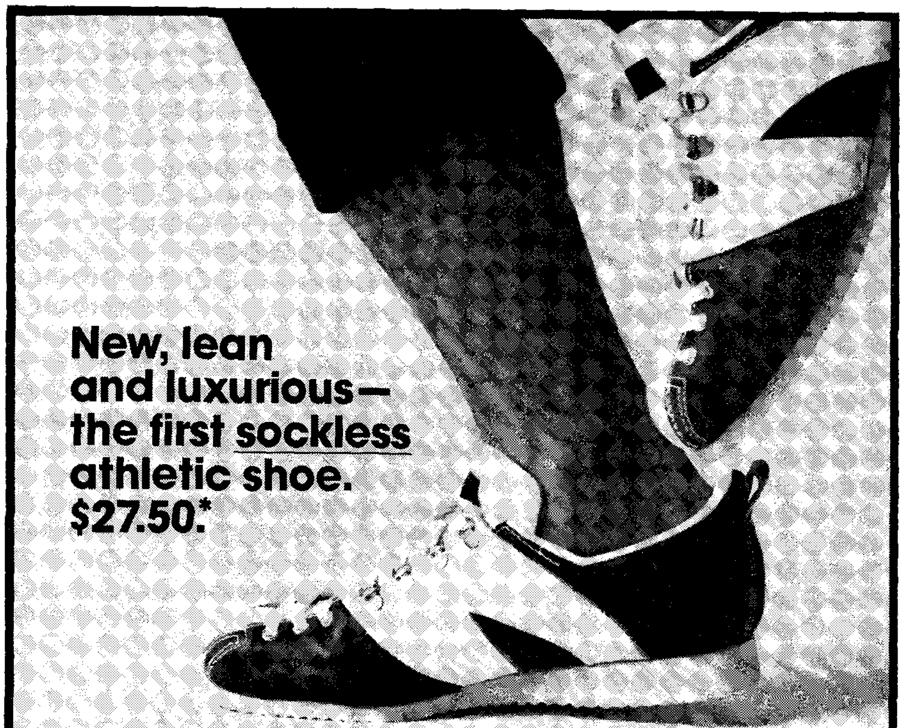
conservation of matter had been the law of the conservation of energy. It was believed that energy could never be lost, either—that it could only turn into other forms of energy. Relativity theory, coming around the turn of the twentieth century, suggested that these two laws were independently incomplete, that energy could in fact turn into matter, and that matter could turn into energy. What has happened to the neutrons and protons losing weight in the nucleus is that a minute part of each of them has turned from matter into energy. This energy is equivalent to the strength of the forces that bind the parts of the atomic nucleus together—hold the protons and neutrons in there as a unit. Hence, it is known as binding energy. The first measurements of the binding energies of all known elements showed a remarkable curve. From the lightest elements upward, binding energies grew generally stronger and stronger, until—somewhere in the region of cobalt, nickel, and copper—they reached a peak. Binding energies then were seen to grow weaker and weaker as the elements progressed in weight toward uranium. This graph became known as the curve of binding energy. It suggested this: If an atom of a very heavy element, with a couple of hundred protons and neutrons in its nucleus, were to be split apart, the protons and neutrons would convert mass into energy as they formed other elements higher on the curve. Uranium-235 breaking apart, for example, might become tin and molybdenum, and the uranium's two hundred and thirty-five protons and neutrons would busily create energy while giving up mass. The same sort of thing should happen at the other end of the curve if the atoms of two very light elements, instead of being pulled apart, were pushed together. If two hydrogen isotopes were pushed together to make helium, the protons and neutrons would have to shrink a little, and in so doing release energy. As Henry D. Smyth would eventually write in "Atomic Energy for Military Purposes," "Any nuclear reaction where the particles in the resultant nuclei are more strongly bound than the particles in the initial nuclei will release energy." The amount of difference in particle weights was so nearly infinitesimal that it might be hard to imagine a great deal of energy being created in the processes described. It had been Einstein's suggestion that the energy would be equal to the mass that disappeared multiplied by the square of the velocity of light. The velocity of light is about a hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second, and the square of that is thirty-four billion five hundred and ninety-six million. Thus, the loss of weight in a proton or a neutron might be almost nothing, but to get a sense of the amount of energy derived from the annihilation of such a small amount of matter one would multiply by an extremely large number. If the mass-energy change were to happen to many atoms all at once, the result would be an amazing explosion. A bomb might be made by disintegrating, or fissioning, uranium. A fusion bomb could conceivably be made by forcing lightweight atoms together at thermonuclear temperatures. By the time all this had been theoretically established, it was 1939, and a most sensitive question was: Who would be the first to achieve a military application of the new knowledge? Einstein felt that it was his duty to send to President Roosevelt a letter telling of the possibility of a nuclear bomb and predicting that "a single bomb of this type, carried by boat or exploded in a port, might very well destroy the whole port together with some of the surrounding territory." The letter went on to say that "such bombs might very well prove to be too heavy for transportation by air." The bomb that was exploded near Alamogordo on July 16, 1945, was called Trinity. Its core was designed by a man named Christy. The name of the exact place where it was detonated was Jornada del Muerto, the Journey of Death.

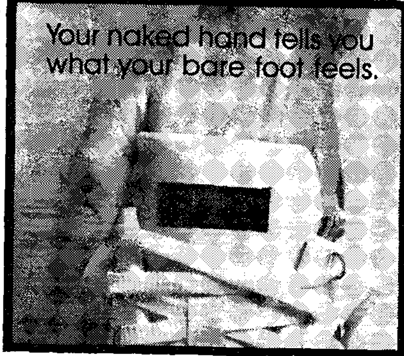
"My memory has never been very good," Taylor said, "and it is getting detectably worse. There was a time when I could remember all the numbers for every bomb, from Trinity up to the moment."

I asked how many numbers.

"Oh, the yield, the diameter, the mass of the high explosive, the mass of the reflector, the mass of the core, the initial radius of the core, and the alpha, which is one divided by the neutron-generation time."

He said that Carson Mark had once pointed out to him a number, a fact, that brought with it the most astonishing realization he had ever experienced in physics. It had to do with binding energy, and it was that when Fat Man exploded over Nagasaki the amount of matter that changed into energy and destroyed the city was one gram—a third the weight of a penny. A number of kilograms of plutonium were in the bomb, but the amount that actually released its binding energy and created the fireball was one





New, lean and luxurious—the first sockless athletic shoe. $27.50*

No stripes, no decorations—just fine, prime leathers inside and out, shaped to work with your foot, not against it.

We took three years developing a unique athletic shoe so different it's functionally sockless. We believe it's the first to be built literally from the inside out.

Our concern is your foot.

There are no staples or nails in Bare/Foot/Gear. No seams, no ridges, no textiles touch your foot. We surround it only with 11.5 oz. of cushioned surfaces and unpainted, unsealed leathers. The surfaces are cushioned to protect you, and the leathers are unsealed to let your foot breathe.

Athletic or athletic-looking?

Definitely athletic. As a hardwood and turf workout shoe, Bare/Foot/Gear cups your foot firmly only at the heel and instep. There's a surplus of space up front where your foot must flex most.

Air can circulate freely, moisture can evaporate as it occurs. Your foot can stay drier at a more even temperature, and friction is minimized.

And our shoe is cleanable inside simply by using a damp cloth.

Socks or no socks?

That's up to you. Most men prefer no socks with Bare/Foot/Gear because of the sheer maleness of the feel.

The main point is, an athletic shoe made so lean and luxurious that it is sockless is an extraordinary shoe. And it's long-lasting, too. That's why we give you extra laces with each pair.

Where you find Bare/Foot/Gear.

It's sold only by stores we're sure you're most proud to shop. Write us, and we'll advise you of the ones nearest you.

*Suggested retail price

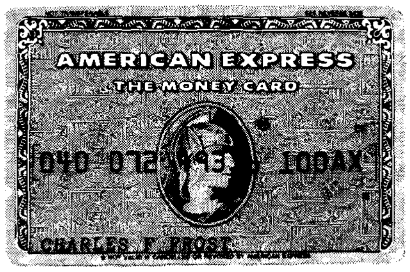
Your naked hand tells you what your bare foot feels.

ORIGINAL BARE FOOT GEAR SOCKLESS SHOES® T.M.

Auburn, Mass., All American Sports World—**Beltsville, Md.,** Simon Atlas—**Birmingham, Mich.,** Sherman Shoes—**Dayton, Ohio,** Tuffy Brooks Sports—**Lexington, Ky.,** Sportsworld—**Memphis, Tenn.,** Alfred's—**Minneapolis Minn.,** Dayton's—**New Orleans, La.,** M. Pokorney & Sons—**New York, N.Y.,** Thayer-McNeil (3rd Ave.)—**St. Louis, Mo.,** Casey's Shoe World—**Seattle, Wash.,** Frederick & Nelson.

Bare/Foot/Gear, Original Sockless Shoes are trademarks. ©1973, Bare/Foot/Gear. 5550 Wilshire, Los Angeles 90036.

Macy's: world's biggest reason for having the American Express Card.



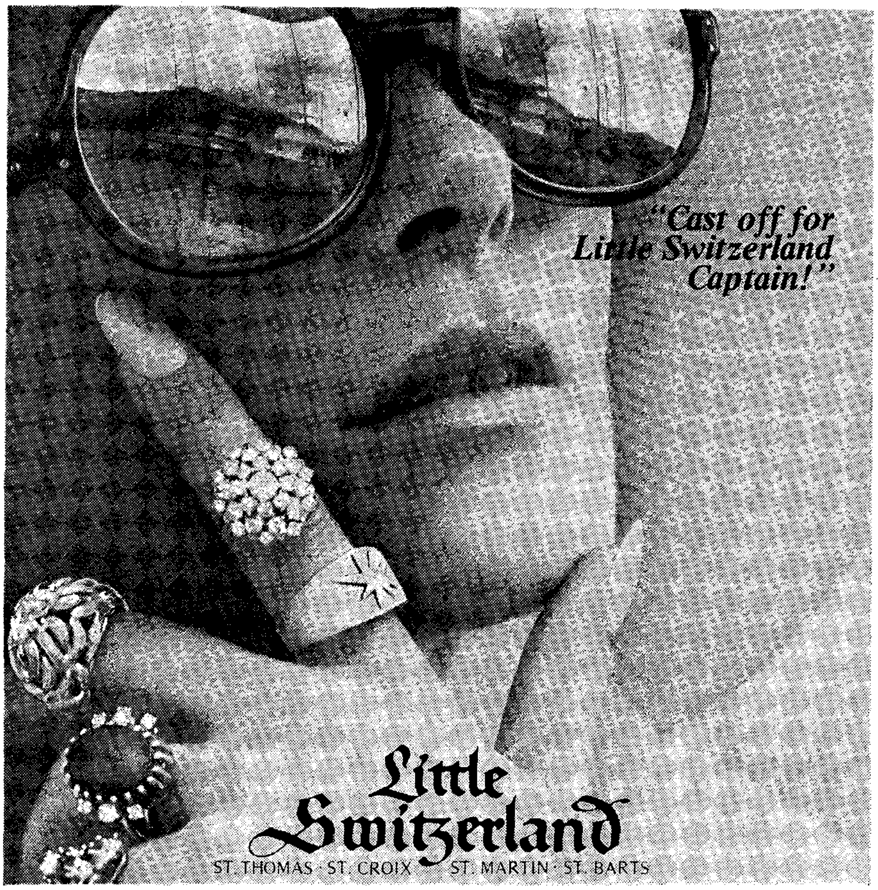
Macy's New York is the world's biggest department store. Macy's San Francisco is one of Northern California's biggest and most elegant. And they both welcome the American Express Card.

So you can use the Card for just about anything you can find in Macy's, which is just about anything.

If you don't have the Card, you can pick up an application wherever it's honored, or call (800) AE8-5000, toll-free, and we'll send you one. (In New York, call 212-757-6220.)

AMERICAN EXPRESS

©American Express Company, 1973


"Cast off for Little Switzerland Captain!"
Little Switzerland
ST. THOMAS · ST. CROIX · ST. MARTIN · ST. BARTS

For rings and things!
Crystal, Clocks, Binoculars, China, Hi Fi, Watches, Cameras.
We accept American Express Credit Cards.

gram. *E* (twenty kilotons) equals *m* (one gram) times the square of the speed of light.

"In physics, I am opposite to what I am in life. In physics, I like extreme situations. I don't like intermediate steps. I am attracted to the extremes: the highest-pressure places, the highest-temperature places, the greatest speeds, the greatest densities—and all these are within a nuclear explosion. I was always looking at them, because I was always trying to make as light a bomb as was possible in principle. When an implosion bomb is detonated, the temperature in the core builds up to several hundred million degrees in one hundred-millionth of a second. That is many times the temperature in the center of the sun. It's a temperature high enough to strip the electrons off any but the heaviest elements. All you're left with is the bare nucleus in a sea of electrons. (In a hydrogen bomb, the temperature can be five times as high. It strips off electrons even from uranium—almost all ninety-two electrons gone! It's incredible.) In an implosion, pressures at the center build up to a hundred million atmospheres, and with these pressures the core begins to expand at speeds of—let's see, two times ten to the eighth centimetres per second—about five million miles an hour. Meanwhile, neutrons are multiplying, with a whole new generation every hundred-millionth of a second. (At the center of an efficient thermonuclear explosion you have so many neutrons that they actually form a gas with the density of a metal.) Plutonium and uranium split unevenly. It is rare that they split into two equal parts, and in the explosion their fragments become every element below them. Anything you can name is there—molybdenum, barium, iodine, cesium, strontium, antimony, hydrogen, tin, copper, carbon, iron, silver, and gold. I am trying to describe the beginning of the explosion—something twelve inches across expanding faster than anything in our galaxy. Conditions there are quite different, perhaps, from anything else that happens in the universe, unless there are other people who make bombs."

—JOHN MCPHEE

(*This is the second part of a three-part Profile.*)

•

On your shopping trips, don't be too busy to pass by the Salvation Army kettles without dropping in a contribution.
—*Adv. in the Peoria (Ill.) Journal-Star.*

Well, we're quite rushed, but we'll try.

GIVENCHY III
PARIS
GIVENCHY III
PARFUM
GIVENCHY-PARIS

"Today's woman can create sunshine all around her by the clothes she wears, the fragrance that is her own ambiance, her own atmosphere. I have created this new parfum just for her."

—Hubert de Givenchy

GIVENCHY III

the beautiful environment

© 1973 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

Compare all three: a gin, a vodka and a white rum martini.

You're looking at three martinis photographed in the same way on the same day in the same studio.

The martini in the middle is made with white rum from Puerto Rico. The one on the right is made with gin and the one on the left vodka.

All rum is not dark.

Are you surprised to learn that rum can be as white as gin and vodka? Some people still believe all rum is dark and sweet, like the rum usually associated with the West Indies.

But, as you can see, a martini made with white rum from Puerto Rico is as crystal clear as any other martini.

Then why a martini with Puerto Rican white rum?

White rum from Puerto Rico is as dry as any white liquor—but there *are* differences. All-important differences.

Smell the white rum martini. No faint, flowery aroma. That's because white rum contains no herbs, no oil made from the juniper berry.

Taste the white rum martini. It goes down smooth as silk. That's because every single drop of white rum from Puerto Rico must, by law, be *aged*. Aged for no less than one full year in oak casks.

Compare all three.

Buy a bottle of Puerto Rican white rum and try it in your martinis. Use the same amount of vermouth as you always do.

After a week of drinking white rum martinis, we think you'll find your usual martinis either too aromatic or not mellow enough, and we'll bet you never go back to them again.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS

THE THEATRE

OUT OF EUROPE

THE New Phoenix Repertory Company, now perched at the Ethel Barrymore, is offering an exceptionally interesting double treat—Friedrich Dürrenmatt's "The Visit" and Georges Feydeau's "Chemin de Fer." With the addition, just after Christmas, of Philip Barry's "Holiday," the treat promises to become a triple one. A particular pleasure of repertory for actors and audiences alike is the opportunity it provides for a skilled cast to show itself off in roles of the greatest possible variety. In the case of the present two plays, one of which is a tragedy of almost unmitigated bleakness and the other a slapstick farce, it is fascinating to observe the transformations of voice, age, personal appearance, and character achieved by Rachel Roberts, John McMartin, George Ede, John Glover, and their colleagues as they shift back and forth between one sort of make-believe and another; your admiration for this ancient and no doubt rather primitive aspect of their art is greatly heightened if the plays are seen back to back—a feat that can be accomplished by anyone in possession of a Phoenix schedule and a smattering of differential calculus.

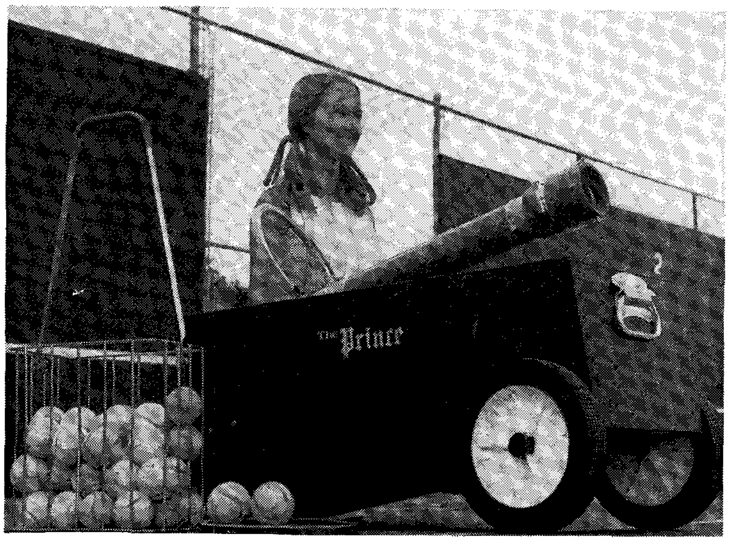
"The Visit," written in 1956, was first played here a couple of years later, by the Lunts. Their much praised performance, in a theatre newly renamed for them, has remained so vivid in local memory—perhaps in part because it proved to be their joint professional farewell to the New York stage—that extra care must be taken to judge the current production on its merits. I find these merits high. The director, Harold Prince, brings his usual rare mingling of intelligence, energy, and discipline to "The Visit;" how it marches under his command! And so it must, for a continuously mounting intensity is critical to the success of a play from which the author has sedulously expunged any taint of the merely surprising. Though it has many surefire theatrical touches—a wild panther escapes, guns are drawn—the plot is little more than the précis of a philosophical speculation, the chief premises of which are (1) that old wrongs can be punished, if not righted, and (2) that money can buy anything.

The play begins and ends at the railroad station of a woebegone Austrian village. One of the richest women in the world, a native of the village, disembarks from a train, bearing with her, among other curious items of luggage, an empty coffin. We perceive that the coffin must be filled by the time the play ends, and we learn at once by whom it must be filled—the feckless village shopkeeper who loved and betrayed the woman in their youth. She will pluck his life from him and it will cost her nothing but a check drawn upon a bank; she has used up, or cut out of her, the emotions that ordinary people have to spend in the course of attaining good or evil ends. It is not she but the villagers who will purchase her long-delayed revenge, and they will purchase it—gladly, dancingly—with their humanity. Rachel Roberts conveys with terrifying effect the ice-cold reasonableness of the bargain the woman is prepared to strike, and John McMartin, as the shopkeeper, is touching in his plight. He cannot escape his doom, because everyone else's happiness waits upon it, or appears to; nor would he escape it if he could, having no confidence in the world outside and preferring, like most of us, to die at the hands of friends than to live alone among strangers. George Ede and John Glover are splendid as representative types of virtuous men, steadfast as weathercocks, and David Dukes is a model of multifariousness as an athlete and as the rich woman's seventh, eighth, and ninth husbands. The peripatetic scenery is by Edward Burbridge, the costumes are by Carolyn Parker, and the lighting is by Ken Billington.

FEYDEAU country is city, and the city is Paris; Feydeau plots are knots, and the single thread of which they are composed is sex. The principle upon which to stage Feydeau—a principle better known to aesthetics than to physics—is that the faster you skate over thin ice the longer it is likely to support you. "Chemin de Fer," adapted by Suzanne Grossmann and Paxton Whitehead, rushes pell-mell through scene after scene of enchanting nonsense, and if, even at high speed, it proves a little too cumbersomely lengthy for its own good, it is easy to forgive. For one thing, everyone onstage seems to be having such a good time; for another, the costumes, by Nancy Potts, are so fetching, and the sets, again by Mr. Burbridge, are so—well, so rippingly Feydeauvian, with the necessary farcical profusion of doors, windows, and beds. Miss Roberts miraculously replaces the aging, murderous Clara Zachanassian of "The Visit" with Francine, the blond, fluttering, young Parisian housewife who is the heroine of "Chemin de Fer." Mr. McMartin's miserable shopkeeper, Anton Schill, becomes the concupiscent boulevardier Fedot (constantly betrayed by a homonymy of patronymics into being thought to be the playwright-author), and George Ede and David Dukes are similarly transmogrified—the former from a self-important mayor into a businessman rendered alcoholic by too many visits to America, and the latter from a tarnished marriage trophy into a suitor of incomparable drawing-room maladroitness. The performance most pleasing in itself and most true to the original is given by Richard Venture, as Francine's sorely tried husband.

In seeing "The Visit," I thought of what an interesting conversation there could be between Dürrenmatt and Wilder on the subject of their very different views of the village as a microcosm of mankind—Dürrenmatt's Güllen vs. Wilder's Grover's Corners. "Chemin de Fer" prompted me to picture something more curious: an imaginary conversation between the long-dead Feydeau and the living Beckett. What would these ill-matched Parisians have to say to each other beyond "*Bonjour*"? Maybe even less than Joyce and Proust did on the occasion of their single meeting, when Joyce is supposed to have complained of his eyesight and Proust of his stomach; but maybe more. Feydeau makes farces out of the chatter of lovers, and Beckett makes farces out of the silence of God. In my imaginary conversation, the gulf between their intentions might well amuse them both.

"THE GOOD DOCTOR," at the Eugene O'Neill, is described in the program as Neil Simon's "new



For Christmas
The Prince Tennis Machine

Makes any player's Christmas merrier. The Prince graces thousands of courts here and abroad. It should be on your court, too.

The most popular tennis partner—small, lean, light and powerful. Air-operated. Gives every stroke—drives, lobs, a toss—even serves, when equipped with the Server (a moderately priced extra). Oscillator and Remote Control standard equipment.

The Prince has everything. For the ideal Christmas present, write or phone.

Prince Manufacturing, Inc.
P.O. Box 2031, Princeton, N.J. 08540 (609) 452-8686

Pioneer has two things no other quadraphonic line in the world has.

Pioneer's new quadraphonic receivers. The only full line with built-in circuitry for every source of 4-channel sound reproduction—CD-4, SQ, RM and discrete.

It's also the only line with the Pioneer name. So you know you get excellent 2-channel stereo, too. Also the finest possible sound quality and performance, and the widest range of features. You know that no matter which Pioneer quadraphonic receiver you get, it's the best for your money. QX-949 — $699.95; QX-747 — $599.95; QX-646 — $499.95. All include walnut cabinets. At Pioneer dealers everywhere.

PIONEER®
when you want something better

West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles 90248 / Midwest: 1500 Greenleaf, Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007 / Canada: S. H. Parker Co.,

comedy with music . . . adapted and suggested from stories by Anton Chekhov." The grammatical shortcut that has led to the solecism "suggested from" may serve as a symbol of how great a distance separates Mr. Simon from his predecessor; since he is after quick, vaudeville-like effects, delicacies of perception are no more to his purpose than correctness of language. A character known as the Writer and made up to resemble that good doctor the bespectacled Chekhov introduces nine skits, most of which struck me as invincibly American in tone. Still, the cast is superb, and so the evening passes delightfully, like a pretty girl through a none-too-savory landscape. Christopher Plummer plays the lead in a fashion that the membership of the Authors League would not hesitate to recognize as the real thing: his Writer is witty, charming, tenderhearted, and with ideas for stories racing through his head so fast he can scarcely find time to jot them down. René Auberjonois, Barnard Hughes, Frances Sternhagen, and Marsha Mason gambol round Plummer in supporting roles and set off his gifts by a confident display of their own. (René Auberjonois is especially fine in a skit called "The Drowned Man," and Miss Sternhagen, in a skit called "A Defenseless Creature," amusingly tears not only her passion to tatters but her hair as well.) The scenery and costumes are by Tony Walton, the lighting is by Tharon Musser, the music is by Peter Link, and the lyrics are by Mr. Simon, who can now say, with Shakespeare, "Yeah, and I also do the songs in my shows."

—Brendan Gill

•

Notice
to Advertisers

The Human Rights Code prohibits discrimination because of age, sex, marital status, race, creed, colour, nationality, ancestry, or place of origin.
In compliance with this code, OILWEEK reserves the right to make the necessary changes in advertising copy.

OILWEEK reaches the men who decide
—*Oilweek, Calgary.*

You better change *that*, Buster!

•

Through a printer's error, the wrong headline appeared over the editorial on this page Saturday commending Ed Price for resigning as chairman of the Citrus Commission because he expects to be active in politics next year. The headline should have read, "A Proper Separation," not "Off the Gravy Train," as appeared.
—*Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.*

How about "Out of the Orange Grove Into the Fire"?

North Cape-Mediterranean-South America-South Pacific-the World-on Holland America.

Three luxurious new Holland America cruise ships: s.s. Volendam, s.s. Veendam and s.s. Prinsendam.

All three offer you a million-dollar Lido Deck, with poolside restaurant that lets you stroll from a dip direct to luncheon without dressing. Spacious cabins, 90 percent facing sea. And the nicest crews in cruising, with no gratuities required. Bridge taught by people taught by Goren on the Veendam and Volendam. Free transportation from La Guardia airport to Pier 40 on day of New York sailings.

Jan. 7, 1974

A historic cruise: the maiden voyage of the s.s. Volendam through the South Pacific and Around South America. 75 days, 28 ports including Pago Pago, Papeete, Pitcairn Island, Montevideo, and for only $450 per person more, a nine-day overland tour of Australia and New Zealand with no extra charge for airfare. From New York. From Pt. Everglades Jan. 9. $4145 to $11,125.

Jan. 19

Sail around the world with Captain Lagaay on the maiden World Cruise of the s.s. Veendam. 88 days, 18 ports, including Rio de Janeiro, Capetown, Bombay, Singapore, Hong Kong, Yokohama, Honolulu, and for the first time, Pusan, Korea. From New York. From Pt. Everglades Jan. 21. $5105 to $17,600.

Mar. 28

Take a fresh look at the Mediterranean on the Grand Spring Cruise of the s.s. Volendam. 49 days, 29 ports, including Casablanca, Tangier, Izmir, Istanbul, Mykonos, Athens, Brindisi, Cannes, Lisbon. From New York. From Pt. Everglades Mar. 30. $2660 to $5960.

May 23

Sail in genuine luxury on the Spring Mediterranean Cruise of the s.s. Veendam. 35 days, 21 ports, including Funchal, Gibraltar, Naples, Portofino, Cannes, Monte Carlo, Barcelona, Malaga, Lisbon. From New York. From Pt. Everglades May 20. $1875 to $4210.

June 7
July 19

Choose any of two sailings to the North Cape, Scandinavia and Russia, on a cruise that sails from glaciers to palm trees. 41 days, 25 ports, including Reykjavik, Oslo, Stockholm, Helsinki, Leningrad, Copenhagen, Rotterdam, Torquay and Horta. Land excursions available to Moscow, Paris and other cities. $2295 to $5130. From New York aboard the s.s. Volendam. From Ft. Lauderdale June 4.

Aug. 30

New corners of the Mediterranean: Western Mediterranean Discovery Cruise with the s.s. Volendam. 35 days, 25 ports, including Ponta Delgada, Tangier, Valletta, Monte Carlo, Barcelona, Funchal. From New York $1760 to $3955.

Oct. 5

Sail off the beaten track aboard the s.s. Volendam's Mediterranean Explorer's Cruise. 41 days, 22 ports, including Casablanca, Mahon, Monte Carlo, Mykonos, Izmir, Rhodes, Motril, Tangier. From New York. From Pt. Everglades Oct. 7. $2225 to $4980.

Starting Jan. 14, 1974

New. Exciting. Different. Indonesia cruises through the exotic East Indies from Singapore to Bali aboard the new m.s. Prinsendam. Every two weeks, 14 days, 8 ports including Penang, Djakarta, Bali, Semarang. Exciting new ship, too: fabulous new Lido Deck with flagstone terrace around the pool, 90 percent of its cabins facing the sea. $780 to $1340.

Rates per person, double occupancy, subject to availability. All ships registered in the Netherlands Antilles.

See your travel agent or phone Miss Martin collect at (212) 620-5101, or clip the coupon.

You may charge your cruise on American Express, BankAmericard or Master Charge.

Holland America Cruises, Pier 40 North River, New York, N.Y. 10014
Gentlemen: Please send me free color brochures on the cruises I've listed below.

☐ Enclosed is my check for $9.95 for "A Bridge to the Seven Seas," a fully illustrated book about 100 years of Holland America history.
☐ Send me information on "A Bridge to the Seven Seas."

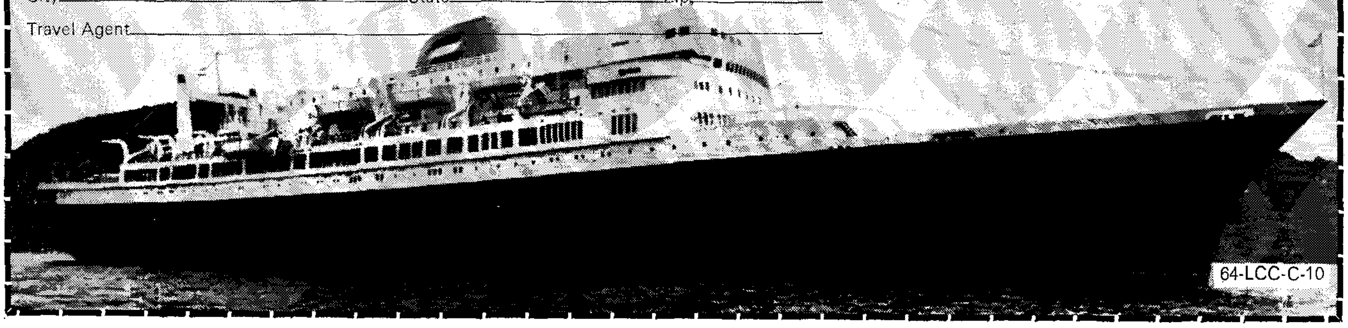
Name____________________
Address____________________
City__________ State__________ Zip______
Travel Agent____________________

We're Dutch and we want everything to be perfect.

HOLLAND AMERICA 1873 1973 CENTENNIAL

Holland America Cruises

CELEBRATING A CENTURY OF LUXURY SERVICE.



64-LCC-C-10

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

UNDER THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREE

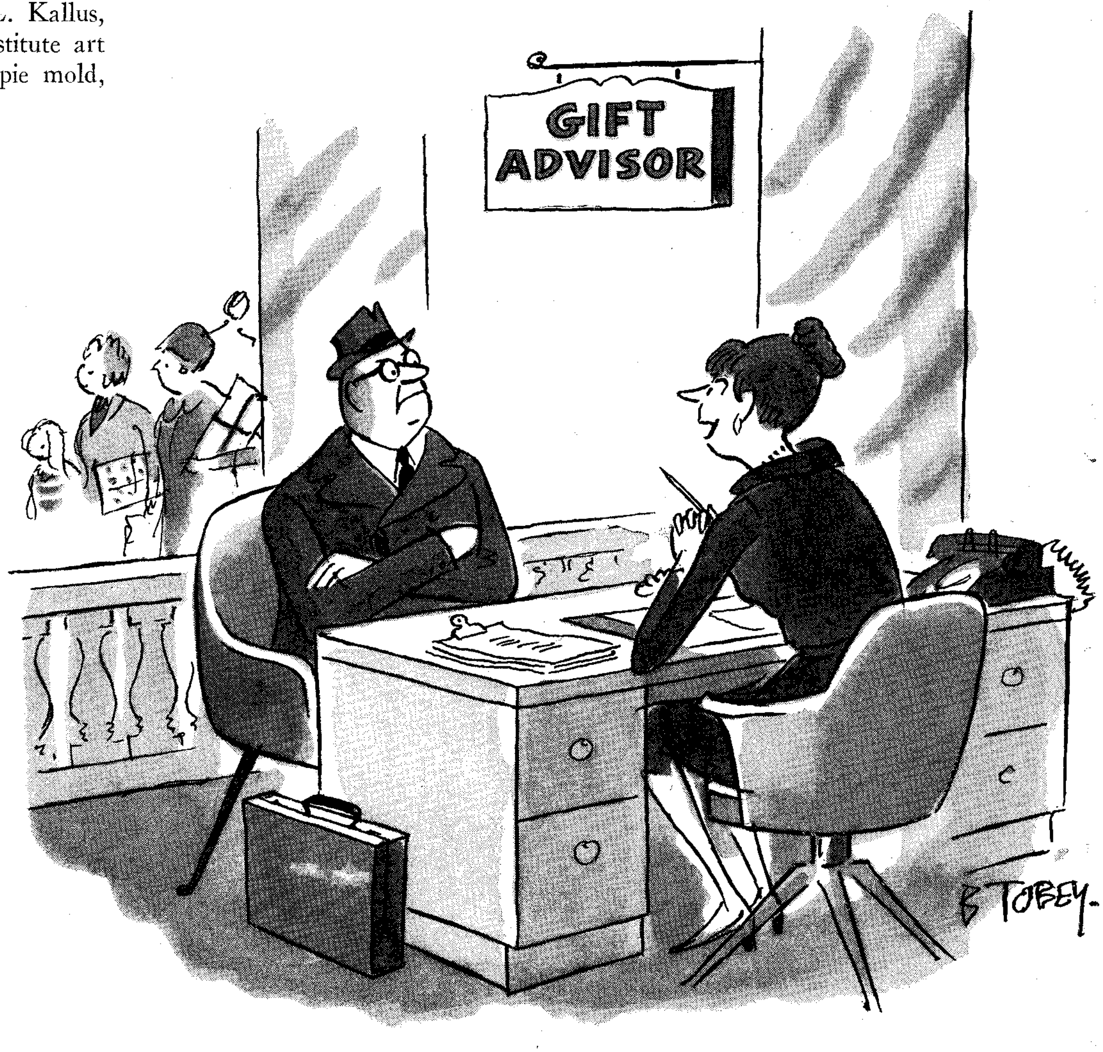
AS we were looking for likely presents for the children on your Christmas list, we ran across some sidelights of possible interest. Item One: If you examine the "WANTED" picture on the wall of the jail in the Fisher-Price Play Family Village and happen to know the right people, you will instantly recognize it as the likeness of Jack Asthalter, a former Fisher-Price vice-president, who left the company last spring to become president of Louis Marx & Company. And not only that: the word "REWARD" at the bottom of the "WANTED" picture is followed by a question mark. "This was our way to wish him luck at Marx," said Henry Coords, president of Fisher-Price, with a straight face. "If it takes me forever, some way I'll get back," Asthalter told a trade-paper reporter.

Item Two: If you wonder why the initials J. L. K. appear, one place or another, on every Kewpie doll (there's always somebody in the crowd who wonders about that kind of thing), the initials are those of Joseph L. Kallus, who in 1913, as a Pratt Institute art student, made the first Kewpie mold, based on sketches that the artist and writer Rose O'Neill had drawn to go along with her magazine features about a doll named Kewpie. Nobody seems to know how much Kallus made out of Kewpie, but the doll reportedly made nearly a million and a half dollars for Miss O'Neill, a high-spirited lady who used to wear a toga at the salons she presided over in Greenwich Village and elsewhere, and who often concerned herself with childlike characters, because, as she once wrote, "And few there are who live, alas,/ And they are far from here,/ Who know how young and dear I was/ When I was young and dear." Kewpie's present manufacturer, a division of the Strombecker Corporation, which is based in Chicago, complains that although Kewpie is a New York doll, New York doesn't seem to be as deeply affected as some other parts of the country by Kewpie nostalgia, which has led Strombecker to turn out a million items in the Kewpie line this year. Certainly New York doesn't have a Kewpie museum, as does Branson, Missouri, where Rose O'Neill spent her declining years, or anything like Branson's annual three-day celebration—the Kewpiesta—to which grown-up Kewpie collectors throng each year, some of them wearing memorial O'Neill togas.

Item Three: For years, the manufacturers of rivals of Barbie, the eleven-and-a-half-inch fashion doll, have been spreading the rumor that the original Barbie was discovered by an operative of the Mattel company, her manufacturer, in a German brothel, where she was being handed out as a party favor. Whether or not this is true, Barbie did originate in Germany, according to "Dolls the Wide World Over," a book by Dr. Manfred Bachmann, director-general of the Dresden State Arts Collection. In 1958, he reports, a Bavarian toymaker turned out a doll version of a German newspaper's cartoon sex symbol called Lilli, and a year later Mattel bought the prototype, whereupon Lilli became Barbie. It's little wonder that in the first years after Barbie reached the toy counters in this country many parents had an uneasy feeling as they watched their seven-year-old daughters thrusting Barbie in and out of the fake-fur coats and strapless gowns that were part of her early wardrobe. Nowadays, of course, Barbie is less buxom and no longer demimondaine. She has a wide-eyed, well-scrubbed look, and seems to be in every respect a reformed doll.

Item Four: If you don't think this has been an inflationary year, consider Tootsietoy, said to be the oldest continuing toy line in the country. The price of the smallest of the little metal cars—they range from two and a half to eight inches long—recently went up to fifteen cents, having held at a dime since 1906.

Item Five: The ethnic implications

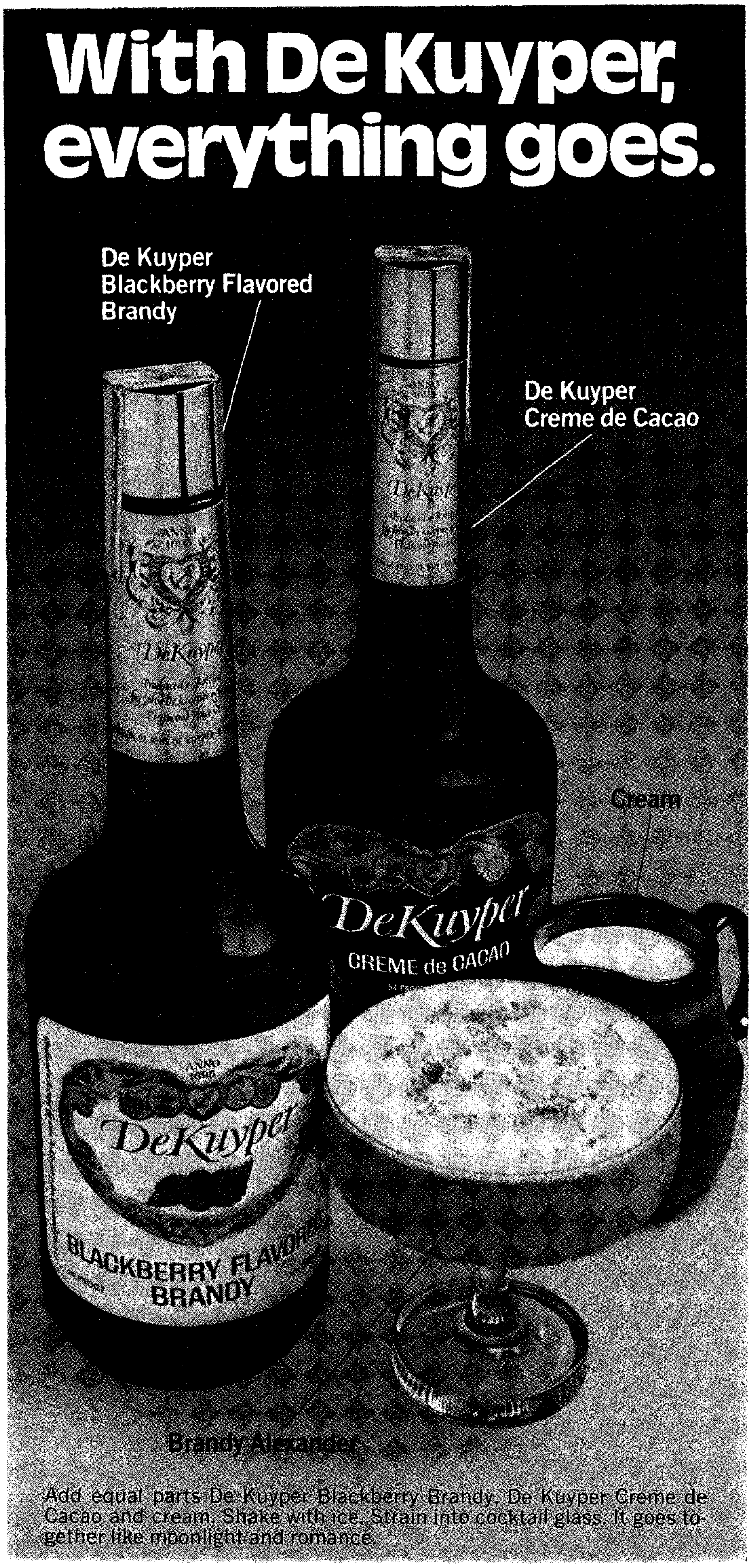


"If she has everything, why not just take her in your arms, gaze deeply into her eyes, and murmur 'Je t'aime'?"

of nursery rhymes weren't resolved when children began to be taught to say, "Eenie, meenie, minie, moe,/ Catch a *tiger* by the toe." A while back, an irate lady approached Peter and Iona Opie, the editors of the "Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes," to complain about their inclusion of the rhyme that begins, "Taffy was a Welshman,/ Taffy was a thief." Apparently on behalf of the Welsh people, she berated them for ethnic defamation.

Item Six: There are several British companies, including one called Lone Star Products, Ltd., and another called Crescent Toy Company, Ltd., for whom a major item of inventory is the toy American-cowboy six-gun, made to look as authentic as possible. Last winter, when Scotland Yard officers shot and killed two pistol-waving Pakistani nationals at the offices of the Indian High Commission in London, the Pakistanis' pistols turned out to be Crescent toys. Immediately, there was a move in Parliament, followed by a recommendation from the Home Office, to ban the sale of toy guns in the United Kingdom. A Canadian defender of toy armament wrote to the trade paper *British Toys* pointing out that New York City, which has a number of regulations restricting the sale of authentic-looking toy guns, also has a very high crime rate, whereas in Tokyo, where there are no such restrictions, the crime rate is low. "The generation of Americans that protested so vehemently against the war in Vietnam was that generation which had been raised on a combination of six-guns and Tommy guns," he added, and he concluded, "Let's try and get toy guns into the hands of more children."

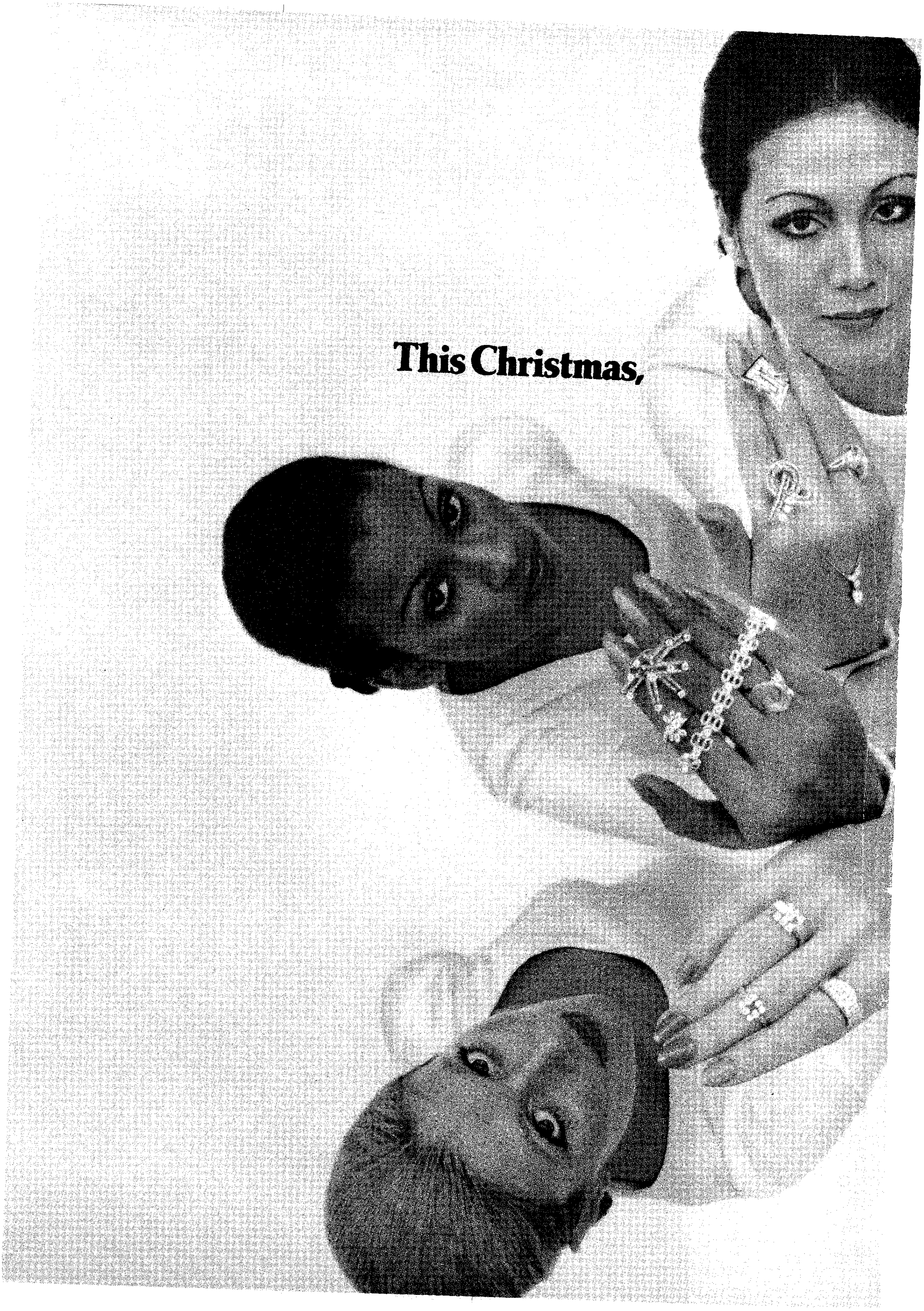
We're inclined to leave the toy-gun problem to what the movies call Parental Guidance (although, as it happens, toy-gun sales are currently on the rise in this country, a circumstance that not all observers view with as much complacency as that Canadian correspondent does), but we're happy to supply additional information about the other items mentioned above. The Fisher-Price Play Family Village ($18.50 at Altman's) incorporates at least six toys in one and could keep any child between two and eight years old preoccupied with various community projects from dawn till dusk. Besides the police station, of which the jail makes up one corner, there is a firehouse with a working siren, a garage with a crank-up car lift and a gas pump, a barbershop and a dentist's office (one chair each), a furnished apartment, a telephone booth, a theatre (four seats),


With De Kuyper, everything goes.
De Kuyper Blackberry Flavored Brandy
De Kuyper Creme de Cacao
Cream
Brandy Alexander
DeKuyper
CREME de CACAO
DeKuyper
BLACKBERRY FLAVORED BRANDY

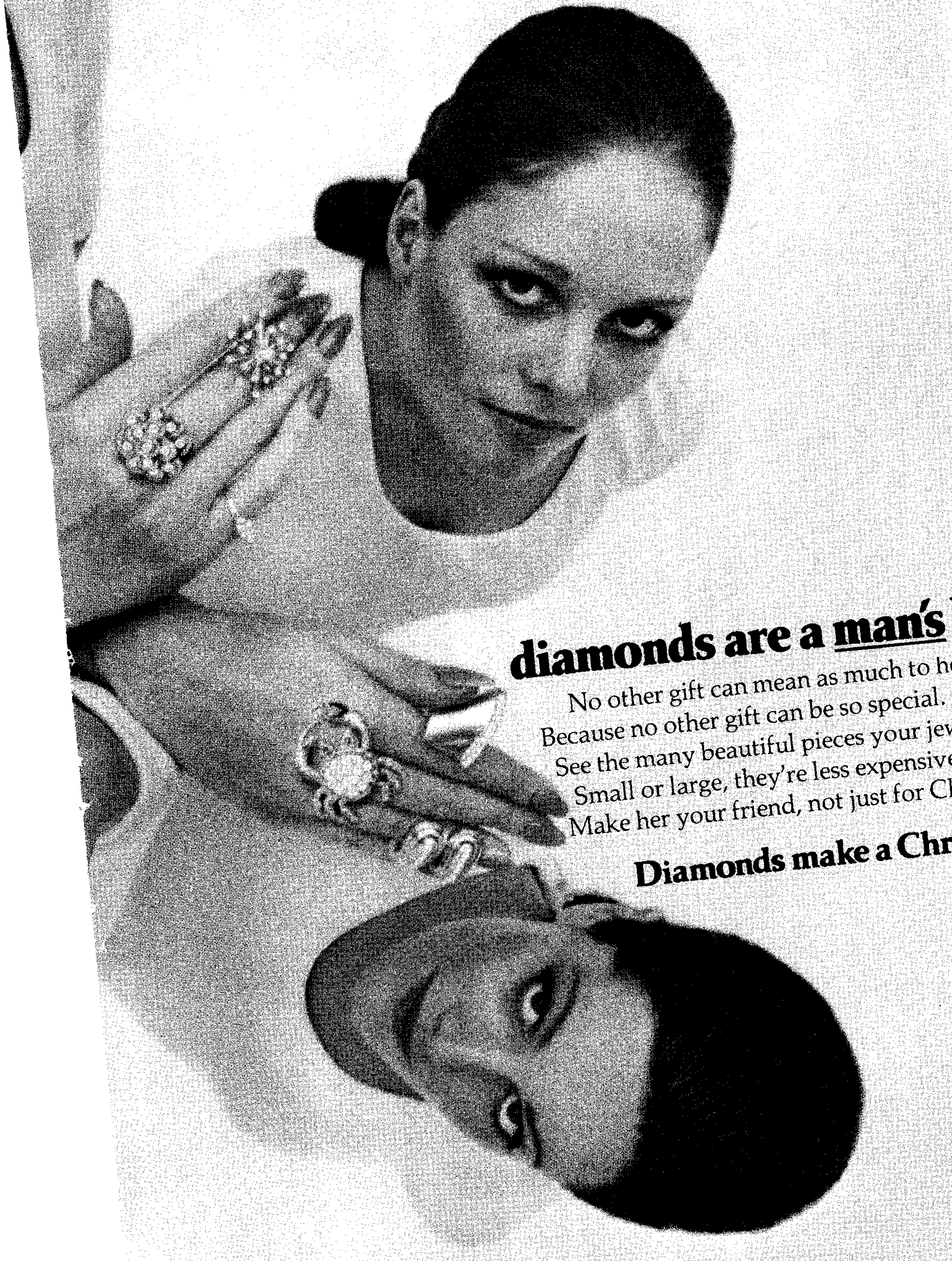
Add equal parts De Kuyper Blackberry Brandy, De Kuyper Creme de Cacao and cream. Shake with ice. Strain into cocktail glass. It goes together like moonlight and romance.

For more things that go great with De Kuyper, send for our 128-page Cordial Cookbook. Mail 50¢ (check or money order), your name and address to: De Kuyper Cookbook J, Box 3432. Grand Central Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

Blackberry Flavored Brandy, 70 Proof. Creme de Cacao, 54 Proof. Products of U.S.A. John de Kuyper & Son, N.Y., N.Y.


This Christmas,

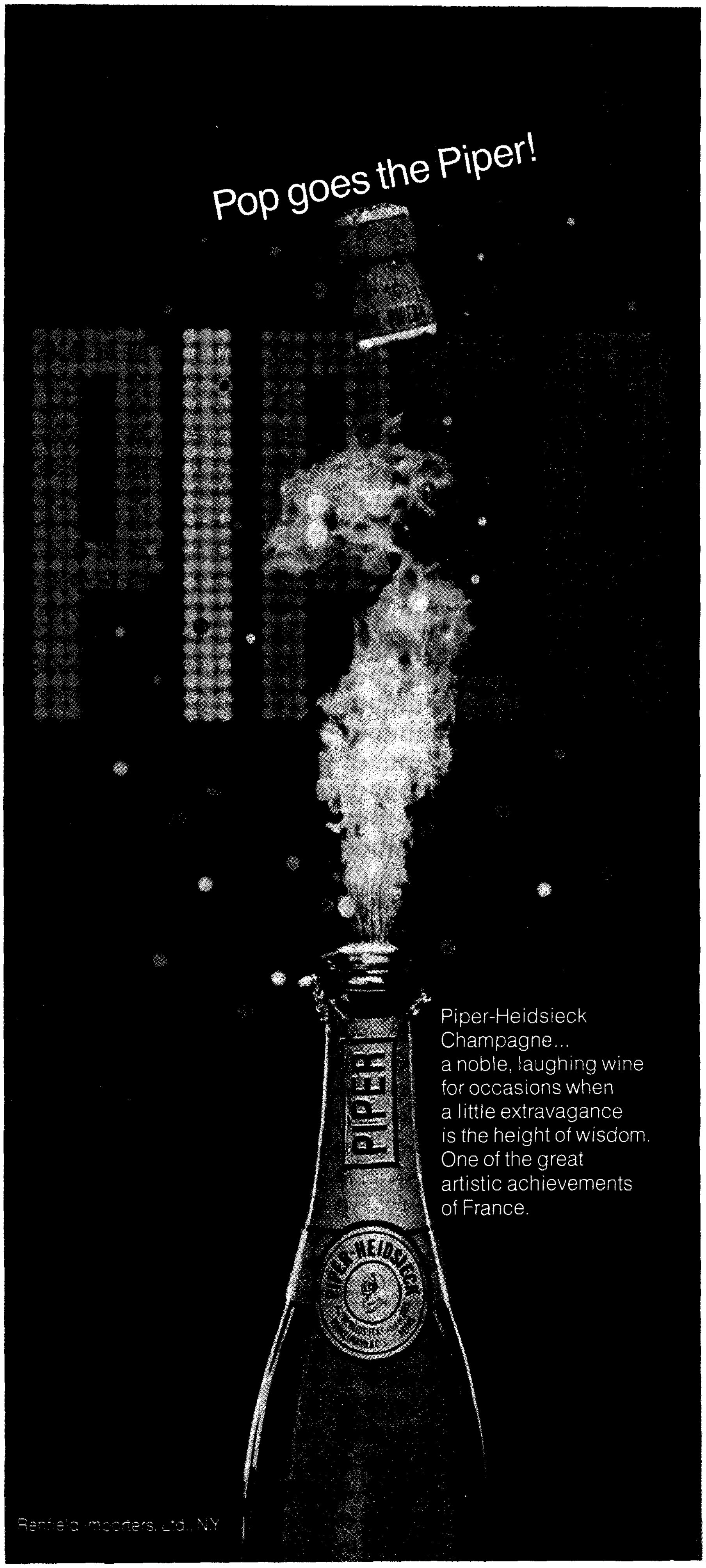
The jewelry shown here is all priced between $150 and $1800.
De Beers.



diamonds are a man's best friend.

No other gift can mean as much to her as a gift of diamonds.
Because no other gift can be so special.
See the many beautiful pieces your jeweler has, now.
Small or large, they're less expensive than you think.
Make her your friend, not just for Christmas but forever.

Diamonds make a Christmas gift of love.



Piper-Heidsieck Champagne... a noble, laughing wine for occasions when a little extravagance is the height of wisdom. One of the great artistic achievements of France.

Renfield Importers, Ltd., NY

and a post office, complete with a mail truck carrying six "letters," which are coded to match the doors of the buildings they're addressed to. All these doors open and close, by the way, including the door of the telephone booth, but the jail door stays locked until a knob on top of the police station is turned, with a satisfying ratchet sound. Besides the mail truck, there are four cars—a sedan, a sports car, a police car, and a fire engine—and there are eight citizens to man the various posts, with a dog to keep them company. If the villagers seem familiar, it may be because Fisher-Price has sold over two hundred million of these knob-headed, flat-bottomed figures in the last thirteen years. When the two sides of the village Main Street are folded together, with all the residents and their gear locked inside, the village is seventeen and three-quarters inches long, twelve and a half inches wide, and eight and a half inches high. It's made of sturdy plastic and hardboard, and there's a handle a child can carry it around by.

As for the Kewpie doll, an eleven-inch version with the well-known elf-in expression and the tiny topknot is about $3 at the F. W. Woolworth store on West 34th Street. In earlier generations, we're told, Kewpies were made out of such various substances as rubber, chocolate, Bakelite, wood, cloth, and ice cream. The one at Woolworth's is vinyl and wears blue or pink polka-dot flannel pajamas. Woolworth's also has a black Kewpie, same size, same price, and same attire. Her name is Hotten Tot.

The latest Barbie wears a modest long-skirted checkered dress with puffed sleeves. She is known as Quick Curl Barbie, because her blond hair waves nicely when it's wound around a plastic curler. With the curler, a brush, a comb, four ribbons, and four tiny rubber bands, she costs $6.95 at Rappaport's Toy Bazaar, 1381 Third Avenue (79th). Her perennial boyfriend, Ken, is also expected to spend a lot of time on his hair; in fact, he is known as Mod Hair Ken. A few years back, Ken's hair was Early Haldeman in length, but now it's collar-length or bushy (two versions). In either case, he comes with a beard, two varieties of mustache, and a pair of sideburns, all of which can be applied, peeled off, and reapplied to suit the owner's taste. Wearing sports clothes, including a checkered jacket, Mod Hair Ken is $6.50 at Rappaport's.

The little Tootsietoy cars (whose manufacturer originally got into the toy business as a result of being asked to

Costa Smeralda, Italy. Little Dix Bay, Virgin Islands. Dorado Beach, Puerto Rico. Karuizawa Community, Japan. Sea Pines Plantation, Hilton Head Island, USA.

And now Quail Ridge. In Palm Beach County, Fla.

It isn't puffery. A condominium community to rival the great ones is now taking shape in Southern Florida.

The density rate is a low, livable 2.56 dwellings per acre.

The land planning and architecture is by Sasaki, Dawson, Demay Associates of Watertown, Massachusetts. The people who create communities that enhance the land, not hide it.

The Villas are built around gardens, and enjoy superb views of the environment.

The tennis is nothing short of outstanding. With 25 courts in our master plan. 8 being built now and 17 later. And a pro shop. And planned clinics.

The 18-hole, par 71 golf course has not a single dull hole. Designed by the master, Joe Lee, it is sculpted out of woods, meadows, lakes, dunes and ridges.

The horseback riding is not just horseback riding. It is hunters, jumpers, and English-saddled pleasure horses.

The location is just 4 miles northwest of Delray Beach, a historic village on the Atlantic Ocean, in Palm Beach County.

The name is Quail Ridge. 378 acres of South Florida's most varied and exquisite land. On scenic Golf Road, between Military Trail and Congress Avenue.

Kindly address information requests to Quail Ridge, RFD 752, Delray Beach, Florida 33444, Department NY5, Phone: (305) 737-5100.

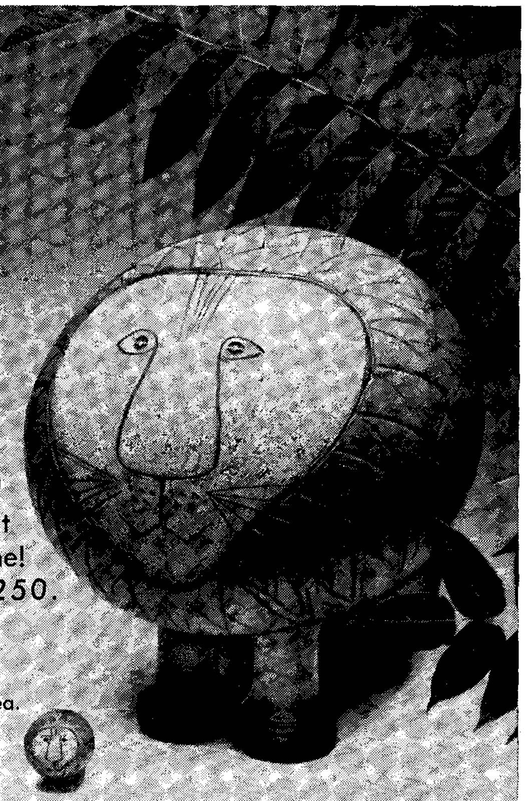
Quail Ridge

A residential condominium community to enhance the land, not hide it.

This is not intended to be a full statement of Quail Ridge Full details may be obtained by contacting the company. This advertisement is not an offering in those states where it can be made only by formal prospectus. This does not constitute an offer in those states where an offer cannot be made All amenities are under construction and/or in planning stages and subject to change without notice.

OUR HANDY, HANDSOME TRAVEL BAGS
From South America to Paul Stuart to you—two soft, supple, sturdy bags in hand-tanned, lightweight tan cowhide. The tote, with hand loops and removable shoulder straps, $46. The tennis bag, with zipper closures, $38.

Paul Stuart
Madison Avenue at 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017
Please add $1.50 per order for delivery. N.Y. State residents add applicable tax.



Stoneworks from Sweden by Lisa Larsen, art for house and garden. The stone head is chiseled and matte glazed. You don't have to be a Leo to love one! King size/15" high/$250. Cub size/2½" high/$10.
Add sales tax where applicable plus $5 for King size and $1. for Cub size for handling outside our delivery area.

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Madison Avenue at 57th Street, New York 10022 (212) 935-2800
Manhasset/Millburn/Paramus/Scarsdale/Bal Harbour/Beverly Hills/Chevy Chase

furnish miniature prizes for candy packages, among them the first Cracker Jack prizes) are available at their new fifteen-cent price at almost any five-and-dime store. The price reportedly went up because the toys are die-cast of a zinc alloy ("They're die-hard 'cause they're die-cast" is the company's slogan) and the price of zinc has gone up from sixteen cents a pound to seventy in the last two years. If anybody at your house wants to know how that happened, you could indulge in a little painless pedagogy. Some of the nation's zinc factories turned out to be serious polluters of their neighborhoods and, faced with the prospect of new environmental-protection regulations, went out of business. Others, not liking the prices assigned to them under Phases I, II, and III, cut down on production, according to the toy company, and by the time it started buying overseas the dollar had been devalued. So there you have environmental, domestic, and international economics in a nutshell—or, rather, in a Tootsietoy. (If you prefer a higher-bracket version of economics, try Billionaire, which is Parker Brothers' new "game of global enterprise," and in which players, aged nine and up, move plastic dollar-sign tokens around a board as they try to corner oil, aerospace, and other investments, ranging in value from twenty million dollars to two hundred and fifty million. Profit and Power Play cards are involved, and the winner is the player who qualifies as the name of the game. "Given the golden opportunity, how would you take over the world of big business?" ask the game instructions, amiably. "You'll make all the decisions and investments. . . . There's a bit of the empire builder lurking in all of us. Give it a try. After all, it's only a game." This chance to make a billion will cost you $8.95 at Rappaport's.)

Mr. and Mrs. Opie's Welsh-offending "Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes" is $12 at any large bookstore, and either in that book or in "The Annotated Mother Goose," edited by William S. and Ceil Baring-Gould ($3.95 at the Marboro Stores), you can read not only the lines about Taffy but what they represent. Taffy, it seems, is the English derisive version of David, the name of the patron saint of Wales, and the rhyme about Taffy's generally disreputable character was the kind of thing that Englishmen used to taunt Welshmen with every March 1st, which is St. David's Day, before they began pulling other nasty tricks on them. These books are fun

All the color, serenity and hospitality of an Air-India flight to London begin in our new terminal at JFK.

Most airlines fly you to London very quickly. Some, without making you feel pushed and harried. But only Air-India flies you to London very quickly and very serenely.

Serenity can come from lovely women in silken saris with silken ways. As soon as you walk into our sparkling new terminal at JFK, they'll make checking in not only quicker and more efficient, but also much more pleasant.

Serenity can also grow from one's surroundings. The intricate mosaics, hammered copper, and glowing murals of our terminal reward a glance in any direction with beauty. So that you can enjoy your surroundings even more, they are also spacious and comfortable. And the feeling that you are in a sensuous Indian palace will continue all through your flight on our Boeing 747s.

From the very start, Air-India's nightly 8 o'clock flight to London ensures that the serenity that will surround you will be second only to the serenity within you.

AIR-INDIA TO LONDON

666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. See your travel agent.

We work all day to make your night with us a dream.

Chic Réchaud.

The elegant touch to crêpes suzette, boeuf stroganoff, steak au poivre. This gleaming stainless steel Réchaud is scientifically designed, with no grid to provide maximum heat. Yet with its own snuffer/reducer that lets you go from cook to warm at a touch. The same equipment used by world famous chefs. The Suzette pan shown is also durable stainless steel. And together, they make beautiful cuisine. Très chic.

Republicsteel

(Only the ENDURO® stainless steel is produced by Republic Steel. The name of the manufacturer of the gourmet cooking utensils will be supplied on request to Republic Steel Corporation, Dept. NY-6172, Cleveland OH 44101. Sales Offices and Representatives in Principal Cities.)

Be an Angel
Please don't smoke

Sign Of The Times

Save yourself from smoking friends. Our engraved sterling easel plaque puts out the smoke in drawing room or office. Measures 6" x 4¾". 65. Silver Salon, second floor.

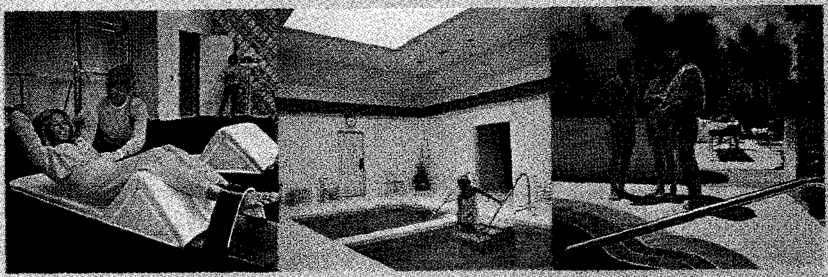
Cartier Inc.
Fifth Avenue and 52nd Street, New York 10022 (212) 753-0111
Bal Harbour • Beverly Hills • Chevy Chase • Palm Beach

because as the older members of the family read the rhymes to the younger ones they can discover what history says about the verses. (You may be interested to learn that, according to tradition, the eenie-meenie-minie-moe counting exercises that children use to decide who is "it" may be relics of formulas that the druids used in choosing human sacrifices.) The Baring-Gould book is illustrated with more than two hundred drawings from earlier notable Mother Goose collections, including many by Randolph Caldecott, Kate Greenaway, Arthur Rackham, and Maxfield Parrish. And, while we're about it, may we recommend a Mother Goose record to go along with these books? The Caedmon "Mother Goose" (Caedmon, TC 1091; $4.30) is probably the best audible version ever assembled. The voices of Celeste Holm, Boris Karloff, and Cyril Ritchard—exuberant, melancholy, lilting, ominous—to the successive rhythms of hornpipes, cakewalks, jazz tunes, waltzes, congas, and whatever else fits the case, turn the familiar old words into something marvellously new.

PERHAPS you should be warned that the stores may run out of the more popular toys this year, because of a shortage of materials. Zinc aside, the Canadian railroad strike sharply cut supplies of wood and paper. And you know what plastics are made of, don't you? Oil. Toy-industry earnings were down last year, although sales increased about eleven per cent, to two billion six hundred million dollars, at the wholesale level. (The fact that this translates into between three and a half and four billion dollars at the retail level—that is, out of our pockets—may make it possible for you to keep your sympathy for the toymakers within bounds.) Mattel, the world's largest toy company (the Barbie line alone has brought it more than six hundred million dollars), has been having such a disastrous time of it that a long account of the company's troubles in the *Wall Street Journal* last summer began with the question "Have you heard about Mattel Inc.'s new talking doll?" and continued, "Wind it up and it forecasts a 100% increase in sales and profits. Then it falls on its face." Moreover, the four largest cereal companies have been charged by the Federal Trade Commission with illegally monopolizing the ready-to-eat breakfast-cereal market, and, of the four, only Kellogg isn't also a toy company. The involvement of General Foods (Shapees, Loony Links) is comparatively small, but Quaker Oats (Fisher-Price toys, Marx's Rock 'em Sock 'em Robots, and so on) is the world's second-largest toy company, and General Mills (Play-Doh, Gabbigale, and—yes—Monopoly) is the third-largest. One jocular theory about the affinity between cereal-company leaders and the toy business is that they tasted their own products and decided that the toy prize in the package was the best part. Since the cereal people got involved with toymaking, picketing groups have accused them and other companies of manufacturing toys that, among other things, endanger children's safety, encourage violence, and degrade the American Indian, but so far no toy has been deemed worthy of the Bon Vivant Vichyssoise Memorial Award, given by a consumers' group to General Mills a few months ago for children's breakfast cereals that, according to the donors, "encourage bad eating habits."

Neither pickets nor insulting awards, of course, have worried the toy (or children's-cereal) industry as much as the nation's rapidly declining birthrate. Worst news of all, there is now an active anti-pronatalism movement—pronatalism being defined as "the encouragement of universal childbearing as the cultural norm," which the antis deplore as "a danger to both personhood and planet." ("I am appalled at the tyranny of children," declared one contentedly childless anti-pronatalist at a recent meeting.) Also, the toy companies have increasingly had to fend off charges of being in an unholy alliance with school-textbook manufacturers, who are accused of encouraging "the idealization of traditional family life" and of having "constantly insulted" girls by portraying them as "passive and nurturing," while boys are shown as bold and creative and having all the fun—a practice that is believed to be damaging for both the boys and the girls involved. ("Dick and Jane as Victims" is the title of one book on this subject.) The manufacturer of a toy kindergarten set was dressed down by an embattled feminist because the teacher was female and, with kindergarten teaching being among the less well-paid professions, the company was encouraging the relegation of women to the lower economic ranks. (If you'd prefer not to be implicated in this discussion, Bloomingdale's has, for $12, a plush-Teddy-bear school, which includes six tawny two-and-a-half-inch bears sitting at wooden desks, each with its own small notebook. There is a larger wooden desk, complete with apple, and a standing blackboard for

the magnificent revival.



Rediscover yourself in a beautifully self-centered world of diet, exercise, hydro-therapy and self-discipline. Dwell in an atmosphere of elegant leisure, where the service is personalized and the Spa program you follow is developed just for you. Golf. Play tennis. Swim in warm pools or at the Beach Club Hotel. Sleep peacefully in exquisite luxury. Emerge refreshed, with a joyous new philosophy of living. Make reservations for your own magnificent revival now. Call your travel agent or (800) 327-4960 toll-free.

The Spa at PALM-AIRE

Let me dream in color! Please send your brochures to:

Name ________________

Address ________________

City __________ State ______ Zip ______

The Spas at Palm-Aire for men and for women
Dept. SY42, 2501 Palm-Aire Drive North
Pompano Beach, Florida 33060

LOVE FOR SALE

AMARETTO
DI SARONNO
ORIGINALE
A LIQUEUR
ILLVA SARONNO ITALY

Amaretto di Saronno® The rare liqueur of love.

Amaretto di Saronno is Italy's most romantic liqueur. Now it's the most beautiful, too, encased for the holidays in a luxurious presentation box. Amaretto di Saronno has the extraordinary, elusive taste you cannot describe. Only enjoy.

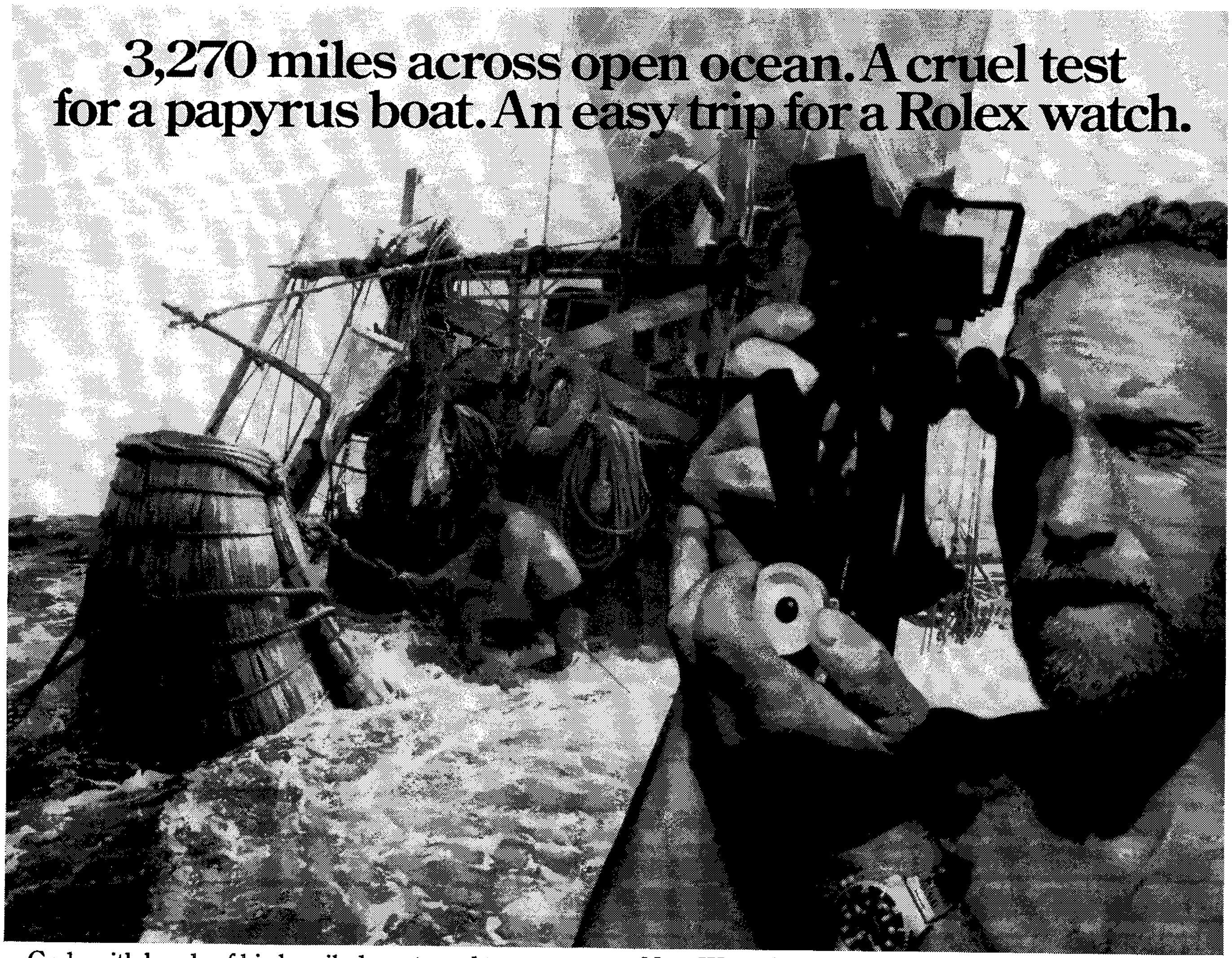
Discover all the joys of Amaretto di Saronno. For a free recipe booklet, write: Foreign Vintages, Inc., 98 Cutter Mill Road, Great Neck, New York 11021.

56 Proof. Foreign Vintages, Inc., Great Neck, N.Y. © 1973

the three-and-a-half-inch bear teacher, who is conveniently sexless.)

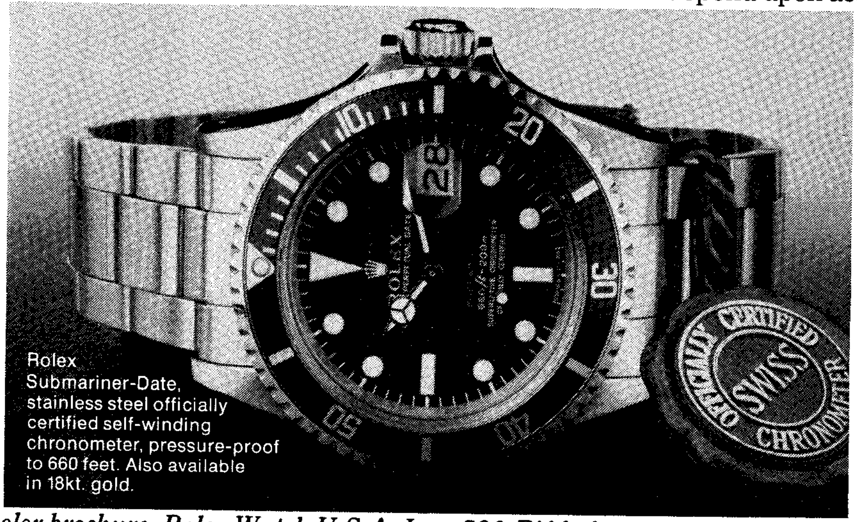
The way things are now, women, probably including many who feel strongly about these matters, are the family members who usually do the toy-buying, and so the toy industry has been scrambling to mend its ways. Barbie, whose available accessories used to include a nurse's dress for the times when she wasn't busy with her hair, now has a doctor's outfit available; a white coat, a blue surgeon's gown with mask and cap, a stethoscope, a reflector, and a medical diploma are included, as well as a picture of a skeleton to guide her. It's $3.98 at Rappaport's. There are an unusual number of boy dolls around this year. For $19.95, F.A.O. Schwarz has a very nice soft one named Angelino, who is two feet tall, has blond hair, and comes wearing blue pants, a red sweater, and a blue cap. If a boy you know would like a doll, there is also a book for him—"William's Doll," written by Charlotte Zolotow—which tells about a boy who likes electric trains perfectly well and also wants a doll to play with. Published by Harper & Row and illustrated by William Pène du Bois, it costs $3.95. This year, pictures on the sides of boxes containing toy fire engines are likely to be of long-haired children who could be either boys or girls. A commercial for a Milton Bradley game called Roller Coaster (it involves racing marbles along grooved plastic tracks interrupted by various obstacles, and it costs $5.98 at Reiss Brothers, 54 East 59th Street) shows an obnoxious boy named Steady Eddie, who announces that nobody ever beats him at this game. A slip of a girl then sashays along and gets her marbles into the winner's cup first. "How could a girl beat Steady Eddie?" he asks, the picture of consternation. "Practicing," she says airily. And the Lionel train people have now issued a mea culpa for all their years of holding to the "sexist image" of electric trains as gifts only for boys. This year's commercial will show a mother on Christmas Eve wrapping up an electric train for her *daughter*. It might well be the Santa Fe Freight, which has a diesel locomotive and four cars, including an operating log-dump car (with a load of logs), a gondola, a hopper, and a caboose. With eight sections of curved track and four of straight track, and a twenty-five-watt transformer, it costs $38.40 at Polk's Hobby Department Store, 314 Fifth Avenue (32nd). This year's sales of electric trains, incidentally, are up thirty per cent over last year's. No-

3,270 miles across open ocean. A cruel test for a papyrus boat. An easy trip for a Rolex watch.



Gods with heads of birds sailed westward to America ages ago in prototypes of Ra II. When Kon-Tiki's master Thor Heyerdahl set about retracing those timeless routes, he built Ra II of papyrus reeds, in the style of Mesopotamian and Egyptian mariners.

His goal: to show that pre-Columbian culture might have ancient Mediterranean sources, by crossing the Atlantic in an archetypal papyrus raft. His course: a 57-day voyage of 3,270 miles from Africa to Barbados. His watch: a Rolex Oyster Perpetual Chronometer.



Rolex Submariner-Date, stainless steel officially certified self-winding chronometer, pressure-proof to 660 feet. Also available in 18kt. gold.

Ra II's drenched hull sank to deck level in gale-wracked seas, and barnacles sprouted 'round her mast. But her crew, like their forebears, discovered papyrus topsides were stronger wet than dry. And their landfall has linked New World idols with Phoenicia and the Pharaohs.

Skipper Heyerdahl's Rolex, pressure-proof in any weather, and to extreme depths of inner space, was fit shipmate for this epic sail. Carved from a single block of surgical stainless steel, its pressure-proof Oyster case guards a superb self-winding movement, officially certified as a chronometer.

Integral to the seamless Oyster case is the new Triplock winding crown, which screws down like a submarine hatch to form an impregnable seal.

On great journeys of discovery, like that of Ra II, success and lives depend upon accurate, rugged gear. That's why Thor Heyerdahl and his entire crew chose the Rolex timepiece.

Owning one is almost as satisfying as making one.

ROLEX

Write for free color brochure. Rolex Watch U.S.A. Inc., 580 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036. Dept. E3.

The Famous Boehm Eagle Plate. $175.
Original issue price for as long as they last. Order today.
Reese Palley, Inc.
1911 The Boardwalk
Atlantic City, N. J. 08401

☐ Please send me your Boehm Eagle Plate today.*
☐ Send me your Free Boehm Collector's Quarterly.
☐ Check enclosed for $______ ☐ Open an account and bill me.
☐ Charge to______ Credit Card ______ Account Number ______ Expire Date
Name______
Address______
City, State, Zip______
Signature______ Phone______
*Shipping and insurance additional.

scallop shell, BACCARAT. This graceful fluted vase (shown side and front) in full-lead crystal is an original Baccarat design inspired by the fan-shaped lines of the scallop shell. First shown at the International Exhibition in Paris in 1878, it is a perfect holder for two or three roses or other flowers. 8⅛" high. $33.00.

From France, at fine stores everywhere...and at **BACCARAT**
55 E. 57 St., NYC 10022

Write Dept. Y13 for illustrated brochures featuring stemware, china, or gifts, 50¢ each: silver, 10¢.

body seems to know whether this is attributable to more nostalgia, or to all the talk about the importance of mass transit in a time of concern over power shortages and environmental pollution, or to the fact that, with the improved Amtrak service on some runs, a few children have finally taken a ride on a real train. The Lionel sets are the big, 027-gauge trains, by the way. If you'd rather have the smaller, HO-gauge size, Tyco's Over & Under set, with a Santa Fe diesel, five cars, twenty-six sections of track, a power pack, and a thirty-three-piece trestle set, is $19.99 at Gimbels. In the same gauge, Polk's has a Tyco Golden West set, for $36. This has a 4-6-0 Rogers locomotive (the headlight works) and tender, three passenger coaches (one a passenger-baggage combine), fourteen sections of track, and a power pack. The railroad involved is the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, and Tyco calls it "a piece of history in miniature perfection."

This brings us to another of the year's nostalgic revivals. We heard recently about a former Brooklyn boy whom adult prosperity had transported to a two-acre-zoned community on Long Island. There he would continually reminisce to his children about ring-a-levio, buck-buck, stoop ball, and other street games that he had played back on his home block in Flatbush. His children would listen politely and then sidle away. He decided that this was only reasonable. "How can I get them interested in stoop ball when they've never seen a stoop?" he asked his friends around the barbecue pit. One solution that he seriously contemplated for a while was to re-create a row of Brooklyn stoops in the rear of his two acres, much as approximations of medieval royal courtyards are built at enormous expense to accommodate court-tennis players. Eventually, he decided instead to re-create in his backyard the dream play-environment of his childhood—the main street of a cowboy town. The six buildings he put up included a general store, a saloon with swinging doors to fling the bad guys out of, a jail to lock them up in, and a wooden sidewalk. His children played in it for a while and then sidled off again. From what we've been hearing, however, they may be back: the Wild West once more is riding high in the toy world. This year, for example, sales of Marx's Johnny West line, a group of Western dolls and equipment that had been jogging along at about the same pace for years, have suddenly more than doubled. Johnny

Condomart presents the world.

At down-to-earth prices.

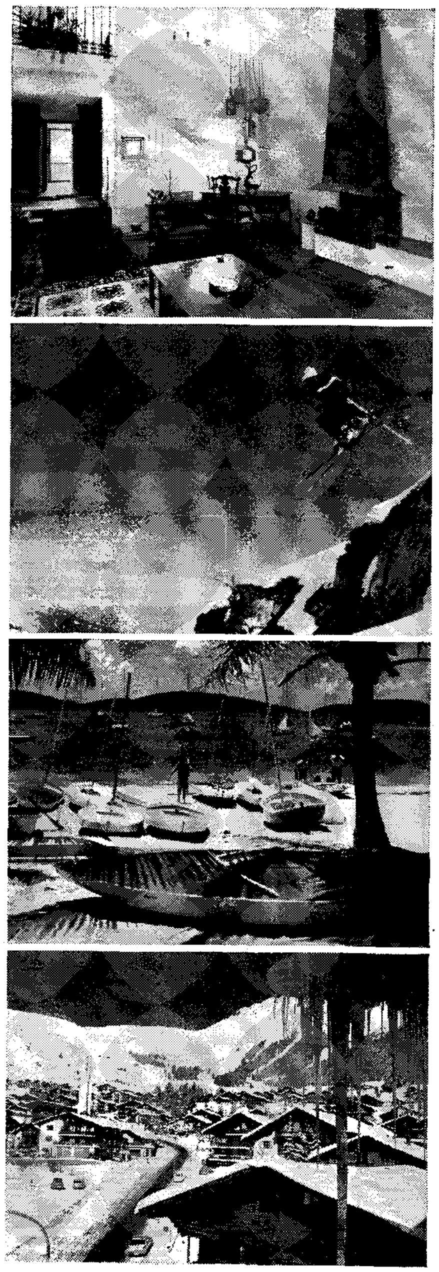
In a world where the cost of vacationing is soaring sky high, it's comforting to know you can still get away absurdly cheap. And live in luxury—the Condomart way. Condomart offers you literally dozens of beautiful alternatives in private condominium resorts throughout the world.

Instead of a small room, you get a tremendous apartment with a bathroom, complete kitchen, exquisite furnishings, front desk, maid and linen service.

Instead of living like a tourist, you live like a native, learning the traditions, customs and language of hospitality from your next-door neighbors.

Instead of eating out, enjoy shopping at the native markets, eat in and save a bundle.

Condomart Vacation Packages including round trip air fares, auto with unlimited mileage, free breakfast, special parties and bonuses are available at unbeatable prices.



Here are some beautiful examples: Condomart's Costa del Sol, a week of luxury living, from $314. Or the anti-inflation Caribbean vacation, from $215. Or a ski week in the French or Swiss Alps, from $320.

And Condomart can have a luxury villa or apartment waiting for you almost everywhere in the whole wide wonderful world. Name the place. Argentina, Brazil, Uruguay, Venezuela, British Columbia, Peru, Mexico, France, Spain, Portugal, Morocco, Greece, Hawaii, Lake Tahoe, Florida and the Caribbean.

See your travel agent, write or call us direct in New York (212) 751-5400 or in Washington, D. C. (202) 638-3808 for details and information. And take a Condomart vacation. Instead.

CONDOMART INTERNATIONAL INC.

655 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021
733 15th St., N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C. 20005

AT LAC BEAUPORT...
less than 15 minutes, via 4-lane highway, from historic Québec City

SKI-YUM!

SKI? YES. APRÈS-SKI? YES AND YUM... OOH! THAT FRENCH CUISINE... DELICIOUSLY, THE REAL THING! SERVED THE EUROPEAN WAY... THE ONLY WAY.

The closest ski-center to the old capital. Winter fun for every member of the family... **Skiing at your doorstep.** No driving! Double chairlift, 5 T-Bars, certified ski instructors, ski shops. All inclusive ski week for 6, 7 or 8 days. Also night-skiing, skating, sleigh rides, etc...

Après-ski... Ooh la la! "C'est magnifique"... At the Manoir itself, fabulous après-ski every afternoon and evening with our internationally renowned Bavarian organist-singer.

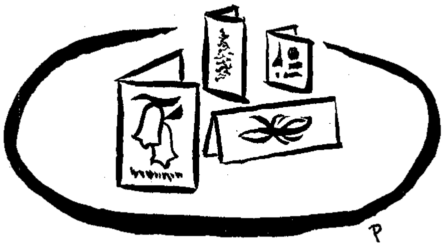
See and read all about it!
Ask your travel agent for our free 12-page color brochure or write to the Manoir itself.

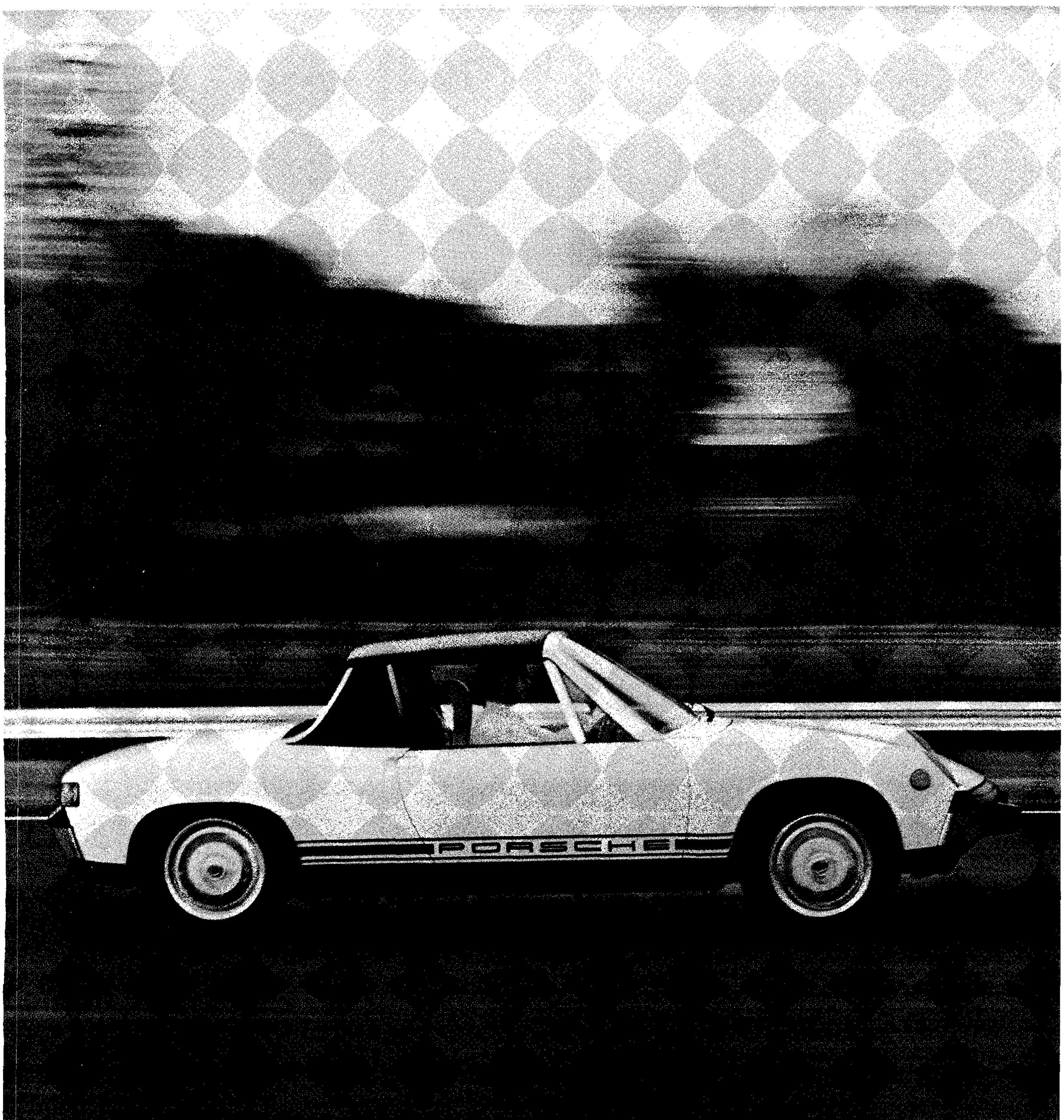
Manoir St-Castin is classified ⚜⚜⚜⚜⚜ + III by Québec's Department of Tourism. It is the highest rating awarded to a resort hotel for hospitality, elegance and fine cuisine.

MANOIR
St.Castin
Lac Beauport
Québec (110), P.Q., Canada
Tel.: (418) 849-4461

Introducing Le Parfum Maximum
MÉMOIRE
©1973
THE GREAT IMPRESSION FRAGRANCE
FROM ELIZABETH ARDEN

West, an eleven-and-a-half-inch jointed plastic cowboy, sells for $4.98 at Rappaport's, which also has, for the same price, an eleven-and-a-half-inch Indian figure—Geronimo, who is Johnny's traditional enemy. The new playroom scenario, after the latest events at Wounded Knee, may find them working side by side to do in the Bureau of Indian Affairs. If the child you have in mind prefers to put things together, Polk's has a Covered Wagon kit consisting of all the precut California-redwood and ponderosa-pine pieces and other parts needed to build a wagon that will be nine inches long, four and a half inches wide, and seven inches high. It's $4, and there is a similar kit, at the same price, that turns into what's called a Master Chuck Wagon. If you want something early Western that's already put together, Schwarz has a very nice bright-red stagecoach. The coach is eleven and a quarter inches long and made of plastic, but the chassis is die-cast metal. There are four plastic horses to pull it, a working brake, and doors that open and close. It's $9.95. Also at Schwarz, cowboy and cowgirl outfits in sizes 2 to 12 are $12.95, and Indian-chief and Indian-squaw costumes in these sizes are $10.95. The kids who opt to be Indians may have the cheaper outfits, but they get the better housing arrangements: a five-foot-tall red cotton-twill tepee with six poles and a metal base is $24.95 at Schwarz. If you're interested in a tepee for the *toy* cowboys and Indians, Rappaport's has a decorated Tribal Tepee, thirteen inches tall, that is supported by sticks and that laces shut. It's $4.95, and the big news is proclaimed on the box: "The Lone Ranger Rides Again!" This is Tonto's tepee; the "daring and resourceful Masked Rider of the plains" and his "faithful Indian Companion" are back on the scene. The jointed plastic figures that prove it are nine and a half inches tall; cost $5.50 each, also at Rappaport's; and wear appropriate outfits, including footwear and headgear and, of course, pistols and holsters. Since these weapons are only about an inch long, however, they aren't likely to cause an international incident, and, naturally, the Masked Rider and his faithful friend don't turn them on each other. Instead,





The Action Porsche

Action is having an electronic fuel-injected 2.0-liter engine take you from 0 to 60 in 11.0 seconds.

Action is stopping on radial tires with 4-wheel disc brakes.

Action is taking a corner with rack-and-pinion steering in a mid-engine car and feeling closer to the road than the white line.

Action is a 5-speed gearbox.

Action is a light, fiberglass roof you can take off in less than a minute.

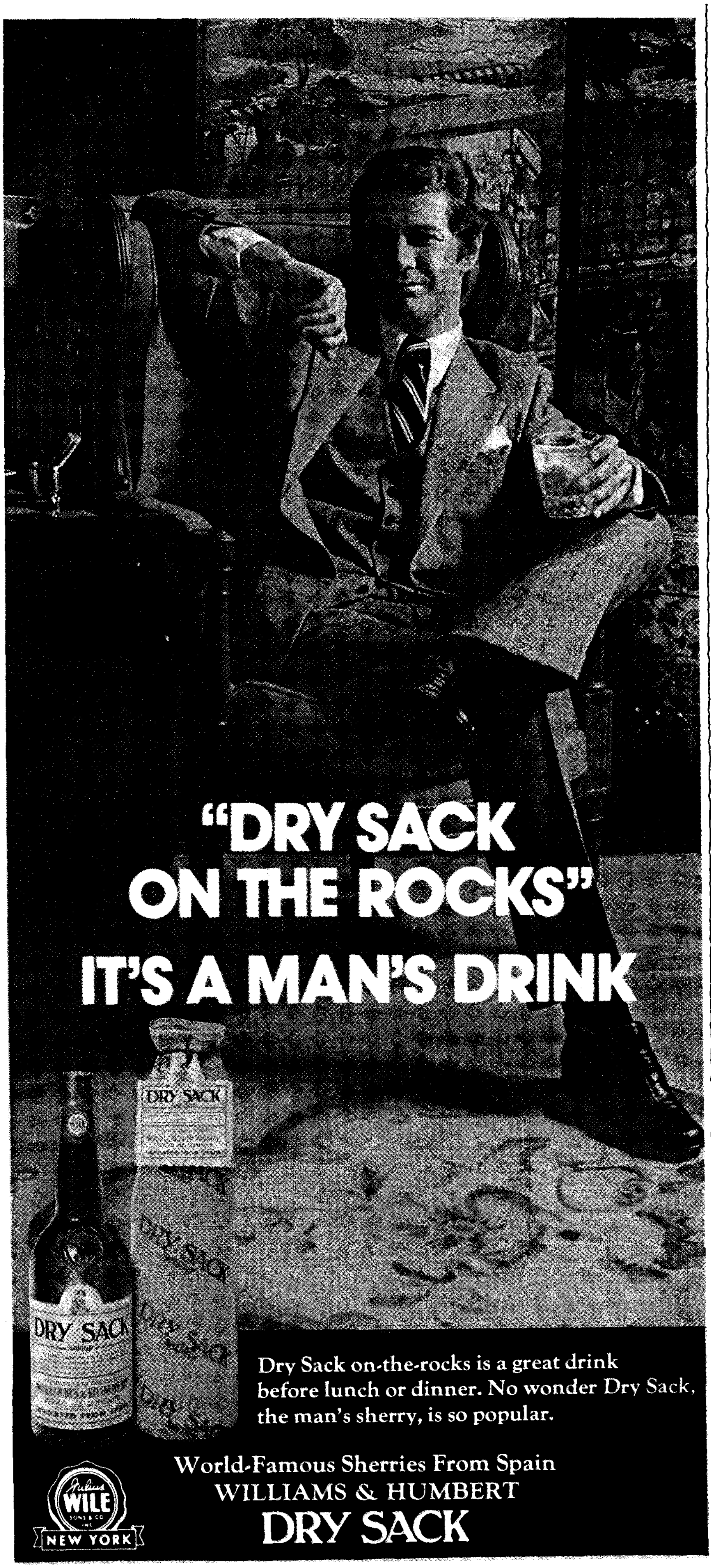
Action is sporting a built-in roll bar.

Action is 13 of the wildest colors you've ever seen. From Zambezi Green to Signal Orange.

Action is 29 miles to the gallon and a cruising range of more than 400 miles on one tank of gas.

Action is finally stopping for gas and having all the station attendants wanting to wait on you.

Action is what you get every time you step into a mid-engine Porsche 914.



"DRY SACK ON THE ROCKS" IT'S A MAN'S DRINK
DRY SACK
DRY SACK
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT

Dry Sack on-the-rocks is a great drink before lunch or dinner. No wonder Dry Sack, the man's sherry, is so popular.

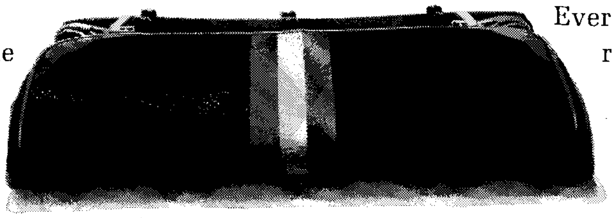
World-Famous Sherries From Spain
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
DRY SACK

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK

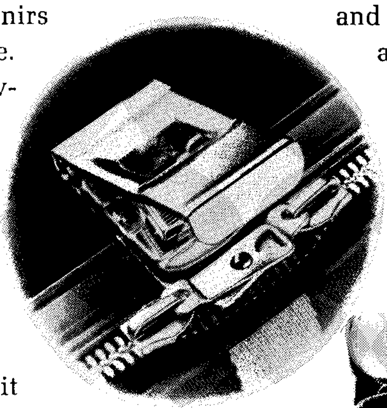
they turn them on "the Lone Ranger's enemy in the fight for law and order—Bad Guy Butch Cavendish." (If a toy company wants to avoid pickets, we've noticed, it gives the Bad Guy a Wasp name.) Butch, identified as a member of the Hole-in-the-Wall Gang, is dressed almost entirely in black, and is a very wicked-looking fellow indeed; $5.50 at Rappaport's.

"I NEVER thought I'd see the day when chess would be all over the front pages here, but confined to only one paragraph in *Pravda*. I guess that's my fault," Bobby Fischer said when he was given the key to New York on the steps of City Hall a little over a year ago. Chess fans now blame his withdrawal from all competition in the months since then for the fact that the national chess fever didn't continue at the 1972 pitch. There are still plenty of chess players around, however, and if you have one on your list, a hinged inlaid wooden box that opens to form a five-inch pegged chessboard is $3, including chessmen, at Federal Smallwares, 85 Fifth Avenue (16th). A rug chess set, which includes a plush pile rug of washable acrylic, thirty-two inches by fifty, and a set of outsize, heavily weighted plastic chess pieces (the king is nine inches tall), costs $39.95 at Schwarz. For $15, Brentano's has a three-player chess game in which two weaker players can form an alliance against a stronger competitor, playing on a hexagonal board. And at the same place you'll find "Grandmasters of Chess," Harold Schonberg's account of the history of chess from the eighteenth-century French grandmaster François Philidor on down (or up) to Bobby Fischer; $10. You may have heard that the most popular organized sport in the world is soccer, but listen to this: next year's world's-championship Subbuteo competition (Subbuteo is a British brand name for a variety of tabletop soccer) will attract competitors from thirty-two nations, and there will be forty thousand pounds in prizes. This year's final was held in Laos, and, according to *British Toys*, forty-five thousand spectators turned up at the stadium in Vientiane to watch, even though most of them, not being able to see what the trade paper called "the flick-by-flick moves," could only listen to a commentary. If you'd like to start preparing yourself or someone else for the day when tabletop-soccer competition is serious business in this country, a folding soccer-game table, twenty-four inches by thirty-nine, is $34.95 at Schwarz. The players are made of

BIG WHEN YOU NEED IT, SMALL WHEN YOU DON'T.



Unlike heavy, rigid luggage, the Lark Permamatic® gives you valuable extra room both on the road and back at home. The Permamatic shown here measures only 23x17x7½. But it can hold as much clothes, shoes, odds, ends and souvenirs as you can carry. And probably more. You can pack it full when you're traveling. Or fold it practically flat, out of the way, when you're not.



No snap, crackle, pop.

The Permamatic owes its great capacity and extra strength to its unique construction. A tough but pliant outer covering, coil spring frames and magnesium plates make it flexible, not rigid.

The Permamatic can handle all the things you usually pack at the start of your trip—and all the things you pick up along the way. With no popped locks. And no ripped zippers.

The Permamatic can really take it.

You can jump on it. Step on it. Kick it. Pound it. Crush it. Drop it. Or throw it. But you can't crack it, dent it or bend it out of shape. (About the worst thing you'll be able to do to the Permamatic is crease it when you fold it. But that's a very small price to pay for so much convenience and durability. Anyway, creases come out eventually.)

It packs some pleasant surprises.

Outside, the Permamatic has a rugged heavy-duty, double-tab zipper. The tabs fit into a special lock. Snap the lock over the tabs and there's no way a would-be thief can tamper with the zipper.

Inside, you'll find a surprisingly luxurious lining. A snap-in accessory kit with two separate *waterproof* compartments. And special restraining straps that help keep your belongings from tumbling out when you open the bag for airline or customs inspections.

The cost: much less than $75.

People who know the price will think you're smart. Everybody else will think you're rich. The Permamatic comes in a variety of sizes, fine fabrics and elegant designs. All in all, an ideal gift for your favorite traveler. The choice is clear. Either you get luggage that's heavy and rigid, or you get the beautiful, soft, pliant and light Permamatic.

In other words, lug it . . . or Lark it.

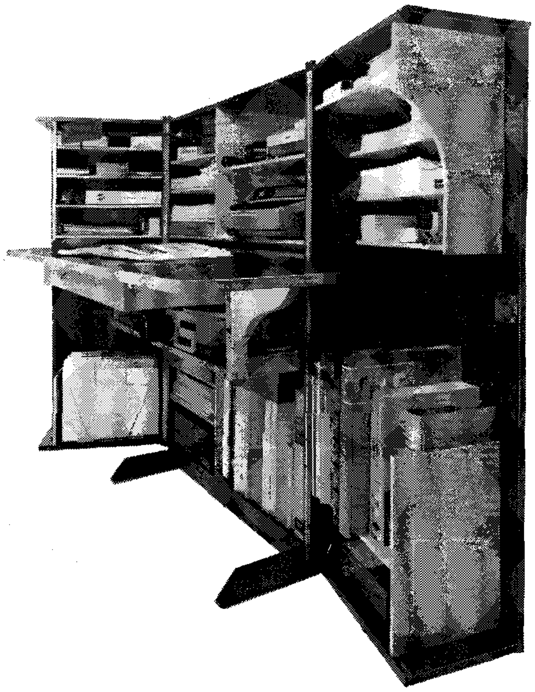
Lark®
PERMAMATIC®

You may want another one someday, but you'll probably never need a new one.

Write for the name of the Lark dealer nearest you.

LARK LUGGAGE CORP., Empire State Building, New York, New York 10001. Made in U.S.A.

Copyright © 1973, Lark Luggage Corp. All rights reserved.



Every busy person needs one. A place where you can organize things, and know they'll be there when needed.

Handcrafted in Norway, The Organizer is designed to help you get more work done in less space. And it fits beautifully into your living room, den, bedroom, or wherever you like to work.

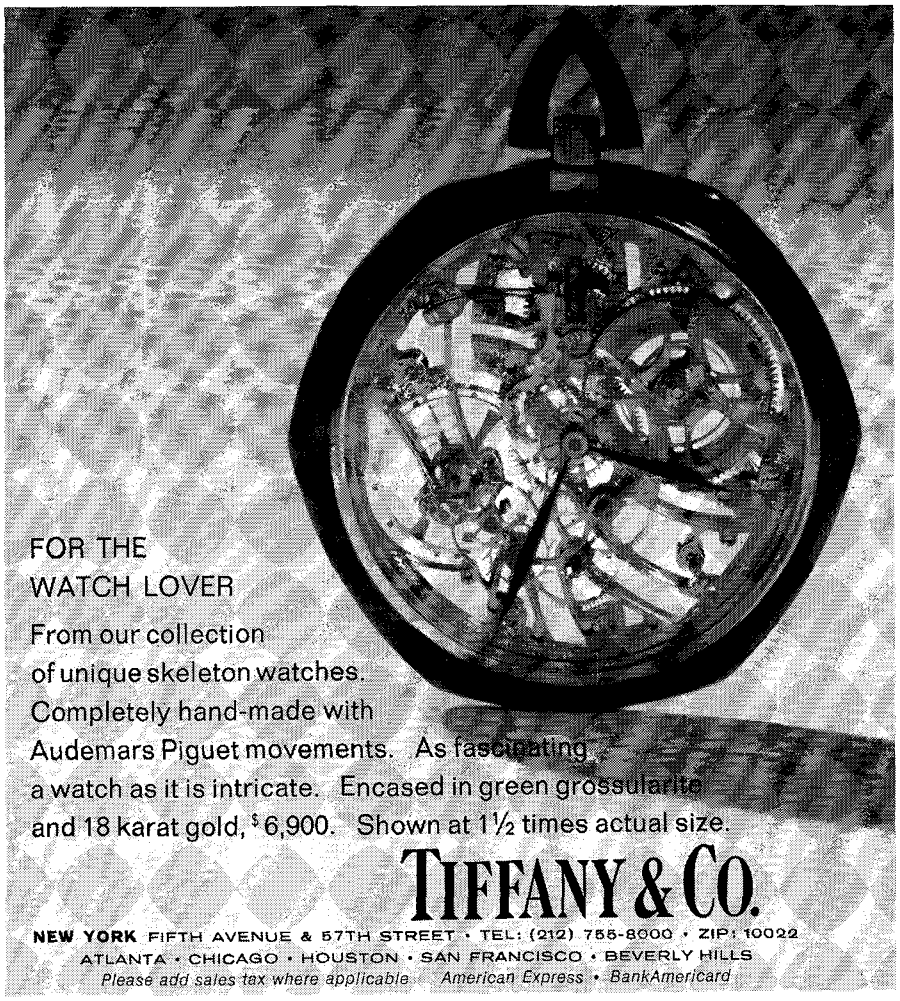
The Organizer.

Closed, The Organizer is a handsome cabinet just 32"W x 45"H x 21"D. But open it, and you'll find everything you need to get down to business. Including a folding glide away desk. 19 adjustable shelves to store all your papers and books. Separate vertical file. Compartmented center drawer. Built-in lamp. Even a lock and key. All in a space just 64"W x 30"D.

The Organizer saves you money as well as space. Because you buy direct from the importer. Choose from three dramatically grained woods: Teak or Walnut ($395), and Rosewood ($445). It's usually tax-deductible. And comes with a 30-day, money-back guarantee.

Come in and see the Organizer. Send check, or charge to Master Charge, BankAmericard, Amer. Exp., or Diners Club. Or call our order desk (686-7233). We ship anywhere in the U.S. for $25 or less (depending on location). Send for color brochure No. YO1210-3. Isn't it time you get organized?

GREATWOOD PRODUCTS, INC.
290 Madison Avenue (corner 40th St.)
New York, New York 10017 (212) 686-7232



FOR THE WATCH LOVER

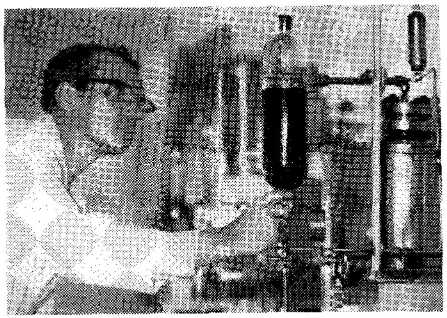
From our collection of unique skeleton watches. Completely hand-made with Audemars Piguet movements. As fascinating a watch as it is intricate. Encased in green grossularite and 18 karat gold, $6,900. Shown at 1½ times actual size.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET • TEL: (212) 755-8000 • ZIP: 10022
ATLANTA • CHICAGO • HOUSTON • SAN FRANCISCO • BEVERLY HILLS
Please add sales tax where applicable American Express • BankAmericard

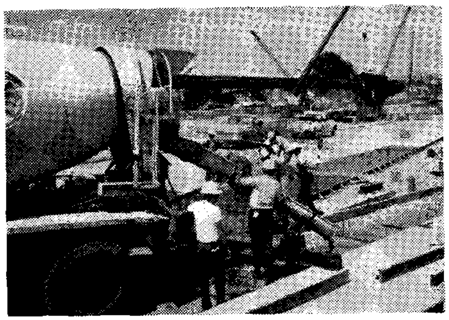
metal and are attached to rods whose handles protrude from the sides of the table. The idea is to manipulate the rods expertly enough to shuttle a plastic ball into the scoring net. Another championship competition, this one of more modest proportions than that in Vientiane, is currently being fought out at the Brooklyn War Memorial Building, near Borough Hall: the first New York City Scrabble Tournament. The thirteen-week tournament, which began November 4th, is being sponsored jointly by Scrabble's manufacturers (the Selchow & Righter Company) and the Brooklyn division of the city's Department of Recreation. The grand prize in this case is only a hundred-dollar savings bond, but about a hundred players have been turning up at the Brooklyn center every Sunday afternoon, many of them wearing Scrabble T-shirts they had been awarded for victories in earlier weeks. For home purposes, the Scrabble game, which is twenty-five years old this year, costs $5.50 at Lord & Taylor, among other places. For those who would like to win their Scrabble T-shirts in other languages, Italian, French, and German Scrabble sets are $6, and Russian Scrabble is $6.50, also at Lord & Taylor.

The first World Monopoly Championship was won two weeks ago by America's Western regional champion, Lee Bayrd, playing at Grossinger's against the Eastern and Midwestern regional champions and the British singles champion. Monopoly was forty years old in 1973, and this has been quite a year for the game, what with the Art Buchwald controversy and the great Atlantic City crisis. Buchwald, you may remember, complained that the prices of real estate on the Monopoly board hadn't changed since the game began, in the Depression years, and that American children would grow up thinking they could buy Park Place and Boardwalk for $750. Besides, he noted, you can't send a man to jail without giving him a chance to consult his lawyer. He charged, further, that when he ended up with only down-at-the-heels Baltic and Mediterranean Avenues, his own children wouldn't give him urban-renewal funds. Baltic and Mediterranean were also, of course, the source of the controversy in Atlantic City—whose street names the game's inventor gave to the Monopoly board—after the commissioner of public works there proposed last winter that their names be changed. "Would you be willing to take the responsibility for an invasion by hordes of

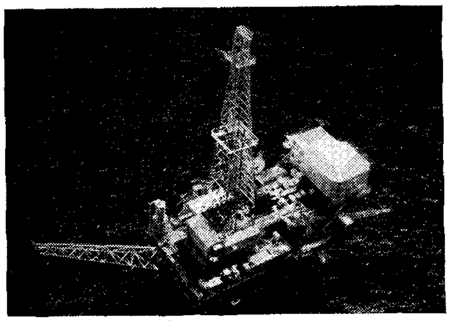
Ashland Oil reports record fiscal year results.



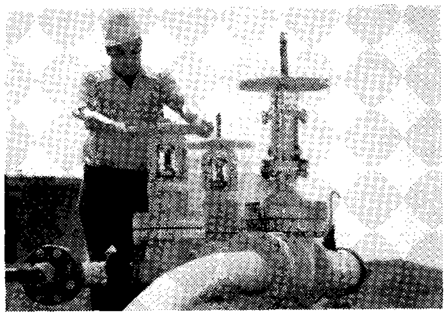
Ashland Chemical



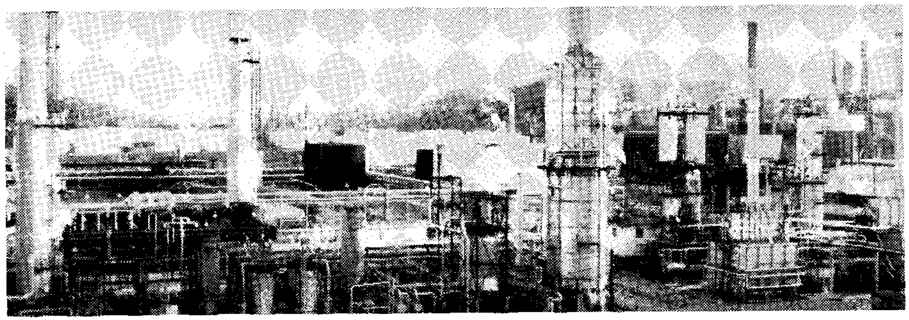
Ashland Resources



Ashland Exploration



Ashland Canada



Ashland Petroleum

Earnings jump 25%, sales rise 15% over last year's all-time highs.

Ashland achieved record results for the year ended September 30, 1973. Net income rose 25% to $85.2 million. Earnings per share advanced 28% from $2.64 to $3.37. In addition, cash flow from operations was up 13% to $176.6 million and sales increased 15% to $2.4 billion. Our billion dollar capital expenditure program of the past five years has provided a firm foundation for continued growth.

Ashland Petroleum exceeds $1 billion in sales.

Reflecting unprecedented demand for petroleum products, sales increased 12% to $1.5 billion, while operating income surged 29% to $133.7 million. Refinery runs were a record 338,000 barrels a day despite crude oil supply and transportation problems. A letter of intent was signed with the National Iranian Oil Company to establish a joint venture involving Ashland's New York State refining, transportation and marketing facilities, and crude oil to be supplied by NIOC. Negotiations are proceeding on this transaction.

Ashland Exploration boosts crude oil and gas production.

Continuing its aggressive exploration and development program, Ashland Exploration's crude oil production increased 20% and natural gas production nearly doubled. Major new holdings were acquired in Nigeria and offshore Louisiana. First production from the Abu Musa discovery in the Persian Gulf is expected by mid-1974, with 10,000 barrels a day going to Ashland's 25% interest. The first well is being drilled on North Sea acreage where Ashland has a 20% interest.

Ashland Canada makes progress on all fronts.

Substantial increases were again achieved: Ashland Canada's sales increased 34% to $103 million, and income grew 24% to $11.3 million. Crude oil production averaged 22,300 barrels a day, a 24% gain. Increased prices for Canadian crude oil and gains in production provide a firm foundation for continued earnings growth.

Ashland Chemical growth apparent in year's results.

Ashland Chemical sales for fiscal 1973 climbed to $427 million – up 22% from 1972. Operating income rose 43% to $32.5 million. Production has now begun at the extensively renovated Hammond, Indiana fatty acids plant, and the Foundry Products Division is expanding its Cleveland plant to permit a 50% boost in resins production. The Industrial Chemicals & Solvents Division continues to grow, with new plants in Houston, Texas, and Newark, California.

Ashland Resources gains continuing a six-year trend.

Year-end results for Ashland Resources show a 17% gain in sales to $375 million, and a 5% growth in operating income to $35.6 million. Operations in asphalt paving, construction, and the sale of stone and gravel set records. Warren Brothers Company, in association with others, has completed a $53 million contract near Washington, D.C., and is ahead of schedule on two companion projects. Coal sales by Ashland affiliated companies more than doubled in 1973, reaching 12 million tons.

If you would like a copy of our 1973 annual report, which will be ready for distribution about December 1, send the coupon below.

- -

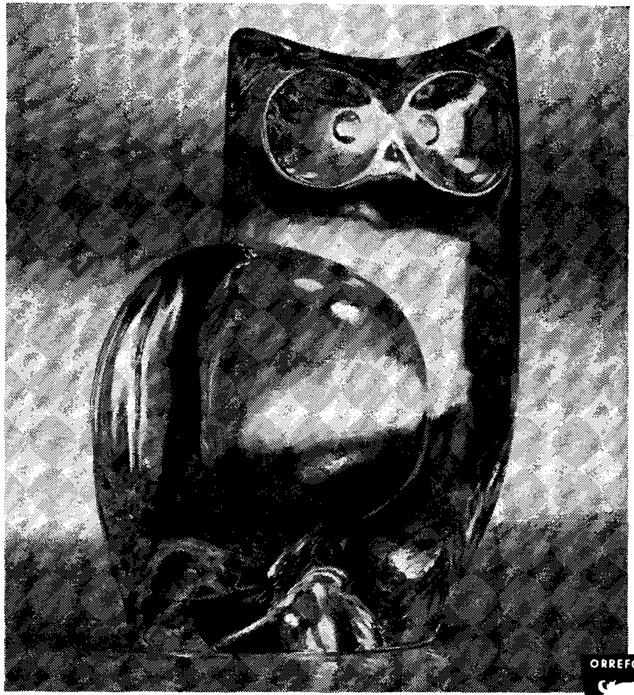
Ashland Oil, Inc., Dept. E,
Ashland, Kentucky 41101
Please send me a copy of your
1973 annual report.

Name______________________________
Address__________________________
City_______________________________
State________________Zip____________

Ashland

Ashland Oil, Inc., Ashland, Kentucky

OWL
(Ugglan Kristall Orrefors)



Habitat: Sweden. Found in limited numbers in No. America. One of six species captured in crystal by Olle Alberius for a new Orrefors collection. Each an original work of art. 5¾" tall, $120. For literature and names of stores nearest you which carry Orrefors crystal, write: Fisher, Bruce & Co., 221 Market St., Phila., Pa. 19106.

ORREFORS SWEDEN

Orrefors

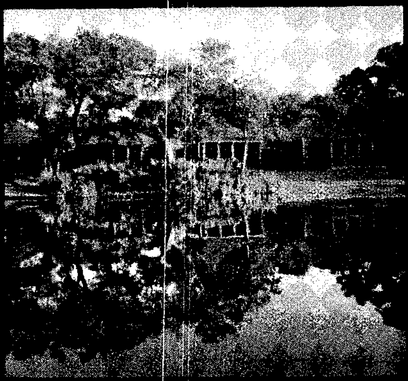
Hurricane For The House. Fine Swedish crystal by Orrefors is handblown to make the most festive and beautiful lamp of all. 10½" tall. $28.50. On the first floor.
Add sales tax where applicable and $1.50 for handling beyond our delivery area.

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Madison Avenue at 57th Street, New York 10022 (212) 935-2800
Manhasset/Millburn/Paramus/Scarsdale/Bal Harbour/Beverly Hills/Chevy Chase

protesting Monopoly players, all demanding that you go directly to jail without even the dignity of passing 'Go'?" demanded Edward P. Parker, the president of Parker Brothers, which manufactures the game. (For all their alleged troubles, toymakers do seem to have a bit of fun from time to time.) He added that one might just as well consider changing the name of the Champs-Élysées. Two hundred and fifty British Monopoly fans sent a protest to the importunate commissioner. A Princeton group calling itself Students to Save Baltic and Mediterranean circulated petitions on college campuses contending that the names Baltic and Mediterranean represented "the last resort of the underdog to hold out against the oppressive forces of Boardwalk and Park Place power mongers." In the end, the Atlantic City commission voted unanimously with the underdogs and against the change. (A few months later, the real hotel at Boardwalk and Park Place closed.) If you want to be sure your young friends understand what all the *Sturm und Drang* is about when the next Monopoly controversy crops up, the game costs $7 at, among other places, Brentano's.

Have we been neglecting the interests of the youngest members of the family? Of course, with the falling birthrate, there are fewer very little ones than there used to be, and, in desperation, some of the baby-powder manufacturers are now touting their products for grownup use. On the other hand, as the president of the Fisher-Price company pointed out last year, if fewer children are born, that means there will be a higher percentage of first children, and everybody knows that parents go all out for the first baby. Apparently convinced by their president's rhetoric, Fisher-Price came out this year, for the first time, with a set of crib toys. A six-and-a-quarter-inch-tall red plastic item called a Happy Apple, for example, makes a chiming sound as it either rolls on the floor or bobs around in the bathwater, and has a leafy stem that can serve safely as a teether; $4.95 at Rappaport's. A Music Box Mobile to attach to a crib's side consists of five farm figures that slowly revolve above the crib as a music box plays Brahms' "Lullaby" (ten minutes on one wind). The music box is removable and can be played with away from the mobile. Macy's has this, for $11.99. And for $7.95, at Schwarz, there's an Activity Box, also from Fisher-Price. This attaches to the side of a crib or playpen where a baby can reach

Sea Pines presents Florida.



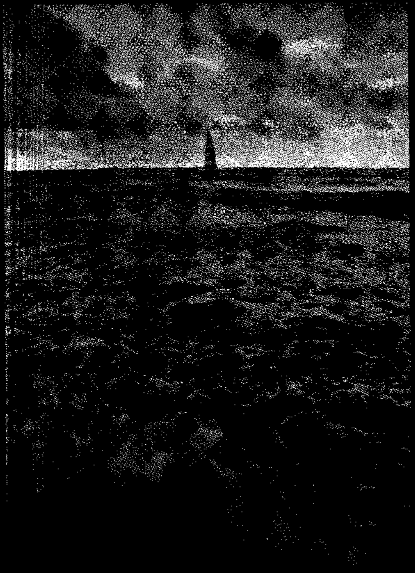
The world has been watching Sea Pines Plantation for years. It's one of the most photographed resorts in America.

The photographs on this page were taken at Sea Pines' new resort, Amelia Island Plantation, on Amelia Island, Florida. It's almost ready to open. The world is going to be watching Amelia, too.

One reason is that when the Sea Pines Company, creator of both resorts, began planning Amelia three years ago, they realized they'd found a Florida not many people knew existed. A Florida that got lost in the shuffle during the frantic rush south, in the great Boom of the Twenties. A Florida that is spectacular—but naturally so. Still untarnished. Basically, wild and free and honest.

So in this other Florida, on this island just off the coast of Jacksonville, Sea Pines went to work creating a new 1,650-acre resort community supremely worthy of its setting.

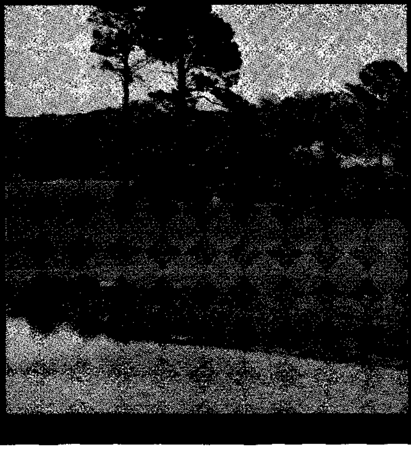
Sea Pines does that rather well. Resort planners all over the world give Sea Pines their undivided attention. Discriminating vacationers give it their wholehearted approval. Now it's Amelia's turn in the sun. And the Sea Pines way of doing things is going to put it there.



For instance, the Sea Pines kind of golf is probably the best there is. That's why Pete Dye designed the 27-hole course, 18 holes of which are ready now in Amelia. The Sea Pines kind of tennis is the best there is, too. That's why Amelia's courts are among the finest man can create. And why Marty Riessen is here now as touring pro.

Sea Pines' sports, dining, and accommodations are legendary. Amelia's Beach Club is now open and making its own legends. And charming villas are waiting for you now.

So Sea Pines presents Florida. And Amelia will take it from there.



AMELIA ISLAND PLANTATION

THE SEA PINES RESORT IN NORTH FLORIDA

For full information on things to do now at Amelia Island Plantation, send us the coupon.

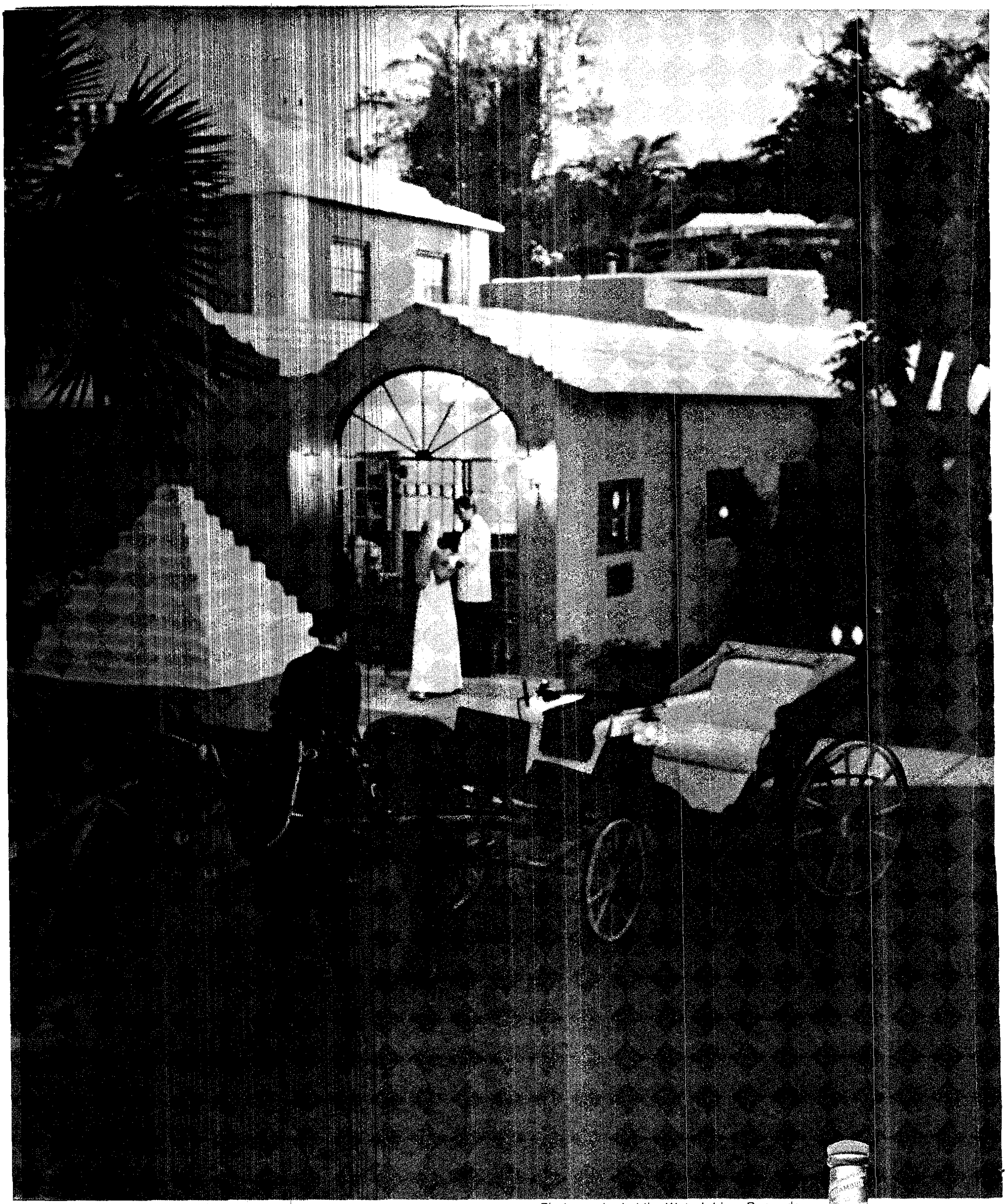
NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY __________ STATE _______ ZIP ______

Mail to: Amelia Island Plantation, Amelia Island, Florida 32034. Phone 904/261-6101.

AD-10025-G1

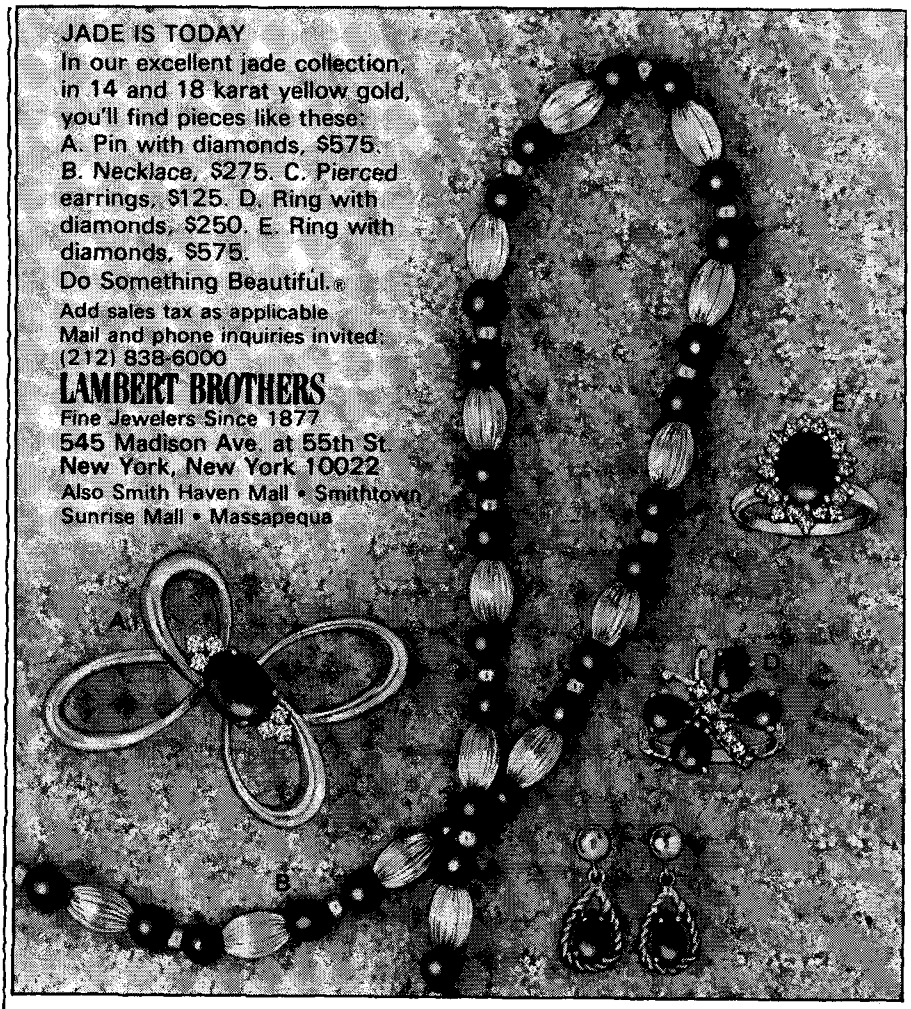


Photographed at the Waterlot Inn, Bermuda

Evenings that memories are made of so often include

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 80 PROOF LIQUEUR it, and it has all kinds of buttons, knobs, and levers that, when pushed or pulled, make things rattle, ring, squeak, turn, or whirl. At Creative Playthings, 1 East 53rd Street, you'll find, for $5.25, a Texture Ball, seven inches in diameter, which has a patchwork cover of different-textured kinds of cloth over a foam-rubber base. At the same place is a Baby Bouncer, a cloth jump seat with rubber suspenders and all the necessary hardware for hanging in a doorway. It's $11.95. At Childcraft, 150 East 58th Street and 155 East 23rd Street, three unbreakable mirrors are set on a base that rocks and chimes gently as a child touches it; $4.50. At the same place, Melody Queen, a red-blue-and-white plastic version of an old-time paddleboat, turns out to be a landlocked wind-up toy. Nonetheless, it's a cheerful sight as it rolls along the floor or rug, playing "Camptown Races." Twelve and a half inches long, it costs $4.98. And a very nice small boat that operates either in the water or on the floor (there's a retractable metal centerboard, and there are wheels) is a five-and-three-quarter-inch wooden sailboat at Creative Playthings. It has a bright-red cloth sail and costs $4.25.

In Peking, as of a few months ago, they were still selling a game called Anti-Imperialist Chess. (It's played on something like a Monopoly board, with toy figures that vaguely resemble Vietcong soldiers. The player is ahead of the game when he hits the squares marked "Enemy falls into a spiked pit, take another turn," or "Strike a telling blow at U.S. imperialism, advance to 26.") Still, there's some comfort in knowing that those two symbols of détente, Hsing-Hsing and Ling-Ling, have recently moved into their four-hundred-and-twenty-five-thousand-dollar giant-panda house in the National Zoo in Washington, to which they attracted an estimated million visitors last year. In case your own visit to the real thing has to be postponed, Rappaport's has a twelve-inch panda for $4.95 and a seventeen-inch one for $12.95. Nobody at Rappaport's seems to know why the latter one is wearing a purple smoking jacket. And at Gimbels you'll find a fourteen-inch musical panda that, in the new fraternal spirit, plays "Frère Jacques." The softest animals we came across were the woollen hand-knit kangaroo mother and her baby at the Craft Shop of the New York Association for the Blind, at 111 East 59th Street. The mother is thirteen inches tall, the baby four inches; the stuffing is Dacron yarn, so it's hand-



JADE IS TODAY
In our excellent jade collection, in 14 and 18 karat yellow gold, you'll find pieces like these:
A. Pin with diamonds, $575.
B. Necklace, $275. C. Pierced earrings, $125. D. Ring with diamonds, $250. E. Ring with diamonds, $575.
Do Something Beautiful.®
Add sales tax as applicable
Mail and phone inquiries invited:
(212) 838-6000
LAMBERT BROTHERS
Fine Jewelers Since 1877
545 Madison Ave. at 55th St.
New York, New York 10022
Also Smith Haven Mall • Smithtown
Sunrise Mall • Massapequa

Hidden in Africa, a 4,000-year-old culture called Ethiopia.

We've been here with our castles and churches, our paintings and jewels, our rare wild life and birds for centuries. Hidden by natural barriers. Now the treasure chest is being opened. Call your travel agent or mail the coupon for information about the Hidden Empire.

ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES 200 E. 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017 Tel. (212) 867-0095 Dept. K-5
Name
Address
City State Zip
ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES
The key to the Hidden Empire

The Magic Camera!

Our new Electro-8 LD-6 movie camera is not enchanted. But it performs magic! It creates professional fades, dissolves and slow-motion effects, *automatically!* Transforms anyone into an "instant Pro!" Say the magic word: YASHICA — and your photo dealer will be glad to show it to you.

YASHICA
ELECTRONIC CAMERAS...
It's a whole new thing
50-17 Queens Boulevard,
Woodside, New York 11377

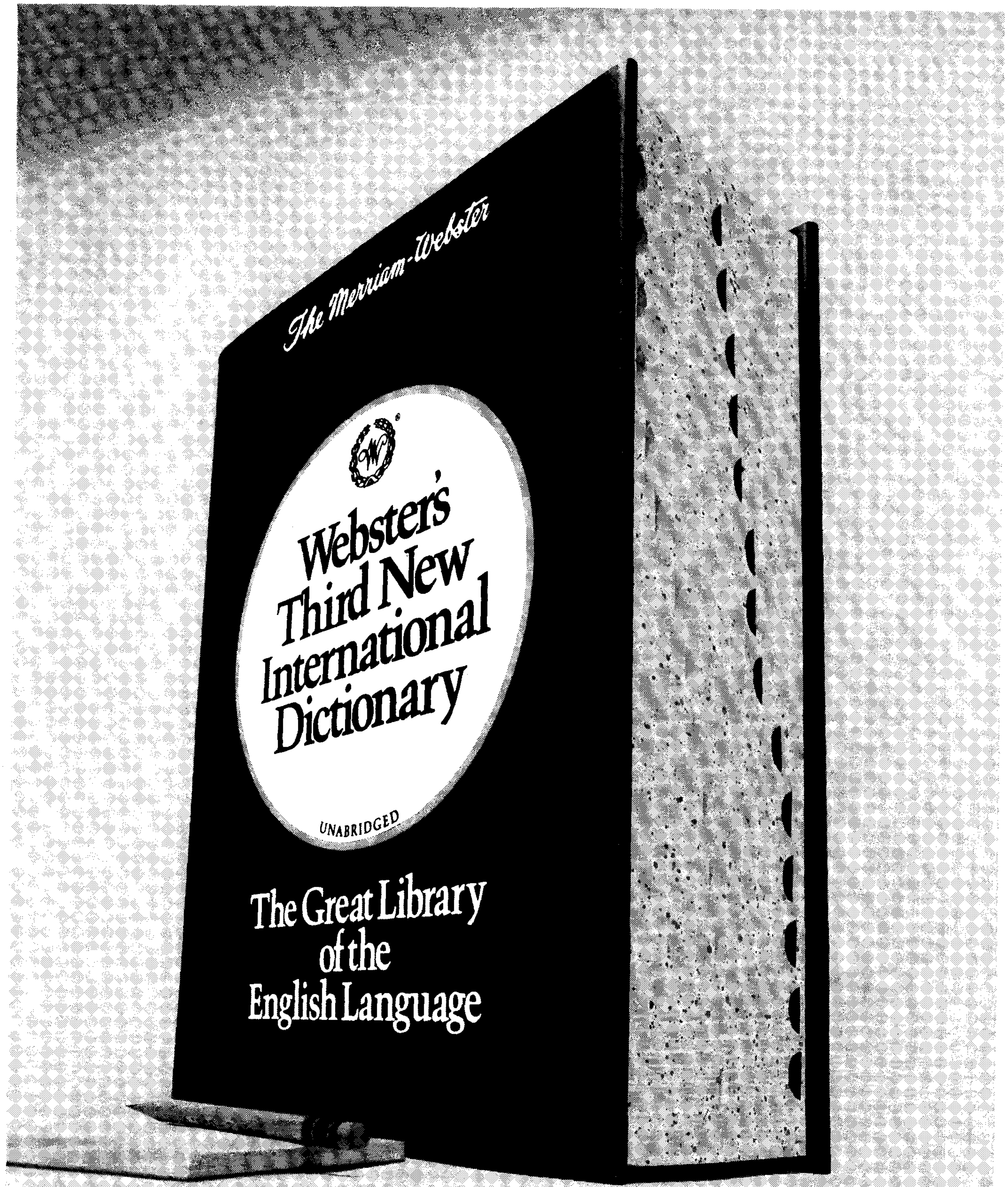
Not all of London's treasures are in the British Museum.
One of them is in Portman Square.

LOEWS
CHURCHILL
PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON W1

For reservations, see your travel agent or call Loews Reservations Inc. (LRI) in your area toll-free.

washable; and the price is $8.50. At the same place you'll find three old friends, also made by the blind. For $5, there is a fat and fatuous-looking Winnie the Pooh, fourteen inches tall, made of red cloth and wearing a tan jacket. Piglet, who comes in red corduroy, is a foot long and costs $4.50. Eeyore, who costs $5 and is fifteen inches long, has a black mane and is otherwise all of light-brown flannel. He also seems to be in his usual brown funk. His eyes droop. He hangs his head. He overdoes it so outrageously that he might be just the thing to cheer up a glum high-school sophomore who has exams coming up. If you think Eeyore would only make things worse, how about a Teddy bear (for any age)? Altman's has an old-fashioned bear, nineteen inches tall and wearing a large plaid bow, for $10. And, for the same price, at Lord & Taylor you'll find two nine-inch bears, one gold and one brown, with their arms wrapped around each other. You couldn't call them inseparable, though. They snap apart if their owner likes them better that way.

How about a few more dolls? A similarly demonstrative pair, Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy, *are* inseparable unless someone snips the stitches that hold them in loving embrace. Seven inches tall, they're $3.95 at Schwarz. A Shirley Temple doll (more nostalgia) is $15.50 at Polk's. She is sixteen and a half inches tall, wears the familiar corkscrew curls, and is all dressed up in a frilly red-and-white party dress and a red hair ribbon. Jenny Jones is something else again. She is nine inches tall and is being advertised as "the first fashion doll to become a mother." She has blond hair and is dressed in a stylish hostess outfit, and she brings with her a two-and-a-half-inch Drink 'N' Wet baby named John. "A new birth of fashion fun for mother and son," it says on the box; $8.75 at Polk's. As far as we know, Garden Gal is the first doll to plant seeds in her own greenhouse. The plastic greenhouse, seven and a half inches wide, eight inches long, and eight inches high, contains six plastic pots, six peat discs, three seed packets (zinnias, marigolds, and bachelor's buttons), some plastic tools, a watering can, a change of clothes for Garden Gal, who is seven and a half inches tall, and a plastic chaise for her to relax on while she waits for the flowers to grow. She's $12.95 at Rappaport's. And then there is a doll called Newborn Baby Tender Love, who costs $14.95 at Rappaport's. This is really a nice doll, thirteen inches tall, with very soft skin and blond hair. She comes


The Merriam-Webster
Webster's Third New International Dictionary
UNABRIDGED
The Great Library of the English Language

The gift that un-boggles the mind.

It's Webster's Third New International Dictionary. The great unabridged library of the English Language. And one of the greatest gifts you can give.

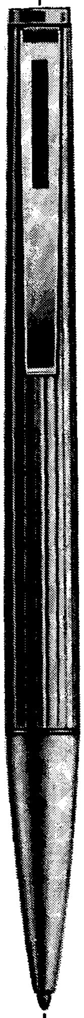
It has over 462,000 entries, 200,000 usage examples, over 3,000 illustrations, 20 pages of magnificent full-color reproductions and more than 1,000 synonym articles. In a single volume it defines the English Language as it is written and spoken today.

An unusually fine gift. $54.50. Wherever books are sold.

Merriam-Webster Dictionaries, Springfield, Massachusetts 01101.

with diapers, a blanket, and a bottle, and she seems to be waiting for nothing except to make her new mother (or father) very happy.

If it was a children's record you had in mind, the following records are all 33⅓ r.p.m. L.P.s and are available anywhere children's records are sold. The latest "Sesame Street" number, called "Sesame Street Live" (Columbia, KC 32343; $5.98), is more of the same—and what could be better? It's great fun with some cheerful learning along the way, all to a solid rhythmic beat. This time there is also some bilingualism: "Tu Me Gustas," which is translated as "I Like You," is sung by Maria, and for the finale there is a song in English called "Sing" with a voice-over Spanish translation. The British Broadcasting Corporation has complained of the "authoritarian aims" of "Sesame Street," and a Bavarian critic has charged that Oscar the Grouch and his garbage can are an attempt to symbolize "the misery of the black slums," but such complaints probably won't bother the kids at your house, who already know that there are both grouches and garbage cans on all kinds of streets. If the children would like to put on their own "Sesame Street" performance, incidentally, Rappaport's has puppet versions of most of the "Sesame Street" regulars (Oscar, Bert, Ernie, and so on) for $6.95; Big Bird is $11.95. At the same place, a Big Bird Giant Floor Puzzle is $4.98, and "giant" is really the word for this: it is six feet long when it's all put together. There are only eighteen pieces, though, so it shouldn't faze a five- or six-year-old. And the Fisher-Price Movie Viewer, a sturdy plastic item that looks rather like a movie camera, now comes in a package with a cartridge called "On My Way to Sesame Street." The cartridge slips easily into the viewer, and as the child squints through the lens at one end and turns a crank on the side, he sees a minute-long show featuring cartoon versions of his "Sesame Street" friends. The show can be repeated over and over, and can even be played backward. The viewer and one cartridge come to $8.49 at Gimbels East, and at the same place, for $2.59, there are additional cartridges with painless "Sesame Street" lessons, labelled "Shapes," "Numbers," and the like, and also cartridges starring various Disney characters. If you know somebody a bit older who is having trouble with his multiplication tables, one remedy could be a record called "Multipli-



Ballpoint as a gift with Class!

Not just practical, but a truly luxurious ballpoint for a gift—$7.00 to $22.50. The *Ballpix* proudly carries the *Montblanc* emblem made world famous by the *Diplomat* and *Masterpiece* fountain pens priced from $25.50 to $270.00.

Weighted for proper balance for easy, tireless writing. You must try the pen to appreciate this.

Lever in clip automatically retracts ballpoint when inserted in pocket.

Deep-cut fluted design (illustrated) or matte finish. In chrome, rhodium or gold plate; also matte-black finish models with brushed chrome or gold plated ferrule and clip.

Giant ink cartridge, almost ¼" diameter, writes many times longer than conventional cartridges. Refill cartridge only $1.00.

Tungsten carbide ballpoint. Smooth-gliding, even flowing.

All in exquisite gift boxes.

MONT BLANC ballpix

At your favorite store or pen shop. Or write for names of retailers in your area who feature *Montblanc* prestige writing instruments.

Koh-I-Noor Rapidograph, Inc.,
100 North St., Bloomsbury,
New Jersey 08804.

A.C. BANG
Furriers to the Royal Danish Court since 1817
27, Østergade - 1100 Copenhagen K - Phone 15 17 26

A GREAT NAME IN DANISH FURS
BE SURE TO VISIT US
WHEN YOU VISIT COPENHAGEN

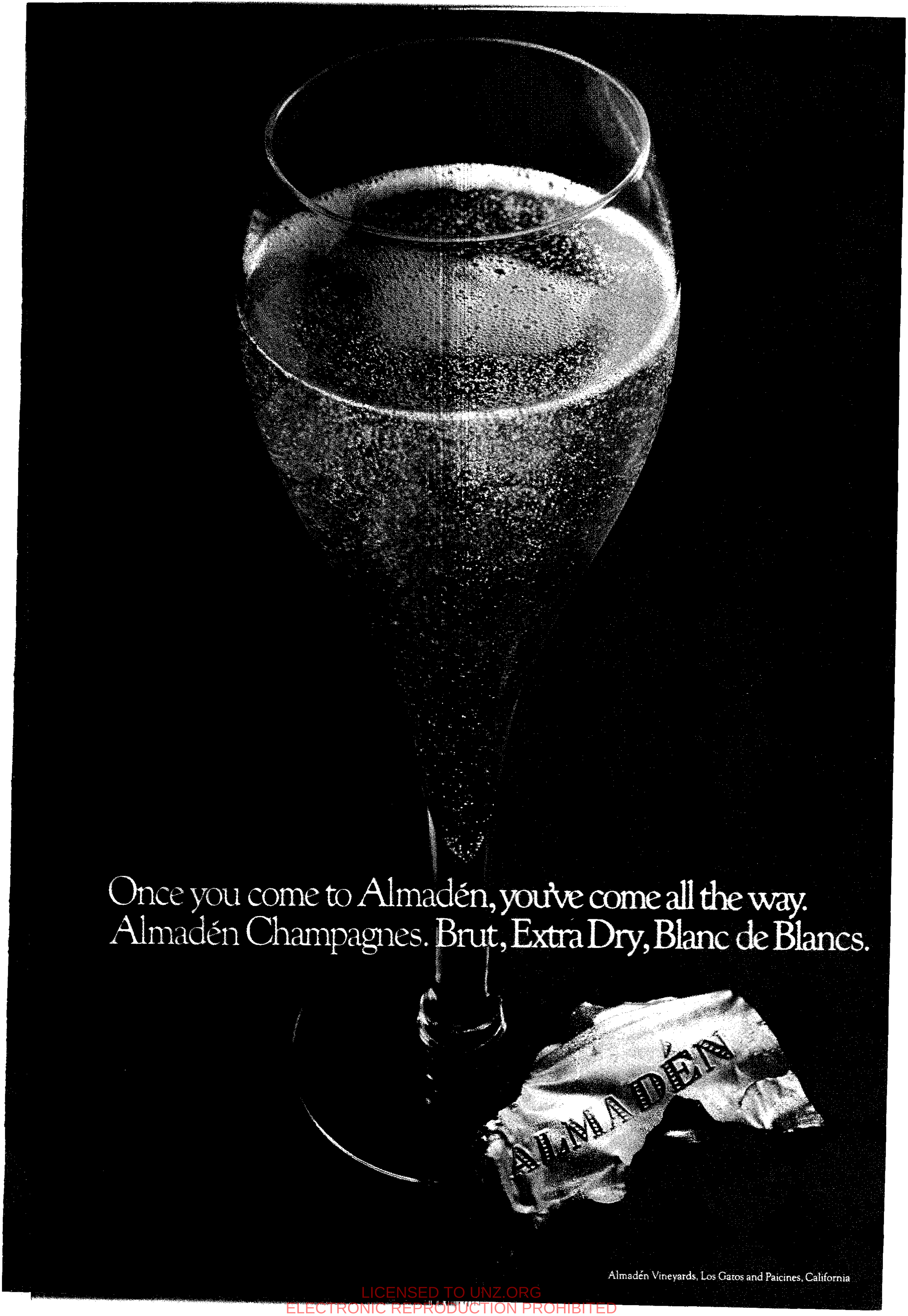
We can help you
RSC
with a Spanish proverb

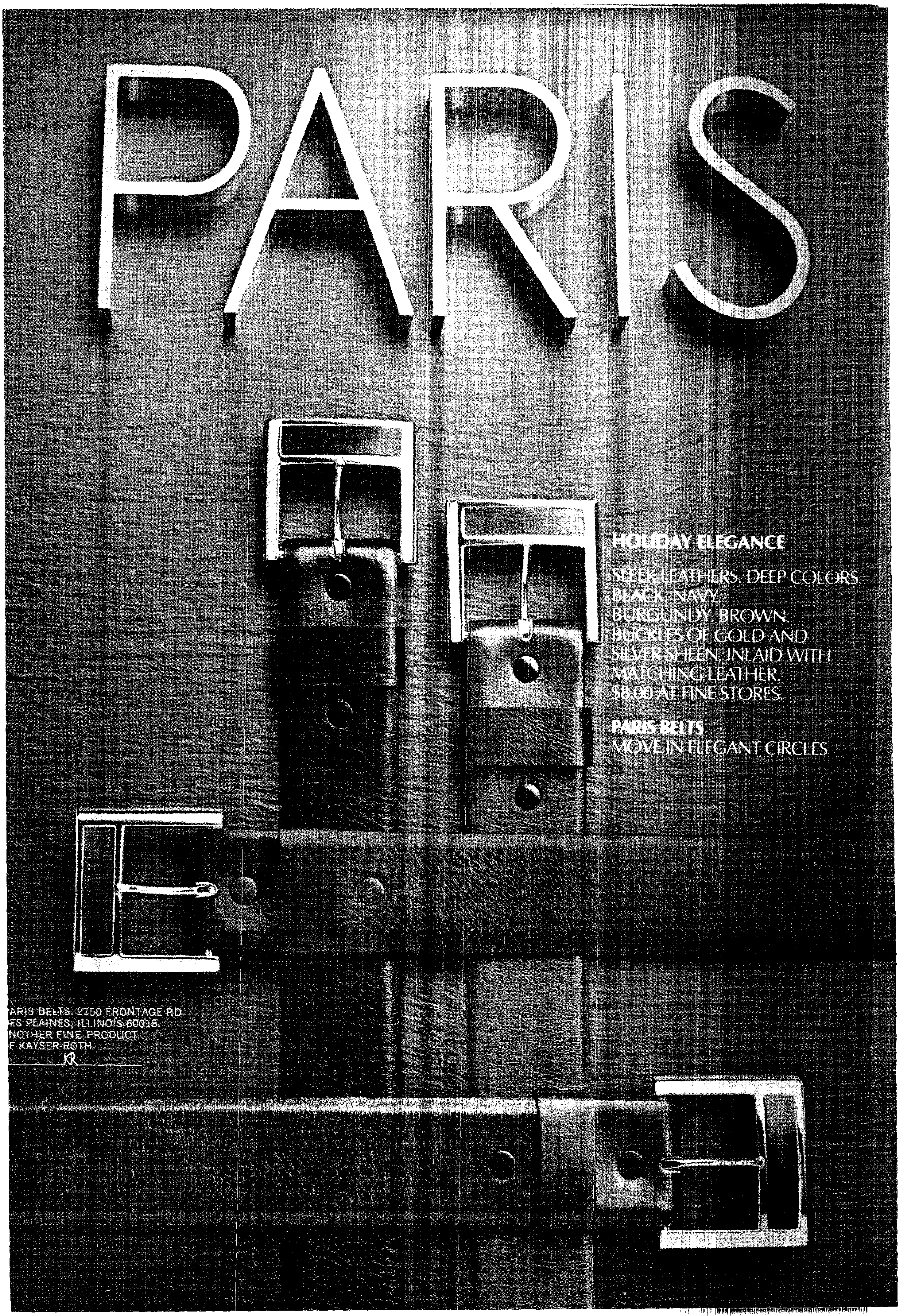
A Spanish proverb states, "For each man a good woman, a spirited horse, a fine knife." While the first two are outside our competence, we are certain we can help with the third. Our G.P.K. (Gentleman's Pocket Knife) is only 1/4" thin, but contains in its leatherette-sheathed body: knife, manicurer, screwdriver/bottle opener and scissors. All forged of the finest steel. And without additional cost we'll personalize it with your initials in chrome. Once you own the G.P.K. we know you won't part with it and will carry it in tackle box, tweed suit or tux. Order yours now, but don't forget, the woman and the horse are up to you!

☐ **Send me my G.P.K. I encl. $5.95 ($4.95 plus $1 post. & ins.). Return in 2 weeks for full refund if not delighted. (Calif. residents add tax.)**

Name
Address
Zip
Initials

NY1210
haverhills 584 Washington St. San Francisco 94111
221-1


Once you come to Almadén, you've come all the way.
Almadén Champagnes. Brut, Extra Dry, Blanc de Blancs.
ALMADÉN
Almadén Vineyards, Los Gatos and Paicines, California



HOLIDAY ELEGANCE

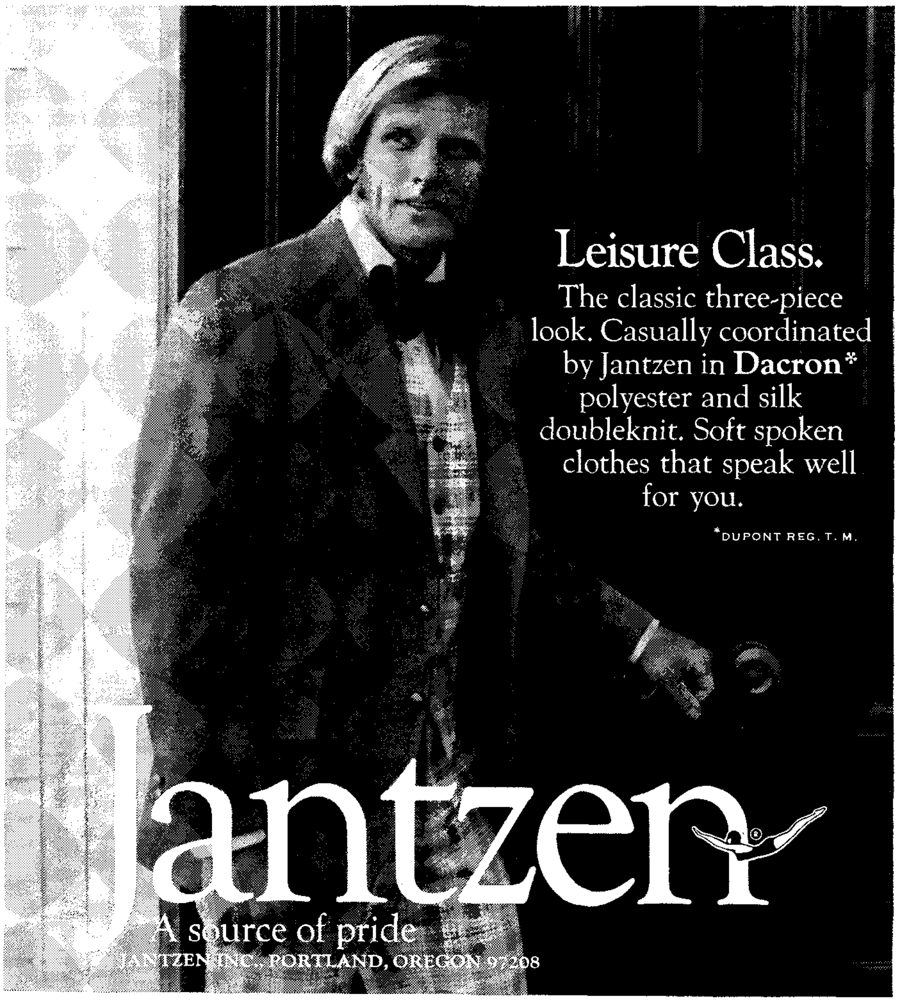
SLEEK LEATHERS. DEEP COLORS.
BLACK. NAVY.
BURGUNDY. BROWN.
BUCKLES OF GOLD AND
SILVER SHEEN, INLAID WITH
MATCHING LEATHER.
$8.00 AT FINE STORES.

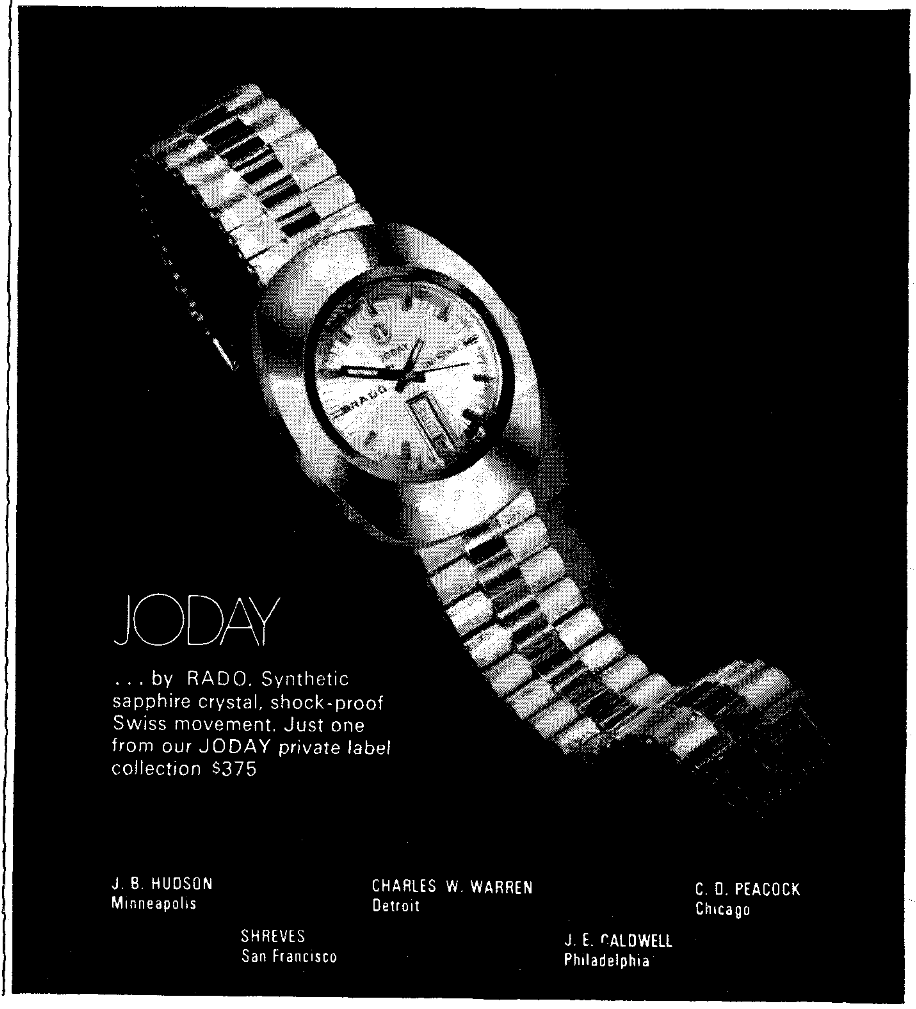
PARIS BELTS
MOVE IN ELEGANT CIRCLES

ARIS BELTS, 2150 FRONTAGE RD.
ES PLAINES, ILLINOIS 60018.
NOTHER FINE PRODUCT
F KAYSER-ROTH.

cation Rock" (Capitol, SJA-11174; $3.98). The tables, from the twos through the twelves (but skipping the tens), are all done to rock music, and there is no new math about it. Some shortcuts are mentioned, but there is also a shameless reference to counting on one's fingers. Blossom Dearie does the eights, Grady Tate the sixes and nines ("Mean old number nine"), and Bob Dorough sings all the rest, including the elevens ("Eleven's always been a friend of mine").

It is some measure of the prevalent snobbery toward writers for children that the name of Laura Ingalls Wilder is not listed in such fat reference volumes as "Twentieth Century Authors," the "Oxford Companion to American Literature," or "The Readers Encyclopedia," although more than two million hardback copies of her "Little House in the Big Woods" and its eight sequels have been sold since the first "Little House" book was published, in 1932. Grandparents in the crowd who may have decided that it's too late to start setting pen to paper (and who may remember all the way back to their family's first Reo) might be encouraged to learn that Mrs. Wilder was sixty-five when she published her first book, about her very early childhood in the Wisconsin woods, where she was born in 1867. Now Pathways of Sound has brought out a set of four records on which Julie Harris reads aloud every word of "The Little House in the Big Woods" (POS 1044; $23.50). Possibly the two-billion-six-hundred-million-dollar toy industry would just as soon Pathways hadn't got around to this, since the little sisters in the book are described as playing along quite happily with a pig's bladder for a ball, pumpkins for toy furniture, and a corncob wrapped in a handkerchief for a doll, but it might be noted that the $23.50 charged for the record may have been as much cash as the pioneer family saw in a whole year. Anyhow, what with the energy crisis, it is a good idea for all concerned to be reminded that there was a day when Americans were somehow able to manage without a plug-in appliance, or even a can of soup, in the house. Perhaps we should mention that toward the end of the record the girls' father discovers the advantages of the threshing machine, so the Industrial Revolution may be just beyond the clearing. All kinds of machines are in the farm picture in E. B. White's "Charlotte's Web," but, as you probably remember, inside the barn no machine, only Charlotte, that resourceful spider ("She was in a class by her-


Leisure Class.
The classic three-piece look. Casually coordinated by Jantzen in **Dacron*** polyester and silk doubleknit. Soft spoken clothes that speak well for you.
*DUPONT REG. T. M.
Jantzen®
A source of pride
JANTZEN INC., PORTLAND, OREGON 97208


JODAY
. . . by RADO. Synthetic sapphire crystal, shock-proof Swiss movement. Just one from our JODAY private label collection $375

J. B. HUDSON
Minneapolis

CHARLES W. WARREN
Detroit

C. D. PEACOCK
Chicago

SHREVES
San Francisco

J. E. CALDWELL
Philadelphia

Royal Copenhagen's Christmas Plate has a history

It began in 1908 with the first Christmas Plate. And ever since, for every Christmas a new plate has been issued. Here you have a list of them all.

We don't sell antiques, so we can only offer you our 1973-plate. It's named "Going home for Christmas" and features the last steam engine on the Danish Railways. That is history in the making.

$22.00.

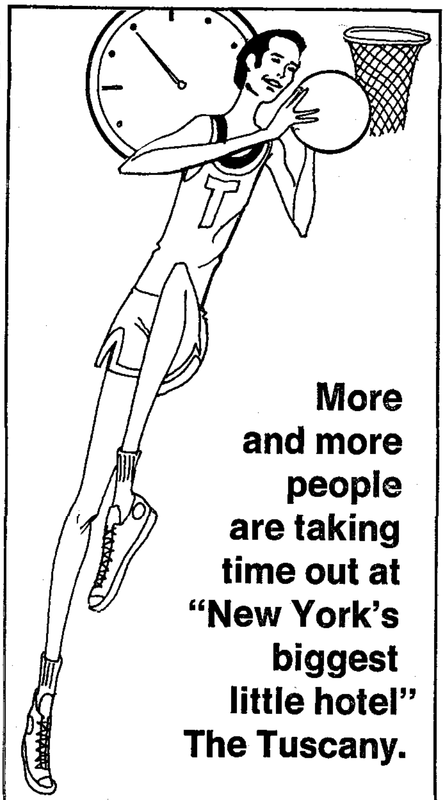
1908. Madonna and Child
1909. Danish landscape
1910. The Magi
1911. Danish landscape
1912. Elderly couple by the Christmas tree
1913. Spire of the Frederik Church
1914. Sparrows in tree
1915. Danish landscape
1916. The Shepherds in the field
1917. The Tower of Our Saviour's Church
1918. The Shepherds
1919. In the Park
1920. Mary with the Child Jesus
1921. Market-place
1922. Three singing angels
1923. Danish landscape
1924. The Christmas star over the sea
1925. Street scene from Christianshavn
1926. View of Christianshavns canal
1927. The ship's boy at the tiller Christmas night
1928. The Vicar-family on the way to Church
1929. The Grundtvig Church, Copenhagen
1930. Fishing-boats
1931. Mother and Child
1932. Frederiksberg Gardens with statue of Frederik VI
1933. The Ferry and the Great Belt
1934. The Hermitage Castle
1935. Fishing-boat off Kronborg Castle
1936. Roskilde Cathedral
1937. Christmas scene in Copenhagen
1938. The Round Church in Østerlars
1939. Expeditionary ship in the pack-ice of Greenland
1940. The Good Shepherd
1941. Danish Village Church
1942. Bell-tower of old Church in Jutland
1943. The Flight of the Holy Family to Egypt
1944. Typical Danish Winter Scene
1945. A peaceful motif
1946. Village Church
1947. The Good Shepherd
1948. Nodebo Church
1949. Our Lady's Cathedral, Copenhagen
1950. Boeslunde Church
1951. Christmas Angel
1952. Christmas in the Forest
1953. Frederiksborg Castle
1954. Amalienborg Palace, Copenhagen
1955. Fano Girl
1956. Rosenborg Castle
1957. The Good Shepherd
1958. Sunshine over Greenland
1959. Christmas Night
1960. The Stag
1961. The Training Ship Danmark
1962. The Little Mermaid at Wintertime
1963. Højsager Mill
1964. Fetching the Christmas tree
1965. Little Skaters
1966. Blackbird and Church
1967. The Royal Oak
1968. The Last Umiak
1969. The Old Farmyard
1970. The Christmas Rose and Cat
1971. Hare in Winter
1972. In the Desert

Available at fine stores everywhere and from our shop:

ROYAL COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN
573 Madison Avenue, New York 10022

self. It is not often that someone comes along who is a true friend and a good writer. Charlotte was both"), could have saved Wilbur from the fate that usually befalls barnyard pigs. Four records on which the author himself reads the book, in a no-nonsense voice that Charlotte would have approved of, are $17.50 (POS 1043). Other good news: A collection of songs for children recorded a few years back by the Simon Sisters, Lucy and Carly, has been reissued as "The Simon Sisters Sing for Children" (Columbia, CR 21539; $1.98). It's the same marvellous mixture as before—poems by such writers as Lewis Carroll, Edward Lear, Robert Burns, Christina Rossetti ("Who Has Seen the Wind?"), Henry Wadsworth Longfellow ("I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day"), and William Blake ("The Lamb") put to imaginative music by Lucy and sung by the two sisters gaily, solemnly, or tenderly, in a style that will set the children to singing or dancing along with them and bring the rest of the family in from the next room to see what all that great music is about. And, honoring a half century of Walt Disney productions, Disneyland Records has brought out a two-record set called "50 Happy Years of Disney Favorites" (Disneyland 3513; $5.98), which everybody in the house should also enjoy. There are twenty-five songs, some taken from original sound tracks, some recorded separately. Included are "Whistle While You Work" and "Heigh Ho," sung by Mary Martin; "Lavender Blue," by Burl Ives; "Chim Chim Cher-ee," by Dick Van Dyke and Julie Andrews; "Winnie the Pooh," by Louis Prima; and "When You Wish Upon a Star," by Cliff Edwards. The earliest of the songs in the set is "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?," from the sound track of "The Three Little Pigs."

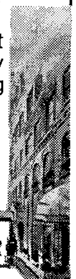
AND now for a miscellaneous round-up. Late last year, a freshman at West Virginia University kept a yo-yo going for eight hours and fifty minutes, breaking the world's yo-yo record by eighteen minutes. The reason he stopped then was because his string broke. A few months later, a student at England's University of Leicester kept an apparently sturdier yo-yo in motion for fifty hours. For a dollar apiece, Rappaport's has a wooden Butterfly yo-yo (it has a butterfly painted on its side) and an Imperial yo-yo, made of purple plastic. Both look as if their strings would hold out at least long enough to break the record on the block. Did you



More and more people are taking time out at "New York's biggest little hotel" The Tuscany.

And here are some of the reasons.

Every room comes with a butler's pantry, adjustable bed with vibrator, lounger chair, FM radio, electric shoe polisher, Irish linen towels, electric wall clock, bathroom extension phone, color TV and, most important of all, a staff of exceptional, friendly people, who truly believe in treating every guest at the hotel, as if he or she were the only guest.



Our dining is extraordinary, too. So is our bar. And we're just around the corner from Grand Central, the air terminal, most shops and theatres.

May we send you a brochure?

THE Tuscany
Arthuro Belsere
Executive Director
A DORAL HOTEL
39th Street, just east of Park Avenue
New York 10016
Telephone (212) 686-1600

Tell Pierre six o'clock.

In Manhattan. In all boroughs. For airports, theatres, races, restaurants. Wherever. The superb attention you've learned to expect in Europe. With the same chauffeur, if you prefer, each time.

Security. Style. New 1973 Cadillac limousines. Call now for chauffeur. Or information.

GRAY 212/786-8880
Limousine Service
38-21 23rd/Long Island City, N.Y. 11101

Go Gray in style.
American efficiency. European courtesy.

know that the O.E.D. is pretty well stymied by the derivation of the word "scrimshaw"? The lexicographers have come to the conclusion that it may very well go back to a man named Scrimshaw, presumably a seagoing sort. As you do know, "scrimshaw" is the name for the elaborate carvings that sailors worked on to while away the time during long voyages. You can read about it in "Moby Dick," and now Altman's is selling a kit called Moby Dick Scrimshaw. For their carvings, the sailors used whale teeth or nearly anything else that was handy, and no doubt they would have used a hunk of plastic in the shape of a whale's tooth if it had been around. This kit, which costs $8, includes three plastic pieces that a young artisan can fill with plaster (which is provided) and put together to form a whale's tooth seven inches long and suitable for carving. There's also an engraving tool, a fairly intricate transfer design of a whaling ship, and various finishing materials. More nostalgia: A toy called the Country Store is a laminated corrugated-cardboard item that, when it is opened up, is ten inches deep, about ten inches high, and forty inches wide, and is said to resemble an actual store still doing business in Vermont. Included are a fold-up candy counter, a working counter, and numerous plastic shelves fitted out with country-store-type staples. There is room on the shelves for goods that children might make for themselves. Also provided are a potbellied stove, a pickle barrel, a cracker barrel, and the figure of the beaming proprietor, all of laminated corrugated cardboard. The whole thing folds up into about a ten-by-twenty-inch package, there is a carrying handle, and the price is $13 at Nancy's Fancy, 900 First Avenue (50th). A book called "String Figures and How to Make Them" (everything from Cat's Cradle to Mountain Cat) costs $2.50 at Childcraft. At the same place you'll find a giant magnet, nine and a half inches tall, that is powerful enough to pull a small wagon or help break up a Tootsietoy traffic jam. This also costs $2.50, and comes in a box that will keep the magnetism going a long time. A very nice see-through music box set into a small wooden paddle (the whole thing is five and a half inches long) plays a theme from "Swan Lake," and costs $4.50 at Creative Playthings. A see-through Wankel engine, ten inches long, with a hundred and fifty colored plastic and metal parts, is $5.50. This is a put-together item, and if it is put together right the rotary cylinder turns and the spark plug

Your gift can go a long way this Christmas.

On the back roads of Mississippi, Alabama and other parts of the deep South, there are still many thousands of families facing slow starvation. Right now. Right here in the U.S.A.

Their diets are so inadequate that hunger and malnutrition have become part of their lives. Many children of tenant farmers and seasonal workers have actually never known what it is like *not* to be hungry.

The NAACP Emergency Relief Fund is now in its fourth year of collecting money to buy Food Stamps for the neediest of these families. Under the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan, $1 buys as much as $40 or more in Food Stamps. Thus your $10—an amount that buys "just another Christmas gift" for more fortunate kids—can mean $400 worth of urgently needed nourishment to help a family survive.

To contribute to this fund, please send as little or as much as you can to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund. Contributions are tax-deductible.

Thank you. And may your Christmas dinner be a little more enjoyable this year.

NAACP Emergency Relief Fund
Dept. N90, Box 121, Radio City Sta.
New York, N.Y. 10019

A project of the NAACP Special Contribution Fund—tax deductible arm of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

The Story of Zizanie.

You may have heard of Jean Honoré Fragonard, a master painter of the French Romantic period. But did you know he was also a master perfumer, member of the renowned Fragonard family of French perfumers?

One day this great artist was painting the portrait of an important Duke, who complained that things were not going well with his mistress. Fragonard's answer was to present the nobleman with his latest fragrance, saying, "Si vous adoptez cette fragrance, vos problemes d'amour n'existent pas!"*

"The Longed-for Moment" by Jean Honoré Fragonard (1732-1806), who obviously knew something about love.

The name of that fragrance was Zizanie. And the results were all that Fragonard predicted. From that day, over 200 years ago, the success of Zizanie was assured. (It is still being made as it was originally, in the French perfume district at Grasse.)

After reading this, you won't be surprised that Zizanie is the world's most expensive men's fragrance. Is it worth the price? Remember what Fragonard told the Duke, back when romance was still considered an art form.

**If you wear my fragrance, all your love problems will be over.*

ZIZANIE
DE FRAGONARD

Zizanie de Fragonard: the newest men's fragrance is over 200 years old.

sparks. It's $5.50 at Altman's. And at Childcraft you'll find a bright-red see-through alarm clock, five inches in diameter. Not only is the machinery visible through the transparent face but the clock keeps good time and will really wake its owner up for school; $5.50.

On the shelves at Brentano's, for $8, there is an item called Lie Cheat & Steal, the Game of Political Power. It may surprise you to learn that this was on the market *before* the Ervin-committee revelations. There are dollar cards, to buy votes with; black-eye cards, for blackmailing other players; and feather-in-your-cap cards, "which afford some protection against the ruthless news media." The winner is the player who gets five hundred votes without going to jail along the way. (After all, it's only a game—isn't it?) We wondered if there would be any Watergate items in the game departments, but the manufacturers seem to have concluded that events were moving too fast for them. For a while, there was one around that described itself as "a game of coverup and deception for the whole family" and had Martha Mitchell as a wild card, but it seems to have disappeared from the counters. The president of a game company called Urban Systems, Inc., which had no qualms about bringing out the Godfather Game a couple of years ago, and plans to reissue it soon, turned down the idea of a game based on Watergate, saying, "It's all rather sickening." Wouldn't you rather hear about the four Little Women dolls and their mother, whom we forgot to mention earlier? Eight inches tall, they are dressed in different but similar cotton dresses with pinafores, each with hair that can be combed, and each with moving eyes, and they're $9 apiece at Altman's. And then there's a foot-high, foam-rubber, bendable version of Charlie Chaplin as the Little Tramp, complete with cane. He's $5.95 at Childcraft. At the same place you'll find a remarkable nineteen-inch doll called Little Red Riding Hood, who is actually a whole cast of characters. Turn Little Red upside down and flip up her long skirt, and she becomes her dear old grandmother. Flip Grandmother's cap, and there's the wicked wolf, all ready to gobble up Little Red; $9.95 for this one-toy scenario. For $19.95, Childcraft has a thirty-one-by-sixteen-inch solid-maple doll bed, just the right size to hold all these characters. A mattress, a pillow, and a blanket for the bed cost $3.95. On quite a different scale, a wooden rolltop desk and

THE GREAT KAHN

NATURAL RUSSIAN LYNX COAT
—extremely rare and exclusive.
Enveloping elegance. The utmost.

Ben Kahn

BEN KAHN • 150 WEST 30th ST.
BEN KAHN AT CARTIER • 4 EAST 52nd ST.
BEN KAHN FURS SA • GENEVA, SWITZ.

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Swimming, fishing and boating. And proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

Dancing in
THE CLUB
MEMBERS AND NON MEMBERS ONLY
is just one of the attractions
at the
River's Edge
Superb river-view dining
on the Delaware
at the gateway to Bucks County
Lambertville, N.J., at the New Hope Bridge
Route 202
Reservations: (609) 397-0897

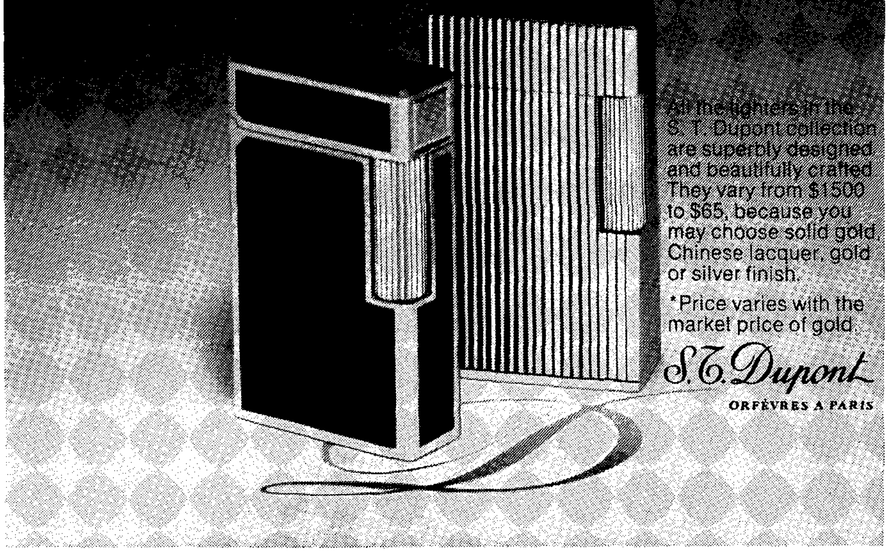
chair (the desk is four inches by four by two and three-quarters, to give you an idea) are $5.25 at Federal Smallwares, the best-stocked doll-furniture store in town. The Gallery Shop of the Brooklyn Museum has playing cards that are double the usual size: six inches by four and a quarter. Each card shows a different Currier & Ives scene, and they're $4.95 for the deck. A paper Pegasus mobile—three handsome flying horses, each about six inches long—at the Gallery Shop is $2.75, and, for $5.90, you'll also find a cuddly stuffed mole a foot high, which we mention because we don't remember ever seeing a cuddly stuffed mole before. We never before came across a foot-high Teddy bear with a heart that beats, either, but you'll find one at Schwarz. He's known as Dear Heart, he comes in white, brown, or black, and his heart beats until his D battery runs down. Without the battery, he costs $15.95, and he has been endorsed by various medical experts who believe that "a mother's heartbeat plays an important role in raising secure children." Snoopy has been endorsed by the Nixon Administration—or, at least, a drawing of him lolling on top of his doghouse saying, "I believe in conserving energy!" has been adopted by Washington as the official symbol of its campaign to conserve energy. It's not clear just how that picture fits into the work ethic, but apparently Snoopy is ready to endorse one answer to the energy crisis. At Schwarz, we found an eighteen-inch Snoopy, wearing a railway trainman's overalls and an engineer's cap, and all set to encourage mass transportation. Snoopy is $12 and his railroad outfit is $3. And if you don't have a toy chest for him in the shape of a doghouse, Hammacher Schlemmer has one for him, and for lots of other toys, in the shape of a caboose, with a removable roof and an easy-rolling set of casters. Priced at $25.95, it's black-and-red plastic, it's over thirty-three inches long, ten inches wide, and nearly fifteen inches high, and, according to the store, it's "big enough for a small boy to fit into." All aboard, everybody! Merry Christmas!

•

8—Ch. 17—Hollywood Television Theater: Sherwood Anderson's beautiful, strange "Winesburg, Ohio" adapted for TV with William Windom and Jean Peters, one of whom is the former Mrs. Howard Hughes.—*Buffalo Evening News*.

We're supposed to guess?

The S.T. Dupont Lighter: $1500* and down.



All the lighters in the S. T. Dupont collection are superbly designed and beautifully crafted. They vary from $1500 to $65, because you may choose solid gold, Chinese lacquer, gold or silver finish.
*Price varies with the market price of gold.
S.T. Dupont
ORFÈVRES A PARIS

CYBIS®

Rapunzel
Edition limited.
8" high.
At fine stores.
CYBIS 1973
Collector's
Catalogue $3.
CYBIS Porcelains
MB, Trenton,
New Jersey
08618.

©Cybis 1972
"The American Porcelain Tradition" Exhibit, Louisiana State Museum, New Orleans, La., Dec. 15-Jan. 20

REVENESCENCE
LIQUID
REVENESCENCE
Charles of the Ritz
NEW YORK
NET 6 FL. OZS.
The end of dry skin. The beginning of a beautiful makeup.
AVAILABLE ONLY IN FINEST DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES
© 1973 CHARLES OF THE RITZ

LETTER FROM VIENNA

DURING the past two decades, Austria's master promoters have created the image of a beautiful country about the size of Maine, with magnificent Alpine scenery and great ski runs—a paradise of operettas and music festivals, of charm and Old World culture, populated by what the poet Anton Wildgans called a "nation of fiddlers and dancers." Not so very long ago, a lucky visitor to Vienna might have met Sigmund Freud, Arthur Schnitzler, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Karl Kraus, Max Reinhardt, Adolf Loos, Josef Hoffmann, Arnold Schoenberg, Alban Berg, Anton Webern, Gustav Klimt, Oskar Kokoschka, Hermann Broch, the Wittgensteins, Egon Friedell, Robert Musil, Heimito von Doderer, Franz Werfel, and Stefan Zweig. Vienna was *the* literary city of the German-speaking countries, and was (as it still is) Europe's music capital. Today's public-relations wizards, however, talk less about the great past than about the achievements of the present: a sound economy, a hard currency, social peace (there are almost no strikes), and a government dedicated to the principle of permanent neutrality, on the one hand, and to Western ideals of humanity, progress, and liberty, on the other.

BERLITZ
TORO
RASENMÄHER
Rasper & Söhne
KÖBER
F. Franck

The image is correct but not complete—although few visitors see any other aspect of Austria. Vienna has one of the highest suicide rates in the world. The allegedly "merry" Viennese are melancholy people. You feel it in the plays of Nestroy and Schnitzler, and you hear the undertone in the music of Schubert and Johann Strauss, the most Viennese of composers. Vienna offered Freud plenty of scope. Adolf Hitler was influenced in Vienna by Georg von Schönerer, the aristocratic Austrian racist, and by Dr. Karl Lueger, a popular mayor and great demagogue. Many of Hitler's men were Austrians, among them Adolf Eichmann and eighty per cent of his staff—the engineers of the "final solution."

In 1949, the right to vote in a general election, of which Austrian Nazis had been deprived at the end of the war, was restored to about half a million of those who were considered "less implicated." Since then, neither the conservative People's Party (the Blacks) nor the Socialist Party (the Reds) has been able to afford antagonizing the former Nazi vote. (The Blacks ruled Austria for a quarter of a century—first in a coalition, in which the Reds were junior partners, and then alone. The Reds formed a minority government in 1970 and a majority government in 1971.) After 1955, many Nazi criminals were granted amnesty by various Presidential decrees. Since 1970, many Nazis brought to trial for past crimes—including Fritz Ertl and Walter Dejaco, self-admitted designers of the Auschwitz gas ovens—have been acquitted by Austrian juries. (In his postwar career, Dejaco switched to designing churches.) The Ministry of Justice is slow to start any new trials, because they might end in acquittals and create bad publicity abroad. By contrast, many such trials in West Germany have led to convictions. West Germany has paid out billions of marks in restitution money to Jews and other local victims of the Nazis, but Austria for a long time refused to make such payments, calling itself "Hitler's first victim." In the Moscow Declaration of 1943, the four Allied powers proclaimed their aim of "liberating Austria." This, the Austrians say, makes Austria a "liberated" country, not an "occupied" one, as Germany was. Even though West Germany has done much more than Austria to atone for its past, many visitors from the West, and particularly from the United States, are charmed by Austria but have told me they would never go to Germany, "because of what happened there." "Happy is he who forgets what cannot be changed" is the theme of "Die Fledermaus," Johann Strauss's masterpiece, and of many Austrians, masters of self-delusion.

AGAINST this background, one understands why the initial reaction among Austrians on September 28th, when two Arab terrorists kidnapped an Austrian customs official and three Jewish emigrants from Russia, was widespread indignation that such a thing could happen in the "nation of fiddlers and dancers." Some asked, "*Ja, dürfen s' denn des?*" ("My, can they really do that?"), quoting their Emperor Ferdinand I, who made the remark in 1848, when revolution broke out. The Jewish emigrants who were kidnapped were travelling with several dozen other emigrants aboard the Chopin Express, which runs between Moscow and Vienna. The incident began just as the train pulled into the border station between Czechoslovakia and Austria. The terrorists, who apparently had boarded the train in Czechoslovakia, overpowered customs officials, took the hostages, and commandeered a small bus, in which they drove to Schwechat Airport, outside Vienna. There they demanded a plane to take them and their hostages, whom they planned to exchange for Arab prisoners held by the Israelis, to an Arab country. The Austrian government refused to let the terrorists leave with the hostages, and countered their demand with an offer to close Schloss Schönau, a castle near Vienna that serves as a transit camp for

The Vintage™ Gift.

In a vintage year everything must be "just right." Rarely has a writing instrument been designed so completely right as "Vintage" by Sheaffer. Antique tooled finish. Choice of solid sterling silver or 12K gold-filled. "White Dot" quality. Sheaffer "Vintage" ballpoint, $12.50. With pencil, $25.00. Impress someone.

●

SHEAFFER®
the proud craftsmen

SHEAFFER, WORLDWIDE, A textron COMPANY

Jewish emigrants. So far, however, Schönau is still open, and the number of emigrants passing through is increasing: there were thirty-five hundred in October, compared with a monthly average this year of about two thousand.

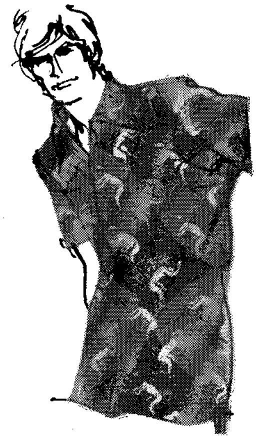
A bizarre result of the *Geiselaffair* ("hostages affair") is that Bruno Kreisky, the Jewish-born Federal Chancellor, who is widely regarded as Austria's most brilliant postwar politician ("I wish *we* had him," members of the opposition have been heard to say wistfully), became a hero to eighty per cent of his people by making a fast deal with the terrorists. According to *Profil*, the progressive Viennese fortnightly, "once and for all the Jew Kreisky has been accepted by the nation." And the German news magazine *Der Spiegel* wrote, "The only winner is Socialist Party Chairman Kreisky, riding the wave of latent Austrian anti-Semitism." Kreisky, an agnostic, cannot fail to note the irony. Having tried hard for many years to prove to himself and to others that "I am no longer a Jew"—as he told the Israeli newspaper *Yediot Achronot* shortly after the kidnapping—he was, in the hour of his dilemma, finally accepted at home not just in spite of his being a Jew but, in a sense, because of it. Austrians began to say of him, "He's a Jew, and look what a good Austrian he is."

Actually, the affair was distorted and blown up out of all proportion because of Kreisky's ethnic and political background. A prominent member of the opposition party admitted to me, rather reluctantly, that a Black chancellor "would probably have made the same decision, though not so quickly." It is difficult to say just how Kreisky's handling of the affair should be characterized. In the West, it was viewed, especially at first, as a "capitulation." The Arabs agreed with this assessment, and described the deal as a great victory for their side; President Sadat of Egypt sent a special envoy to express his gratitude to Kreisky. But the notion that Kreisky capitulated to the Arabs must be weighed against reports here that the government had wanted for several months to close Schönau, because of fears that it was a bad security risk and might become the site of a terrorist incident. The government says that Arabs planned at least half a dozen attacks against the camp during the past two years.

Schloss Schönau was leased nine years ago by the Jewish Agency, a philanthropic relief organization devoted to assisting needy Jews, and in the past three years alone more than

THE GREAT LOOK OF
Alexander Shields

white monkeys hand screened



on a fine
beige
polyester
s/s $50
l/s $60

from a great collection

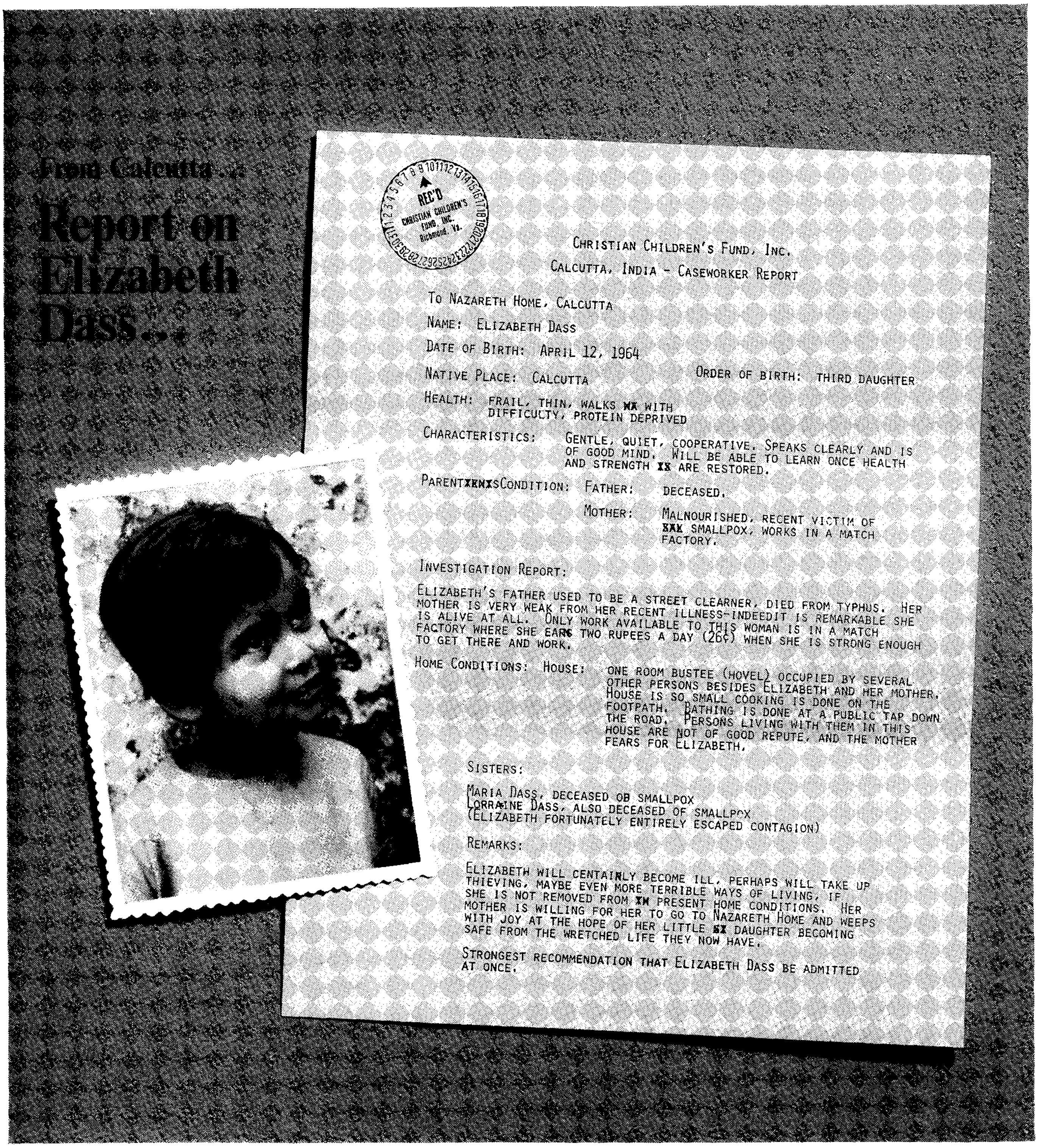
send for our exciting Xmas leaflet

484 PARK AVE—NEW YORK CITY 10022

SINCE 1896...
Fabulous
MANNY WOLF'S
STEAK AND CHOP HOUSE
ON 3RD AVE. AT 49TH ST.
"Where the coachman greets you"
"By far the finest Steak House in N.Y."
S. ELLIS
LUNCHEON/COCKTAILS/DINNER
Only minutes from theatres and Madison Sq. Garden
Open 7 Days • Credit Cards
Reserv.: EL 5-5030
TM

Visit our
gallery and
find the
artist of
your choice

PORTRAITS, INC.
We represent 200 of today's leading
portrait painters and sculptors
41 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK 10022



From Calcutta ... Report on Elizabeth Dass ...

REC'D
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
Richmond, Va.

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
CALCUTTA, INDIA – CASEWORKER REPORT

TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS

DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964

NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER

HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS XX WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED

CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE. SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH XX ARE RESTORED.

PARENTXXXXSCONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.

MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF XXX SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARNER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS-INDEEDIT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARNS TWO RUPEES A DAY (26¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS:

MARIA DASS, DECEASED OB SMALLPOX
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS:

ELIZABETH WILL CENTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM XX PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE XX DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED AT ONCE.

Elizabeth Dass was admitted to the Nazareth Home, and when this picture was taken, she was already doing better. Her legs were stronger . . . she was running with the other children, learning to write her own name.

Every day desperate reports like this reach our overseas field offices. Then we must make the heartbreaking decision—which child can we help?

For only $12 a month you can sponsor a needy little boy or girl from the country of your choice, or you can let us select a child for you from our emergency list.

Then in about two weeks, you will receive a photograph of your child, along with a personal history, and information about the Project where your child receives help. Your child will write to you, and you will receive the original plus an English translation—direct from an overseas office.

Please, won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Philippines, Indonesia and Guatemala.

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in
(Country) ____________

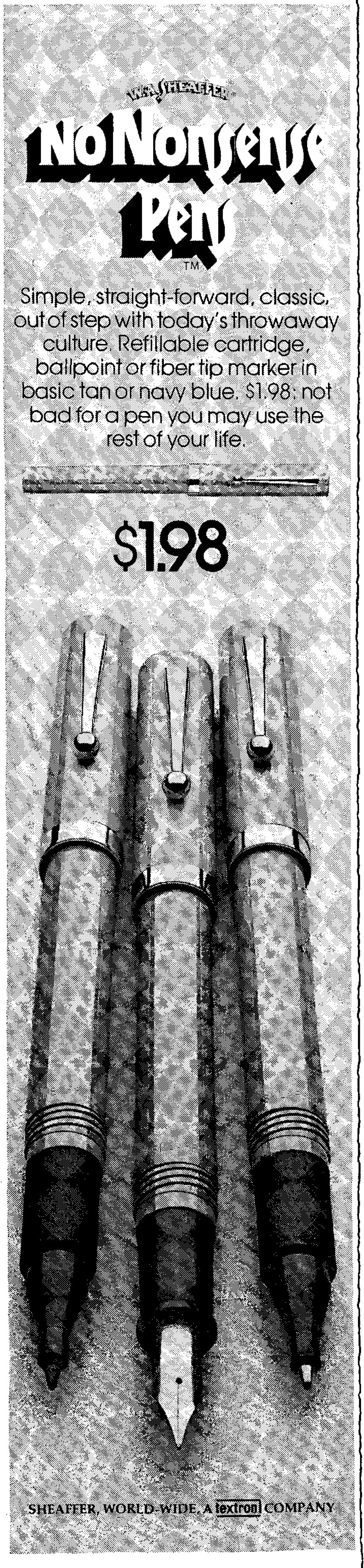
☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month. I enclose first payment of $______. Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $______

☐ Please send me more information

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State ____________ Zip ______

Registered (VFA-080) with the U. S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7. NK 78DO


W.A. SHEAFFER
No Nonsense Pen™
Simple, straight-forward, classic, out of step with today's throwaway culture. Refillable cartridge, ballpoint or fiber tip marker in basic tan or navy blue. $1.98: not bad for a pen you may use the rest of your life.
$1.98
SHEAFFER, WORLD-WIDE, A textron COMPANY

seventy thousand Soviet Jews have been processed there by the Israelis. It is said that the camp finally will be closed sometime in the next few days, after which emigrants will be processed at a Red Cross station in Wöllersdorf, in Lower Austria; the Jewish Agency will not be involved with the new facility.

Some who feel that perhaps Kreisky did not handle the terrorist affair badly still complain that he allowed himself to appear too accommodating to the Arabs—by making his deal with them so quickly, and then by posing for newspaper photographs as he shook hands with President Sadat's envoy. They find an explanation for the Chancellor's actions in his early history. His family came to Vienna from nearby Moravia—then part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and now part of Czechoslovakia—and he was born in the city, in 1911. Kreisky's family belonged to the upper bourgeoisie; his father was a well-to-do textile industrialist. Many such Jewish families became assimilated and "accepted" in Vienna; some were converted to Catholicism. "My homeland is and always was Austria, even when the Nazis were here, just as Austria was the home of my ancestors for centuries," Kreisky said recently. The Chancellor explains his joining the Socialist Party at the age of fifteen as a sort of early "protest" against his upbringing. Later, he formally gave up his religion. But he has been known to overcompensate recurrently for his former Jewishness.

KREISKY showed poor statesmanship a while ago when—after suggesting an Army "reform" that would not exactly strengthen his country's defense position—he said that a sound foreign policy was Austria's best defense. Austria's permanent, armed neutrality was explicitly recognized by the four powers that signed the State Treaty of 1955. (To this day, *no* one in Vienna can explain why the Soviets signed the treaty and left Austria while making so much trouble about West Berlin, among other places.) To the Austrians, "neutrality" is strictly a term used in international law, rather than an ideological or moral obligation. They consider themselves members of the Western community, though they try to maintain good relations with the East. ("So do Brandt, Nixon, and Kissinger," one Austrian official says.) Nowadays, many critics of Kreisky's foreign policy fear that Austria's neutrality may be slowly diluted into a Finland-style neutrality. No one really doubts the

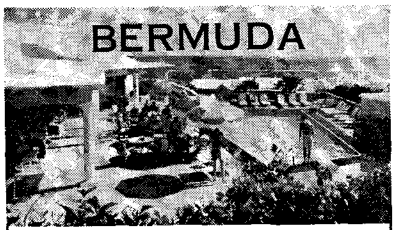
AMERICANA, WESTERN and SPORTING ART
PETERSEN GALLERIES
presents a series of 7 prints in a limited edition of 750... each signed and numbered by the artist.
Douglas Van Howd

BOB WHITE FLUSHED

Mr. Van Howd is one of today's foremost painters of American and African wildlife. His Old World technique and rich colors give a wonderful realism to his work.
Prints 20" by 30" lithographed on heavy art paper... $75.00 each ppd.
All art sold on a money-back guarantee.
Catalogs available soon . . . $1 each
PETERSEN GALLERIES
Executive Director: JENE C. GILMORE
9433 WILSHIRE BLVD., BEVERLY HILLS, CA 90212
(213) 274-6705

Qualité Belgique...
C'est Magnifique.
LADIES & GENTLEMEN'S CASUALS and LADIES SHOES
Color brochure on request.
BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PL 5-7372
in San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

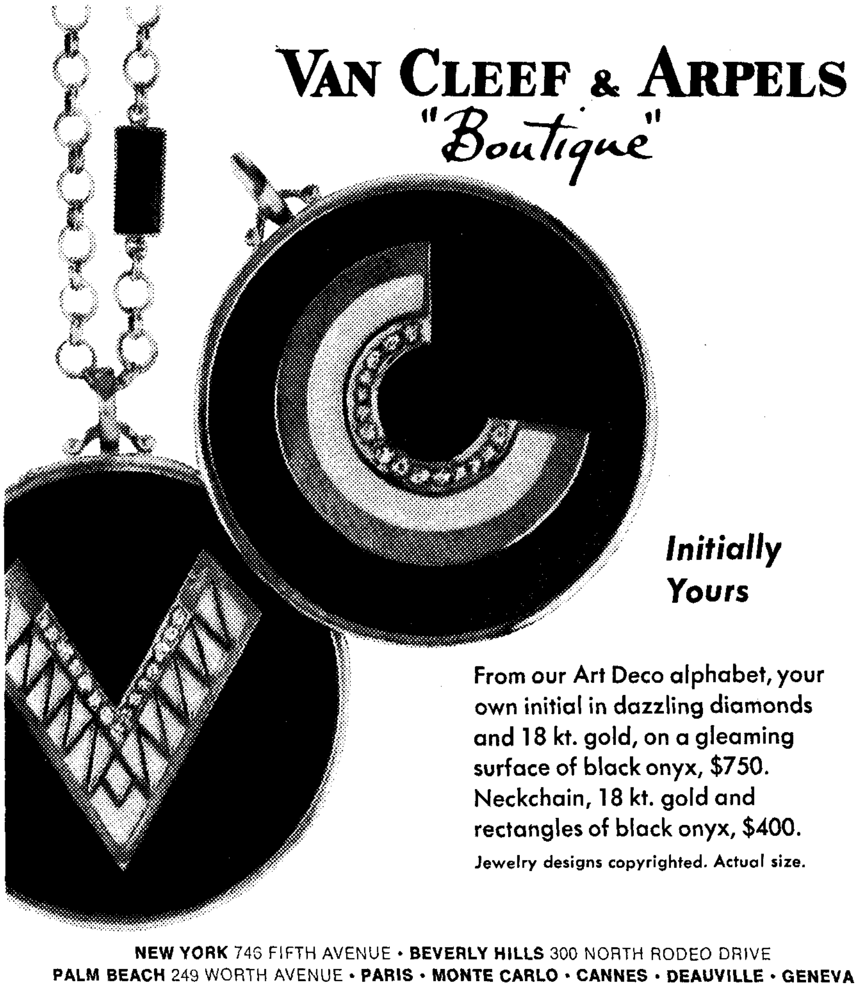
BERMUDA



One of Bermuda's finest cottage, colonies on 16 acres in fashionable Tucker's Town. 1500' oceanfront with natural pink sand beaches. Breakfast prepared in your deluxe cottage; gourmet dinner in our clubhouse with its superb seascape; luncheon on the Pool Terrace.
See your travel agent or
David B. Mitchell,
217 East 49th St.,
N.Y.C. 10017.
(212) 371-1323.
PINK BEACH CLUB AND COTTAGES TUCKER'S TOWN BERMUDA

Chancellor's deep belief in the Western ideals of freedom and democracy. Since Vienna's finest hour, when it broke the Turkish siege of 1683, the city has remained an outpost of Western civilization. Kreisky's critics were not pleased when a Communist newspaper, Budapest's *Magyar Hirlap*, commended Austria in October for its "independent opinions, which differ positively from those of other West European countries." That's a kind of praise that most Austrians would like to do without.

By the terms of the State Treaty, Austria is not permitted to have offensive weapons, nuclear or conventional. It could never have even the semblance of a *force de frappe*. At best, its Army and Air Force, which together have some forty-five thousand men, might delay an aggressor for twenty-four hours, but then, as recent history has proved, this can make a substantial difference. There was considerable tension at the Ballhausplatz, the Federal Chancellery, during the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, late in August of 1968, when Soviet tanks were forty miles from Vienna. But whether Kreisky's policy of defending Austria by being chummy with both the East and the West is unrealistic or not, it is quite popular with the man in the street. Europe's two other neutral countries, Switzerland and Sweden, spend, respectively, twenty-two and twelve per cent of their budgets on defense. Austria spends four per cent. Two of Austria's neighbors, West Germany and Switzerland, have expressed serious doubts about Kreisky's policy, and

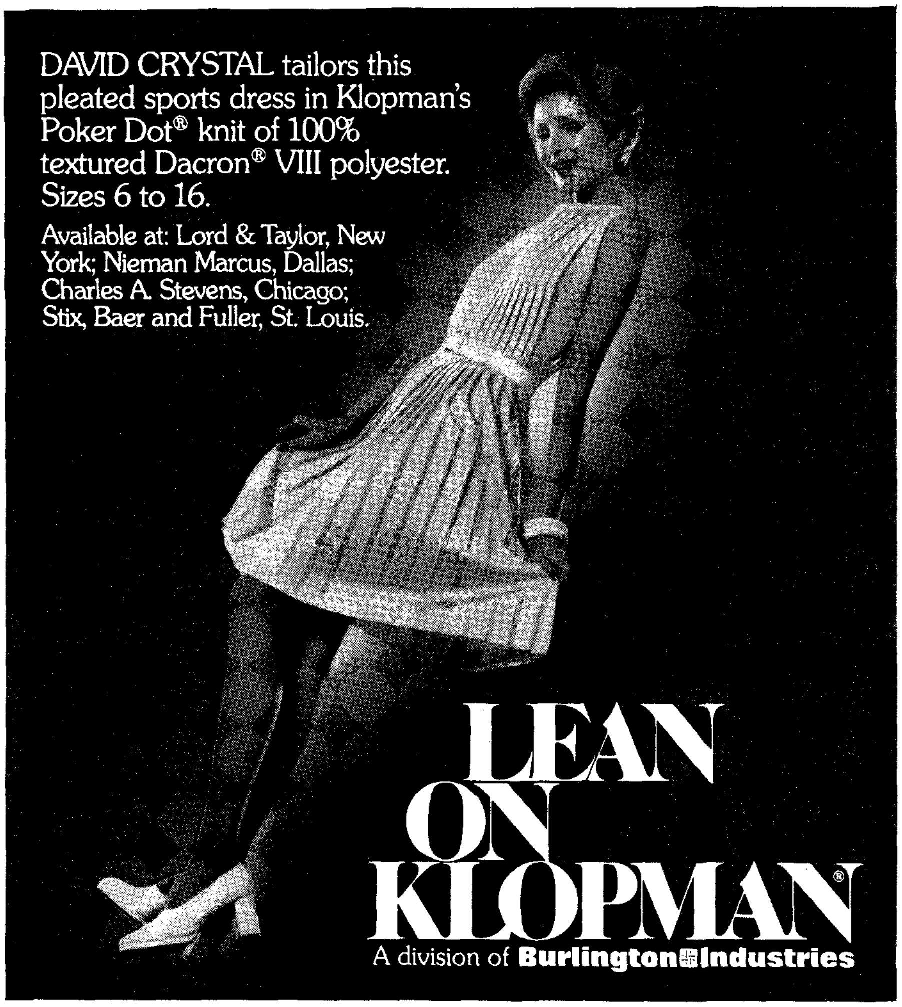


VAN CLEEF & ARPELS
"Boutique"

Initially Yours

From our Art Deco alphabet, your own initial in dazzling diamonds and 18 kt. gold, on a gleaming surface of black onyx, $750. Neckchain, 18 kt. gold and rectangles of black onyx, $400.
Jewelry designs copyrighted. Actual size.

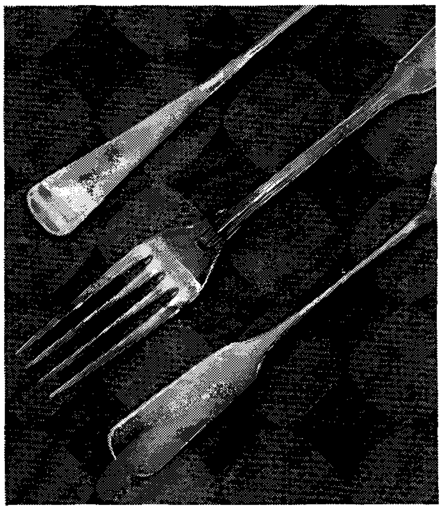
NEW YORK 746 FIFTH AVENUE • **BEVERLY HILLS** 300 NORTH RODEO DRIVE
PALM BEACH 249 WORTH AVENUE • **PARIS • MONTE CARLO • CANNES • DEAUVILLE • GENEVA**



DAVID CRYSTAL tailors this pleated sports dress in Klopman's Poker Dot® knit of 100% textured Dacron® VIII polyester. Sizes 6 to 16.

Available at: Lord & Taylor, New York; Nieman Marcus, Dallas; Charles A. Stevens, Chicago; Stix, Baer and Fuller, St. Louis.

LEAN ON KLOPMAN®
A division of **Burlington Industries**



Fraser's Peerless Stainless

WMF CROMARGAN® solid, heirloom quality stainless. Each piece perfectly balanced, flawlessly finished. Blades are permanently sharp. Our brochure features a wide range of patterns, both contemporary and traditional, all exceptional. May we send you one?

WMF

WMF Fraser's, 85 Price Pkwy., Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735
WMF Canada Ltd., 2350 Midland Ave., Agincourt, Ont.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
STEVENS & WILLIAMS LTD
BRIERLEY HILL STAFFS
SUPPLIERS OF TABLE GLASSWARE
ESTABLISHED 1776

'Gainsborough' Pattern

Royal Brierley Crystal

A brilliant example of appreciation

To Royal Brierley Crystal, Brierley Hill, Staffordshire, England.
Please send illustrated literature & U.S. stockists

NAME..

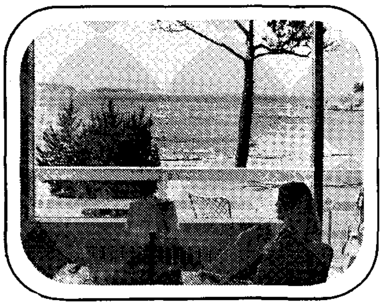
ADDRESS..

....
A10NY

NATO is not pleased. Kreisky claims that, because of its geography, it is improbable that Austria could put up any real defense along its eastern borders, and he is right. But his policy, his critics say, is almost provocative. The Socialists have shortened compulsory military service from the already short period of nine months to an impossible six months (plus sixty days of maneuvers during the following ten years). The situation has demoralized the military leadership and the professional officers' corps. Former General Albert Bach gloomily predicts the total collapse of the armed forces unless their foundations are reëstablished. "A trip wire with a small emergency force behind it cannot solve the country's security problem," he has said. Wry jokes are made about Austria's "disarmed neutrality."

Kreisky's defenders reply that the country may have scrimped on defense but has spent more on social progress in recent years than any other country—about eighteen and a half per cent of its gross national product. The ultimate goal of Kreisky's *Humanpolitik* is to give the citizen everything he needs—medical treatment, education, social security, longer vacations—free of charge, from the cradle to the grave. Last year, free textbooks were given to all pupils. Before the Socialists took power, education was free only through high school; now college and graduate courses, too, are free. By 1975, the forty-hour week will be obligatory. All parties compete in thinking up new ideas for "improving the quality of life." Eventually, the trend is bound to create more collectivization, non-Communist style. However, it did not begin with the Socialists. Before they came to power, Austria's banks, heavy industry, and railroads were already nationalized. And there were numerous programs for families with children, working mothers, and the elderly. Nevertheless, Kreisky's partisans claim that his "social package" is his greatest achievement. His critics say that somebody has to pay for the "Swedish model;" namely, the taxpayers. And they point out that Sweden has the world's highest income taxes.

Kreisky's foreign-policy philosophy is also seen behind the highly controversial United Nations City project, which Kreisky did not initiate but has enthusiastically expanded. Early in 1967, Austria's then Black government decided to build a U.N. City in the Danube Park, to provide space for the International Atomic Energy Agency and



WHY NOT

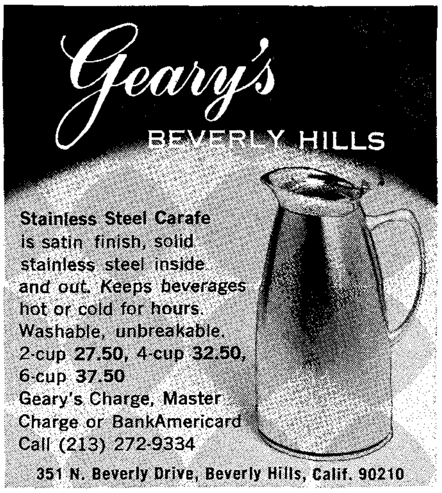
go european this winter and save

Reduced European Plan rates are available from mid-November through February. Enjoy the beauty of golf at Pebble Beach on brilliant winter days. Plus the luxurious amenities of our Lodge. All at mid-winter savings. Your deluxe room is only $17.50 per person per night (double occupancy), and green fees are a modest $10 a round. Indulge yourself this winter. Write us today.

DEL MONTE LODGE

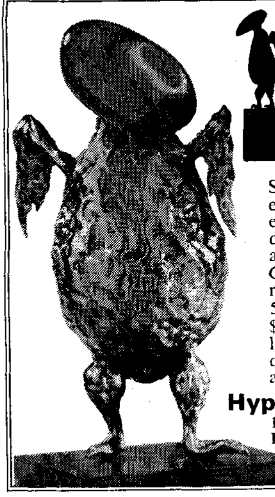
Pebble Beach, Calif. 93953

Represented by John A. Tetley Co. (West) and Robt. F. Warner Co. (East)



Stainless Steel Carafe is satin finish, solid stainless steel inside and out. Keeps beverages hot or cold for hours. Washable, unbreakable.
2-cup 27.50, 4-cup 32.50, 6-cup 37.50
Geary's Charge, Master Charge or BankAmericard
Call (213) 272-9334

351 N. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90210



From a series of **Evolving Chimera** by **Callan Warren**

Signed limited edition of 50, each with a different carnelian agate head.
Cast bronze body, rosewood base.
5 in. high with base.
$250, including lucite presentation-display case, air postpaid.

Hyperion Gallery
1081 Westwood Blvd.
Los Angeles 90024

the U.N.'s Industrial Development Organization. It was thought that other U.N. agencies might be lured there. Some Austrians say that Vienna is a "dying city," and is in danger of becoming "provincial" unless a new function is found for it. They say that the U.N. City project might be just what is needed to make Vienna a second Geneva and give it a new lease on life. Originally, the cost of the project was estimated at two billion six hundred million schillings (about a hundred and thirty-eight million dollars). The federal government would contribute sixty-five per cent, and the city of Vienna the rest, including the site. Last June, Finance Minister Hannes Androsch shocked Parliament and the public by announcing that the project, which was (and is) still in the planning stage, might cost as much as five billion six hundred million schillings, and some experts now predict that it will cost over ten billion—no small sum for a country whose total budget was less than a hundred and twenty-three billion schillings last year. The Socialists have the votes to approve the expensive project, but Kreisky, wisely, wants the other parties to share the responsibility. There are optimists here who claim that a U.N. City might create a protective shield over Vienna, and maybe even over Austria. No country, they say, would dare attack a city with so many international institutions. Others think that this theory is based more on wishful thinking than on reality. For instance, they say, would the presence of the U.N. headquarters protect New York in the event of nuclear war?

EVEN Kreisky's critics admit that his political and social concepts have proved highly successful for his party and for him. As Willy Brandt (a close personal friend of his since the war days, when both were political emigrants in Stockholm) has done in West Germany, Kreisky has long insisted to his Socialist comrades that in order to break the traditional monopoly of the Blacks they must make Socialism acceptable to middle-of-the-road voters who are worried about the Reds. In opposition to the doctrinaire members of his own party, Kreisky preached a softened, pragmatic approach to Socialism, stressing "liberalization" and "social progress." "Marxism" was to be left to the small group of Austrian Communists, who do well to get one or two per cent of the vote in this Catholic country. Many bourgeois voters eventually became convinced that

How IU keeps itself liquid.

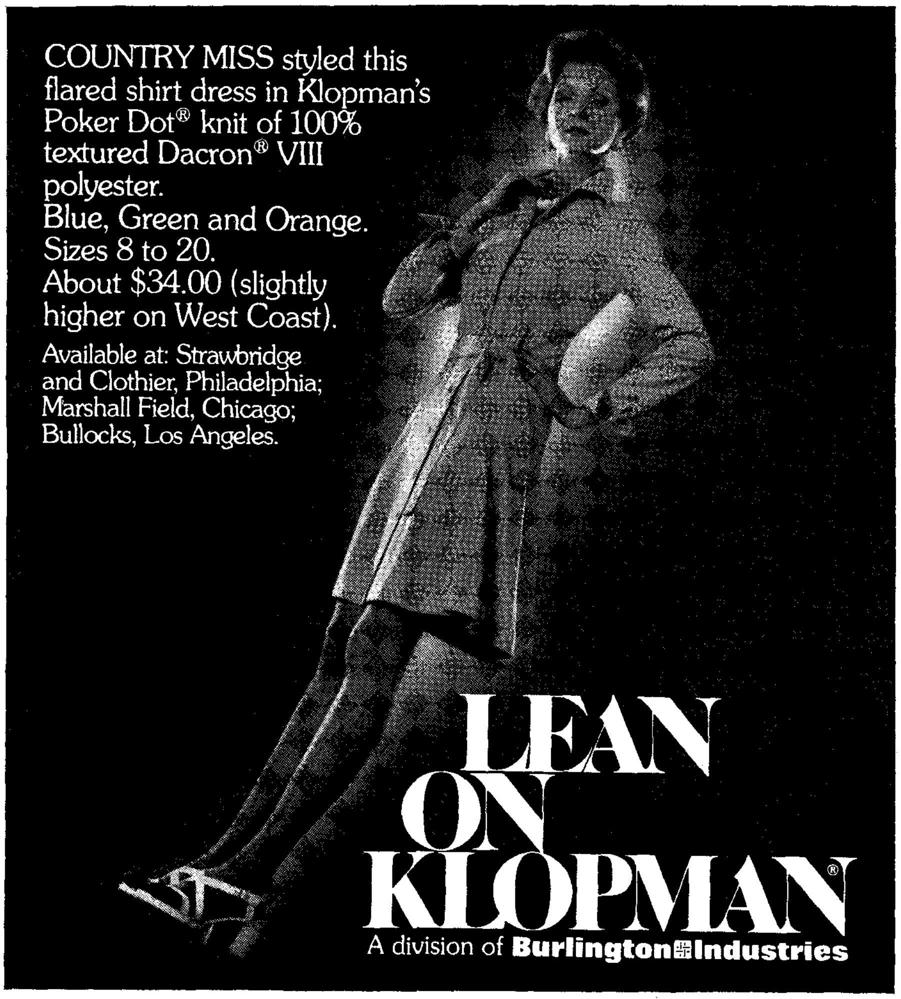
IU supplies pure, clear water to people in 17 states and one Canadian province. Enough, in fact, to fill 2.5 billion glasses every day.

Water management, waste management and land management are all part of IU's environmental operations that last year provided the company with 20% of pre-tax income and 21% of revenues. The company also serves two other growing markets—energy and transportation/distribution. This business mix produced record 1972 revenues of $1.2 billion, and net income of $59 million.

To learn more, write Corporate Affairs, Dept. G11, IU International, 1500 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

IU International

SERVING WORLDWIDE ENERGY, TRANSPORTATION/DISTRIBUTION AND ENVIRONMENTAL MARKETS.



COUNTRY MISS styled this flared shirt dress in Klopman's Poker Dot® knit of 100% textured Dacron® VIII polyester.
Blue, Green and Orange.
Sizes 8 to 20.
About $34.00 (slightly higher on West Coast).
Available at: Strawbridge and Clothier, Philadelphia; Marshall Field, Chicago; Bullocks, Los Angeles.

LEAN ON KLOPMAN®
A division of Burlington Industries

Heartily...

Bracelet—
with diamonds, $295.
enameled, $95.
Diamond heart alone
for pendant, $250.

All 18 karat gold
Enamel in red,
blue, green, etc.

Double rings,
linked by one heart—
with diamonds, $150.
enameled, $60.

le Beau
784 Madison Avenue
New York City 10021
(212) RE 4-3300 Major Credit Cards

FROST-GUARD

KEEP WARM

Winter campers, backpackers, skiers have more fun, stay out longer when they aren't nagged by the cold. Rich Frost-Guard cream spreads an invisible, insulating film on skin, keeps in warmth, keeps out cold. Used by professional athletes, school teams, outdoor workers, anyone who goes out in the cold.

Let us send you trial jars of Frost-Guard and two companion products for greater outdoor enjoyment: Wind-Guard for drying winds, salty air; Sun-Guard to screen sun's rays.

Look for Guard products in the flat, easy-to-carry jar. Hopefully sold at your favorite sporting goods store, ski, backpackers shop.

REYCO, Box 1203, Sonoma, Ca. 95476
Please send me one trial jar each of Frost-Guard, Wind-Guard, Sun-Guard. Enclosed is $1.00 for handling, mailing.

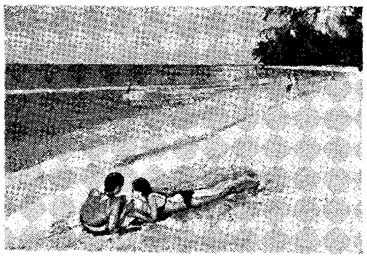
Name ____________

Address ____________

____
(Please give zip code)

Kreisky's "moderate" brand of Socialism would lead Austria in a peaceful, orderly fashion to the left-of-center position toward which, most Austrians agreed, the country was inevitably headed anyway. Young voters, already impressed by Kreisky and his dynamic "team," were won over by the Socialists' shortening of military service and by Kreisky's promise to "rejuvenate" Austria's public life and take some of the power away from the entrenched bureaucracy. The former Nazis reluctantly accepted Kreisky when he took a few of them into his government. Now Kreisky hopes to win over more young voters, particularly young women, by amending the notorious Paragraph 144 of the Austrian Penal Code, which makes abortion a crime. The Socialist amendment would make abortion permissible within ninety days of conception. This proposal has met with resistance from the powerful Catholic Church, with which Kreisky had established a pleasant modus vivendi. Many Catholics now accuse him of being a hypocrite. "The Chancellor decided that the lives of the four hostages must be saved," said a reader's letter in *Die Presse*, following the kidnapping. "Fine. Will he also save the lives of the yet unborn future citizens of Austria, many thousands of them?" Numerous other letters made the same point.

IN October of 1964, Austria's independent newspapers (some are controlled by the political parties) instigated a petition demanding that O.R.F., Austria's state radio and television network, no longer be directly supervised by the political parties but be turned into an independent medium of communication. It was signed by 832,353 citizens—approximately eleven per cent of the country's population. The petition was, in fact, a protest against *Proporz*, a political arrangement devised at the end of the last war, when the two big parties agreed to rule by dividing all power proportionately—so much for the Blacks, so much for the Reds. In radio and television, this led to a bizarre situation in which supervisors with stopwatches monitored radio and television reporting to make sure that both parties were given the same number of minutes or seconds. Almost three years passed after the circulation of the petition before the government carried out the demanded reform. Gerd Bacher, a former journalist from Salzburg, was appointed *Generalintendant* of the O.R.F. A member of no political party, Bacher soon proved that he con-



BARBADOS
Stay at 1—Enjoy all 4

On St. James beach, 4 small, select resorts—very British-in-the-islands sort of casual luxury everywhere. Air-conditioned rooms, or suites with kitchenettes and private verandahs. 7 miles from Bridgetown's shops. Enjoy 4 pools, 4 snug beaches, 4 exchange dining rooms, Managers' cocktail parties, buffets, barbecues, patio dancing and entertainment.

COLONY CLUB
DISCOVERY BAY INN
COCONUT CREEK CLUB
Represented by Hetland & Stevens, New York
PHONE (212) TN7-1450

TAMARIND COVE
Represented by Leonard Hicks, New York
PHONE (212) 765-5800

Or Call Your Travel Agent

Collected exclusively for us from the mountain campesinas of Colombia. Wonderful hats. All different. Thick wool. Multi-colored in reds, golds, greens or natural black & white. One size fits all. State color. $15.50 ppd. Nubby clutch bags, too. $15.50 ppd. NY res add tax

Write or visit
sermoneta
251 E 77 St, NYC 10021

GIFTS OF LOVE by
Lucille Bouchard

MON BONHEUR
– scent of brilliant white flowers

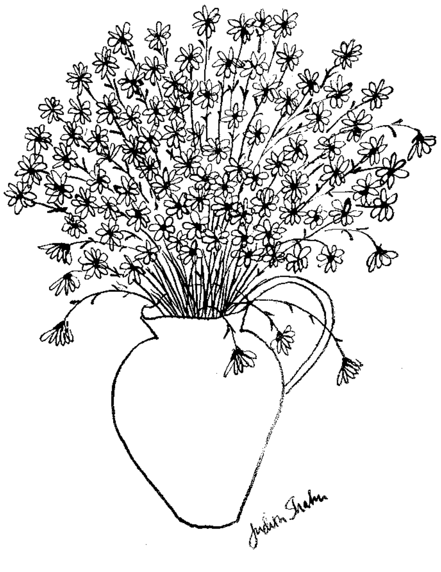
BREEZING
– scent of gay florals and wild woods

each available:
1 oz. $40. 1 dram $8.
Gold Pocket Watch Case (as shown) $17.50. Roll-on Perfume $15. Perfume Pendant & 1 dr. $12.50
Bath Oil 1 oz. $10 Toilet Water 4 ozs. $6.95
Postpaid – Sorry no C.O.D.'s. Order now for Christmas
Lucille Bouchard Mink Oil Cosmetiques, Inc.
Rt. 9, Wilton, N.Y. 12866
Catalog $1 (applies towards purchase)

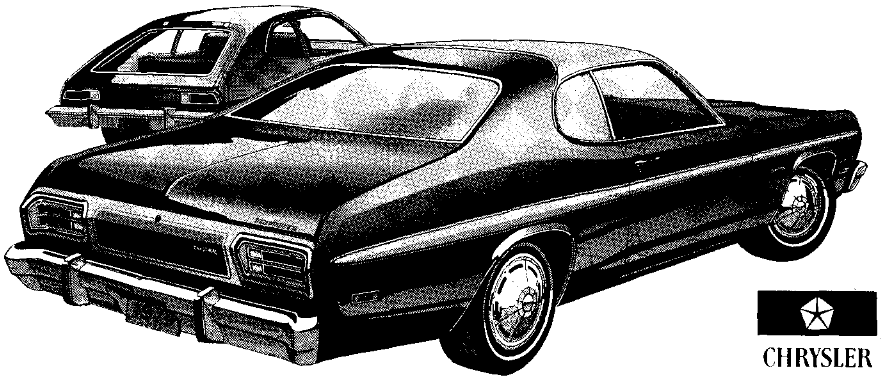
sidered himself politically independent—responsible only to the listeners and viewers. (He was able to be independent of advertisers, too, because the network depends less on them than on the owners of radios and television sets, who pay monthly fees.)

The reformed O.R.F. expanded its news-gathering facilities and is now known all over Europe for the depth, quality, and fairness of its coverage. During the years when the Blacks ruled alone and the Socialists were the opposition, Kreisky was well satisfied with the O.R.F. The situation changed when the Socialists took over, in 1970, and the Blacks became the opposition. The Socialists began to complain about the O.R.F.'s "lack of objectivity." The Socialists claim that Bacher, one of the few people in Austria who are just as tough as Kreisky and are totally unafraid of him, has become too powerful and might be tempted to "manipulate" opinion. Now they have proposed a "reform" of the reformed O.R.F. Kreisky, the master strategist, hopes to make the network more pliable by the old divide-and-conquer strategy. A committee, called *Gesellschaftsversammlung* and made up of representatives of the political parties, would appoint the *Generalintendant*, whose powers would be cut; the television network, which now operates two channels, would be split into two separate networks. Obviously, the real power would no longer be with an independent *Generalintendant*—it would be with the politicians. Bacher's main argument against the intended changes is a simple one: The more complex administration would cost more money, and the fees for radios and TV sets would have to be increased.

Kreisky, a student of political history, naturally knows the role of a free media in a free society. He also knows



There are a lot of big reasons for buying a Duster instead of a Pinto.
Duster has room for five. Pinto has room for four.
Duster's trunk is almost three times bigger.
Duster's engine offers half again as much horsepower.
And Duster has a wider stance.
Of course, Duster's price is more.
But not that much more.
So there's little reason to buy a Pinto when you know the big advantages of Duster.



CHRYSLER
Plymouth Duster. Plymouth
Extra care in engineering . . . it makes a difference.
CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

MOMENTUM fashioned this ribbed, midriff shirt dress in Klopman's Scattercheck™ knit of 100% textured Dacron® VIII polyester.
Green and Blue.
Sizes 8 to 16.
About $44.00.
Available at: Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; Franklin Simon, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; The Addis Co., Syracuse, New York.

LEAN ON KLOPMAN®
A division of Burlington Industries

flash on!
flash off!

Pulsar stainless steel time computer—touch the button and tell the time. Accuracy guaranteed to 60 seconds a year $275

J. B. HUDSON Minneapolis
CHARLES W. WARREN Detroit
JESSOPS San Diego
SHREVES San Francisco
J. E. CALDWELL Philadelphia
C. D. PEACOCK Chicago

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1946

Classic Red Flannel Nightshirt 12.50
Matching Cap 2.50

This handsome, unusually comfortable, lightweight pure cotton red flannel nightshirt and matching cap is of the highest standard for quality and good taste. Fully cut. For the man who wants comfort and appreciates something different, as well. Ideal for travel, sleeping, lounging. *Sizes*: S (34-36), M (38-40), L (42-44), XL (46-48). Matching cap: one size fits all. **Satisfaction guaranteed.**

Mail Orders to: Red Flannel Nightshirt, Cap
Cable Car Clothiers, No.150 Post, S.F., Ca 94108

Circle Item	Qty	Size	M.O. or Check ☐
Red Nightshirt			Cable Car Charge ☐
Matching Cap			Sorry, No COD's

☐ **Please send Catalogue** (415) 397-4740
Name ....
Address ....
.... Zip ....
Add 1.75 Ship & Hdlg. • 5½% Sales Tax in Ca. M12-10

the immense power of the O.R.F. as a possible political instrument. What he calls the needed "democratization" of the O.R.F. is called a "Socialist democratization" by his opponents. The O.R.F. has made mistakes and will make many more; all news media do, everywhere. The cardinal question is whether Austria is to keep its independent radio and television network. This will probably be decided in the next general election, in 1975. Should the Socialists win an absolute majority, they will dictate the future of the O.R.F. —JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From "The Disaster Lobby: Prophets of Ecological Doom and Other Absurdities," by Melvin J. Grayson and Thomas R. Shepard, Jr., published in April, 1973*]

Another common device for manipulating public opinion was less devious and even more effective. It took the form of simply playing up those news items that favored the liberal cause and burying those items that didn't. The most casual reader of newspapers will remember the story of the Watergate Caper. It broke one June night in 1972 when five men were arrested on charges of having broken into Democratic National Committee headquarters in Washington's Watergate complex for the purpose of gathering information through electronic listening devices. While the case was pending, the news media had a field day establishing what they called "links" between the arrested men and various high-ranking Republicans. A record of a telephone call between one of the suspects and a Nixon aide was regarded as "a link." The name of a GOP leader in a suspect's address book was another "link." A headwaiter's recollection of having once seen a suspect in the company of a White House employe was "a close link." By revealing these "links" one at a time, the newspapers, particularly *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*, and the TV networks managed to come up with a Watergate story almost daily during the critical period of the 1972 presidential campaign. Day after day, the same tenuous allegations were dredged up and hung out on public display. When a Republican spokesman suggested that the news media were keeping the Watergate story alive for no other reason than to try to swing some votes from Nixon to McGovern, media executives were indignant. They insisted that their only motive in perpetuating the Watergate story was to keep the public informed about a serious crime in the interest of justice. Then came the election and the Nixon landslide, and suddenly the word "Watergate" disappeared. The week before the election, it was all over the front pages and the 11 o'clock news. The week after the election, you couldn't find it with the Mount Wilson telescope. For now the Watergate Caper could no longer hurt Richard Nixon, so the media had no further use for it, justice or no justice.

Alan Paine

Henley Pure Lambswool
The pullover with the great classic look. From England, in a wide range of new colours. About $22. **Clandon** cardigan, *not shown*, about $32.50.

For store names, write:
Frank L. Savage Inc. 17 East 37 St. New York 10016

Taverna carafes: for wine, milk, flowers. Clear glass. One kilo size $3.50; 1/2 kilo, $2.50; 1/4 kilo, $1.75. Plus .75 postage per unit. Catalogue on request.

Greek Island, Ltd.
215 E. 49th St.
New York 10017
Also at
West Harwich &
East Hampton stores.

Barrie Ltd.®
The Dress Boot...

. . . classic pattern with inside zipper • Premium quality selected aniline calfskin • Completely leather lined • Hand-flexed single leather sole and rubber heel. In black ☐ or brown ☐ $36.95 plus $1.00 shipping. *Order by Mail, state shoe size—BARRIE LTD. Dept. N—NEW HAVEN.*

OR at BARRIE LTD. SHOE SHOPS:
260 YORK STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
22 TRUMBULL STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.
152 EAST BROAD STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO
914 15th STREET N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C.
79 E. MADISON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.
537 VINE ST., CINCINNATI, OHIO
We accept • American Express • BankAmericard • Master Charge

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS RATES

$15.00 for the first one-year subscription (your own or gift)

$10.00 for each additional one-year gift subscription

(ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—Canada, Latin America & Spain $2.00 per year; other foreign $4.00.)

Your Name ____________________
Street ____________________
City State Zip

☐ Start a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter The Following Christmas Gift Subscriptions:

To ____________________
Street ____________________
City State Zip
Gift card to read: "From ____________________"

To ____________________
Street ____________________
City State Zip
Gift card to read: "From ____________________"

To ____________________
Street ____________________
City State Zip
Gift card to read: "From ____________________"

Please bill my: ☐ Master Charge
☐ BankAmericard
☐ American Express

Acct. No. ____________________
Your signature ____________________

I enclose $__________ to cover __________ subscriptions.

25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036

4 49 3

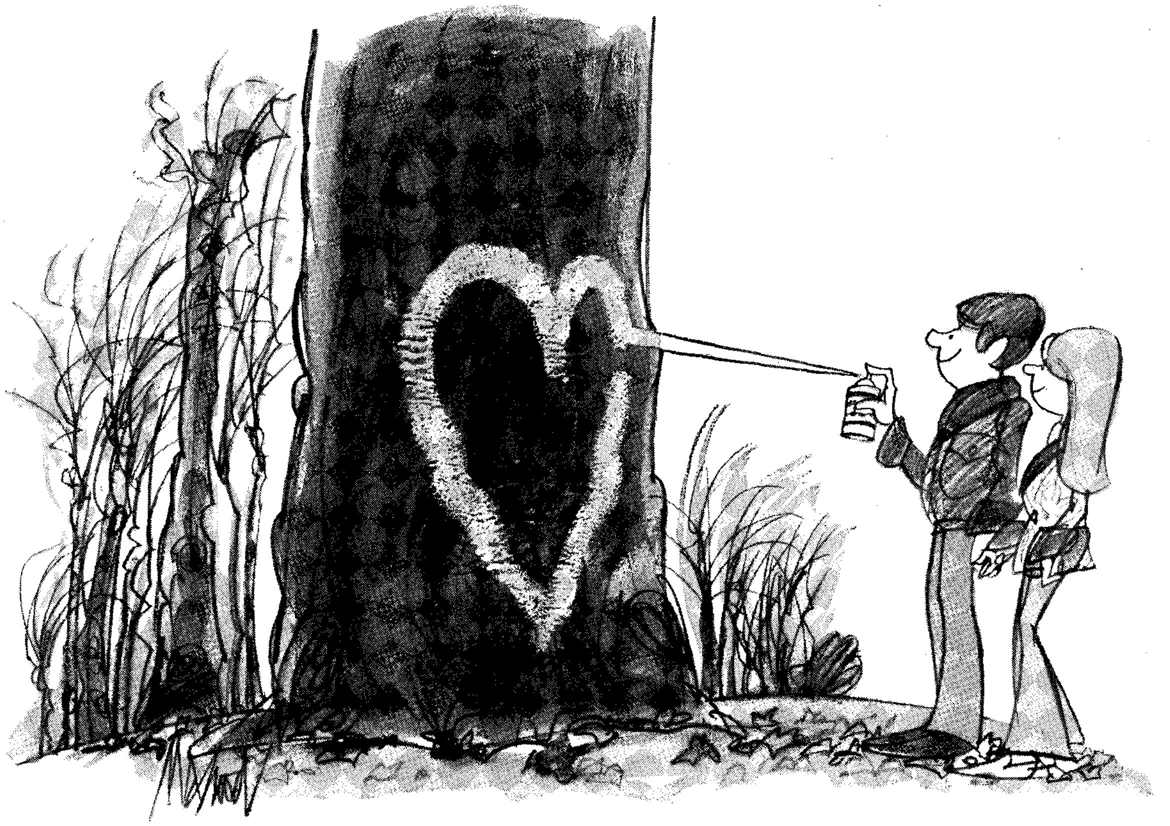
U.S. JOURNAL: BIDDEFORD, MAINE

OÙ SE TROUVE LA PLAGE?

Biddeford is virtually a French city, but nobody has ever thought of calling it the Paris of New England. There is no Mardi Gras. There are no French restaurants. There is no tourist promotion about Gallic charm. The French were brought to Biddeford from Canada to work in the textile mills after the Yankees ran out of Irish. Agents from the mills started recruiting labor from the rural areas of Quebec in the second half of the nineteenth century; in 1969, during a mild spurt in the New England textile industry, they were still recruiting. There is nothing charming about being cheap labor. Although Biddeford is no longer dominated by the textile industry, a French-speaking resident is still likely to identify himself as "the son of a mill hand." There has been some intermarriage with the Irish, and the Roman Catholic churches serving the French have started to offer a sermon or two in English lately. But the French are still conscious of which language has always been spoken by the mill hands and which by the mill owners. The French in Biddeford, with eighty to eighty-five per cent of the population, have had control of City Hall almost constantly since the thirties, but the names of the directors of the First National Bank of Biddeford are Bradford, Harriman, Maxwell, Moore, Truslow, Wooster, and Stevens.

The present mayor, Gilbert Boucher, enjoys talking about what it was like growing up in Biddeford in one of the row houses the mill rented to its workers. A stocky, voluble man in his late forties, Boucher is a general contractor by trade. He drives a bright-blue pickup with American-flag decals on the side windows. He refers to Mrs. Boucher as "the wife." He is known in Biddeford as being impulsive and quick-tempered. His critics often have called him high-handed, and not even his supporters claim that he is the ideal man to chair a meeting at which it is important that every side be fully heard. But as he came to the end of his second two-year term this fall, he could point to some impressive accomplishments. Just as Boucher took office, in 1970, Biddeford's largest mill closed down most of its operations—removing a thousand jobs from a city of fewer than twenty thousand residents—but a vigorous industrial-development campaign has just about replaced the jobs by attracting a collection of clean and diversified industries. Under the Boucher administration, a Department of Parks and Recreation was established, and a huge park was created on a tract next to the Saco River which had been used for years as a dump. Boucher is proud of Biddeford's new mercury street lights and its new electronic fire-alarm system, but he is most proud of the park on the Saco River.

In the old days, Boucher likes to recall, the French in Biddeford had no time for recreation: "Hey, recreation for us was Sunday you were pooped." The city limits of Biddeford have always included miles of dramatic Maine coastline. One settlement within the city limits—Biddeford Pool, a sort of peninsula into the Atlantic—had been attracting rich summer people from the cities of the Midwest for as long as the mills had been attracting poor French Canadians from the villages of Quebec. By the time Boucher was growing up, the summer people in Biddeford Pool had established a golf course and a sort of beach club called the Biddeford Pool Beach Association. But Boucher never went to the beach at Biddeford Pool, and until 1964 he didn't realize the golf course existed. Biddeford Pool is eight or ten miles from the center of the city. Even after the end of the Second World War, when its population was broadened somewhat by new groups of summer people and more year-round residents, it retained the reputation among Biddeford French as a private enclave for rich summer people. When Boucher and his friends wanted to go to the beach before the war, they walked along the railroad tracks to Old Orchard, which had a boardwalk and carnival games.



Boucher, the fourth child in his family, was the first to complete elementary school. Years later, he completed high school as well. "With a little more education and a forty-hour week and some time on our hands—and we've become mobile—we looked around," he said recently. The world of quiet beaches and summer cottages and golf courses no longer seemed so remote. "We see all these things and we say, 'Hey, we'd like to have an ice-cream cone, too.' And they say, 'No. Private property.' " There had, of course, been resentment in Biddeford for years over who seemed to have all the ice-cream cones, but the city government had never done much about it, except to clear one or two of the dozen or so public rights-of-way it claimed had existed at the beaches before summer people blocked them off. In fact, the French in Biddeford had never used their political power to intrude on the domain of the Yankees—the local Yankees who owned the banks and factories or the summer visitors from Cincinnati and St. Louis and Boston. Gilbert Boucher changed that. This fall, as precipitately as the state law allows, Boucher and his city council took the Pool Beach Association's beach and bathhouse by eminent domain for the people of Biddeford.

A lot of French residents in Biddeford could hardly have been more pleased, unless the Mayor had taken the First National Bank and a mill or two. "The Pool is what is known as for the rich and the capable, and as far as the people of Biddeford, well, we have no business there—our place is to work in these factories and mills and make the city what it is," one of them said sarcastically at the public hearing that preceded the final vote. "I think this little place we are asking for is well earned and deserved by the city. And we are no longer the peons of the crowd. We share in this country and wealth, and we should, because we are the ones that have earned it with our hands." The members of the Pool Beach Association were appalled. Looking back on it now, they still tend to use words like "spiteful" and "covetous" to explain the motives of the Mayor and his councilmen. "The affluent haven't learned that they have to share," Boucher said. During the arguments about taking the beach, some of the councilmen started talking about the possibility of the city's taking the rich summer people's golf course as well.

"THEY said they had no warning, which is true," Boucher said later. "Because if I gave them warning, they would have put up so many legal stumbling blocks I wouldn't have been able to find out even who owned the place." Did Allende warn the copper companies? The first city-council meeting necessary to start the process of seizure by eminent domain was held without the customary notice to the press. The state eminent-domain law requires that the process of taking land for recreational use be started in response to a petition signed by at least thirty citizens; when the reporter for

Minolta helps you visit a private kingdom.

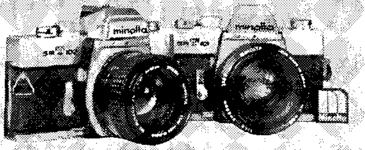
Become part of a special world with a camera that doesn't hold you back, a camera that lets you concentrate on your subject.

You're comfortable with a Minolta SR-T from the moment you pick it up. This is the 35mm reflex camera that lets you concentrate on mood and insight. The viewfinder gives you all the information needed for correct exposure and focusing. Because you never have to look away from the finder to adjust a Minolta SR-T, you're ready to catch the one photograph that could never be taken again.

A Minolta SR-T camera could be your passport to another world.

For more information, see your photo dealer or write Minolta Corp., 200 Park Ave. So., N.Y., N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.

Minolta SR-T 101/Minolta SR-T 102



PETER IS A VIRGIN

Peter is waiting for you. An island untouched. Unspoiled. Almost uninhabited within the British Virgin Islands.

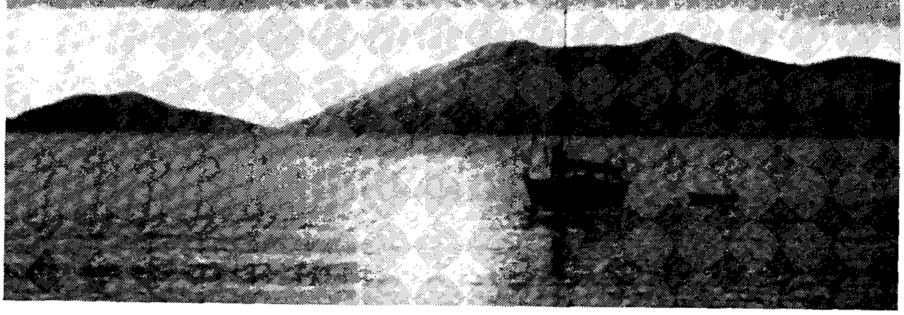
Peter Island has silver beaches, for you to share with no one. Trees and flowers, arranged by Nature herself.

Peter Island is West Indies primitive, with a contemporary Scandinavian design. Gourmet dining. The simple island life in extravagantly beautiful surroundings.

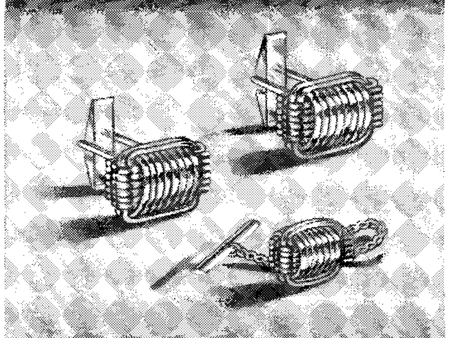
So get to know Peter. Inhabit the uninhabited. But hurry, before Peter becomes a habit.

For a free brochure and further information write to Bennett Tours, 270 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. (212) 532-5060

PETER ISLAND
Yacht Club, British Virgin Islands



KNOTS OF LUCK!



Bob Lee designs them best . . .

Centuries ago, East African tribesmen concocted the fabled, fascinating knots used to tie their Elephant Hair bracelets . . . the bracelets they wore as magical symbols . . . and talismans of good luck. Bob Lee duplicated the knot . . . right down to its most intricate details, for our 24K Gold Plated cufflinks and tie tac. Link your cuffs or tac your tie . . . with Knots of Luck! Gift Boxed

Cufflinks—$25 Tie Tac—$10

Add $1 on Mail Orders. N.Y. Res. Add Tax

Send $1 (Credited to First Purchase) FOR COLOR-FILLED 116-PAGE CATALOG

Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6

HUNTING WORLD

Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd ST., N.Y. 10022

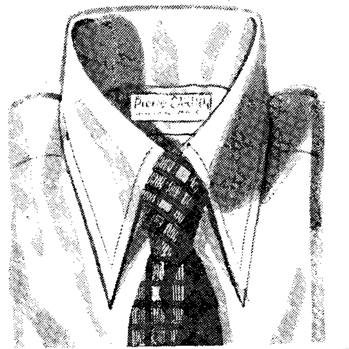
© 1973 H. W. INC. N122

For the Seventies' Man

Cardin's New Long Point

For that long, lean look, look no further than this barrel-cuffed solid fashion shirt. Designed by Pierre Cardin in a superb new blend of 80% polyester, 20% cotton which travels beautifully. It's the Pierre Cardin way. So you can have it your way. **$16.50.**

Soft Blue, White, Beige, Light Pink or Pale Yellow.



whitehouse & hardy

Mail Order to Whitehouse & Hardy, Dept. P.C.S.
681 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022
Sizes 14½-17, 32-35

Quantity	Size	Color	2nd Choice	
				☐ M.O.
				☐ Check
				☐ Charge

Name
Address
City State Zip

No C.O.D.'s. No phone orders. Send $1.00 for shipping and handling. New York residents add 7% sales tax. We honor the American Express Card, Master Charge and BankAmericard.

the York County *Coast Star* caught up with the petition asking the city to take action on the beach, he found that eighteen names on it were of people connected with the city government.

The Pool Beach Association people were unwarned, all right, but not unsuspecting. Skirmishes over beach access have increased in past years all along the Maine coast. In the summer communities within the city limits of Biddeford, even beach cottages that look as if they once had signs on them saying "Sun 'n' Fun" or "The Bank and Us" now have signs saying "No Trespassing" or "Private Property." In the section of Biddeford Pool where most of the Beach Association families live—a collection of rambling old weathered-shingle summer houses sometimes called the Gold Coast—the wrought-iron post erected to hold the sign that points down St. Martin's Lane to St. Martin's-in-the-Field and says "The Episcopal Church Welcomes You" has a second sign on it that says "No Trespassing. Private Club. Members and Registered Guests Only." The Association's assets formerly consisted of fourteen hundred feet of beachfront, but six hundred feet of it was sold two years ago as plots for five private houses. Could it be, some Biddeford residents wondered, that even rich summer people are sometimes forced to subdivide for some ready cash? No. In fact, the lots were sold—to friends—because the Pool Beach Association had been advised that land with private houses on it would be more protected than undeveloped land from the pressures of public acquisition.

The city's own planning board had to approve the subdivision, of course, and it did so, its members now say, under the impression that the road being built for the houses would be used as an additional public access to the beach. A road was built, at a spot the public had sometimes used to walk across the dunes to the beach, but last spring a "Private Road" sign went up on a fence erected next to it. The Pool Beach Association claims that Biddeford residents have always been able to walk to the beach down a separate path near its bathhouse. Anyone, in fact, could rent a stall in the bathhouse—if, that is, he could find it down an unmarked road and was not put off by the "No Trespassing" and "Parking for Members Only" signs and felt comfortable in the presence of Episcopalian summer people from Cincinnati. "Well," one of the Association members said recently, "we don't have a tour director out there."

Seagers English Gin. Until now you had to travel 2500 miles to drink it.

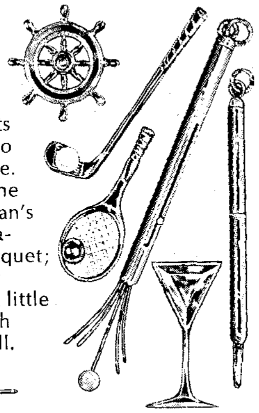
BOTTLED IN ENGLAND
SEAGERS
SPECIAL DISTILLED DRY GIN

No longer must you go to England to enjoy England's finest gin. After 171 years, Seager's is here.

DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN · 94.4 PROOF © 1973 IMPORTED BY DREYFUS ASHBY & CO., N.Y., N.Y.

for a BIG MAN

Unusual little gifts in precious gold to show *him* you care. Ship's wheel for the sailor; businessman's martini with aquamarine; tennis racquet; gold toothpick or swizzel stick for a little fun; golf club with cultured pearl ball. All at your nicest jeweler. 14K



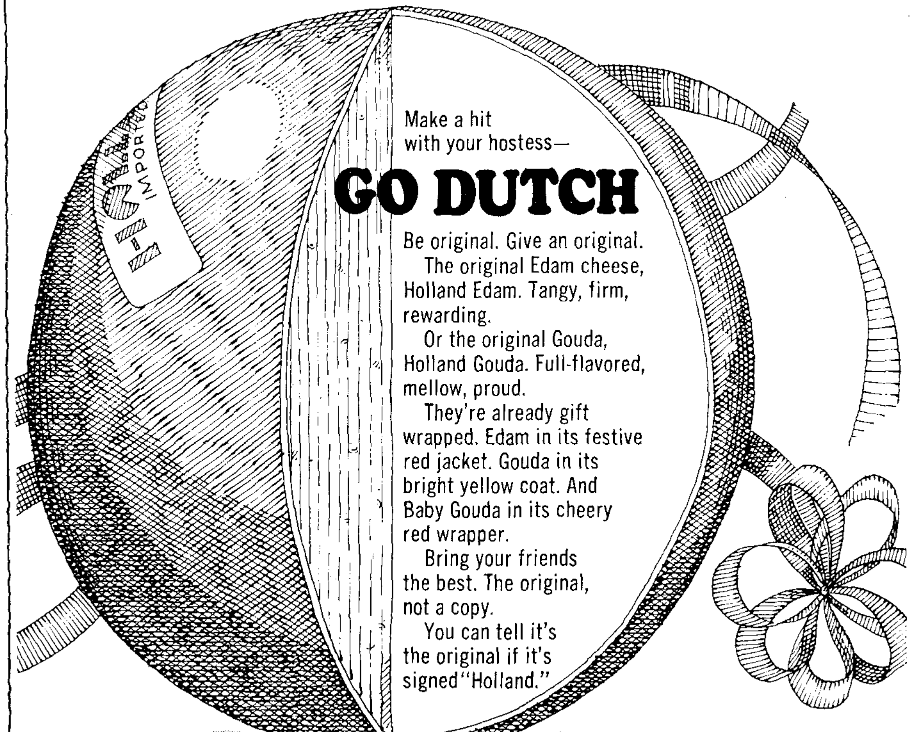
Send for illustrated catalog of other 14K gold jewelry gifts for every occasion, together with name of nearest jeweler. Mail 35¢ to Box 1674, Grand Central Station, New York City 10017.

THE HOTEL
Dorset
A Place For Conversation During Cocktails

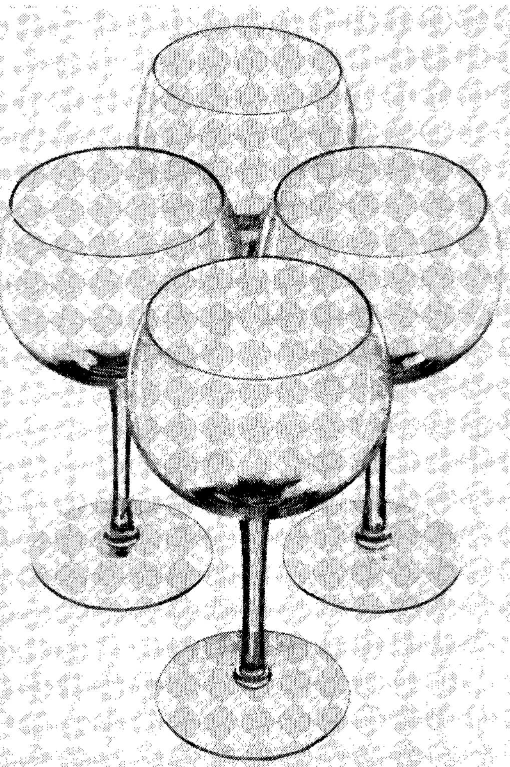
Quiet. Unobtrusive service. Excellent food. Oasis from pressures. 30 West 54, just West of 5th. Reservations, 247-7300.

A couple of months after the new "Private Road" sign went up, a public beach in Kennebunkport that has traditionally been used by Biddeford people banned parking for non-residents—a policy that was later changed, but not before it had ruined a day at the beach for the wife and family of the Biddeford city council's president. Biddeford had five hundred feet of public beach, but in recent years it has tended to disappear at high tide. According to Boucher, the citizens of Biddeford, frustrated by signs and parking restrictions and the vagaries of the Maine tides, finally brought pressure on their government to acquire a true public beach. In the other view, of course, Biddeford's taking of the Biddeford Pool beach from the summer people was motivated by need for additional public shorefront to about the same extent that India's taking of Goa from the Portuguese was motivated by need for additional public shorefront—except that the water around Goa is warm enough to swim in.

At the public meeting held in conformity with the state law on eminent domain, Mayor Boucher opened by saying, "I would like to welcome all of you people here, and, of course, it's going to be a little difficult to try to keep tempers down." The summer people, in fact, controlled their tempers quite well. It was suggested that the money the beach project would cost Biddeford might be better spent on a year-round swimming pool, or, at least, that the recreational needs and desires of the citizens might be surveyed. It was suggested that the statements about summer people being carpetbaggers were unfair. "The summer people are hurt," said Harold Carroll, a local attorney of Irish descent, who is thought of by some Biddeford residents as a sort of token townie for the Gold Coast crowd. "They came here in the eighteen-seventies—their great-grandfathers, grandmothers, their mothers, fathers, and children—and they are here today. They own property at Biddeford Pool. They have contributed greatly to the economic benefit of our city of Biddeford—and I defy any merchant to say otherwise—over the years. They have responded most generously to all of the charities that Biddeford ever instituted, from the United Fund to our institutions." Being hurt had, ironically, caused the summer people to become "even more generous than they have indicated in the past," Carroll said, alluding to a compromise the Association was pre-



Make a hit
with your hostess—
GO DUTCH
Be original. Give an original.
The original Edam cheese, Holland Edam. Tangy, firm, rewarding.
Or the original Gouda, Holland Gouda. Full-flavored, mellow, proud.
They're already gift wrapped. Edam in its festive red jacket. Gouda in its bright yellow coat. And Baby Gouda in its cheery red wrapper.
Bring your friends the best. The original, not a copy.
You can tell it's the original if it's signed "Holland."
HOLLAND
IMPORTED CHEESE



The cool, crisp symmetry of sparkling Cartier crystal. A lift for any spirit. Intricately crafted hand-cut stems. 16 oz. 7¼" high. Set of 4, 28. The Gift Salon, first floor.
Cartier Inc.
Fifth Avenue and 52nd Street, New York 10022 (212) 753-0111
Bal Harbour • Beverly Hills • Chevy Chase • Palm Beach

Allen-Edmonds is simply an excellent shoe. Choice leathers. Superb workmanship. Unique construction provides unbelievable comfort.

$52

Bond Street
Black or Brown
Llama Calf.

Send for brochure.
Major credit cards honored.

Tom Austin Shoes
in the famous Biltmore Hotel
339 Madison Avenue
New York City 10017

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1946

Classic Cotton Corduroy Sportcoats 72.50*

Trousers 27.50

Good-looking, steep-wale, soft cotton corduroy sportcoat and matching trousers. Our classic 3-button, comfortable, soft natural shoulder model sportcoat with moderate lapels, patch pockets & welted edges. Tan, Olive Green, Dark Brown.*Size 50, $80. Matching corduroy trousers, same colors ; traditional belt loop model, on-seam pockets, watch pocket, conventional straight bottoms. Waist: 28 to 44. Indicate length desired. **Satisfaction Guaranteed.**

	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	46	48	50*
Reg.			x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Short	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x			
Long						x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
X-long									x		x	x	x	x

Mail Orders to: Corduroy Sportcoats, Trousers
Cable Car Clothiers, No.150 Post, S.F., Ca 94108

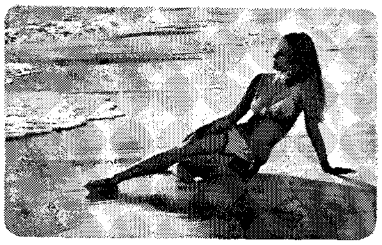
Circle Item	Qty.	Color	Size	M.O. or Check ☐
Sportcoat				Cable Charge ☐
Trousers				Sorry, no COD's

☐ **Please send catalogue** (415) 397-4740
Name..
Address..
....Zip..........
Add 1.75 ship & hdlg. • 5½% Sales Tax in Cal. M 12-10

pared to offer. "I know that if you gentlemen—the Mayor and city council—will investigate the alternatives that are available to you, you will provide the people of the city of Biddeford with adequate access to their beach, and it will cost you little or nothing, as a result of the further charity of the people of Biddeford Pool."

The compromise sounded generous indeed. The Association offered to share its parking lot at the bathhouse with the city. It would guarantee public access to the beach. It would stipulate that if the sharing arrangement had not worked out to the city's satisfaction after a year the land would be sold to the city at 1973 valuation—an important point, since the assessment company now reëvaluating shorefront land in Biddeford has predicted that valuations (and taxes) will go up six to twelve times when its report is completed. Mayor Boucher and some of the councilmen said that the summer people offered too little too late. The Mayor later gave a number of reasons for rejecting the compromise—that it was only a stall to give the summer people time to apply political pressure, for instance, or that it would provide only twenty or so parking spaces for Biddeford residents, or that the summer people have shown that they can't be trusted. But could the Mayor accept any compromise—particularly any compromise offered as charity—that would leave the summer people in control and the Biddeford people allowed in on sufferance? Biddeford, after all, is a place where talk about the rich summer people always gets around to remarks like "They think we're all a bunch of clowns" or "They say we don't know how to swim anyway." When Biddeford people talk about the beach, they talk about citizens being ordered off legal rights-of-way by summer people. They tell stories about how Mayor William (Papa Bill) Lausier, who ran Biddeford from 1941 to 1955, responded to being told by summer people to move his car from an area in which large rocks had been painted white to indicate no parking by calling the Street Department and having the rocks hauled away while he stood there. ("They didn't put those white rocks back for a long time—not until Bill Lausier got out of office." "They got a lot of patience, those people.") Mayor Boucher has said that accepting the compromise would just mean endless arguments—who uses which parking space, who uses which path. "If we are the owners, we control it," he says. "Maybe you're out

From tee to sea.

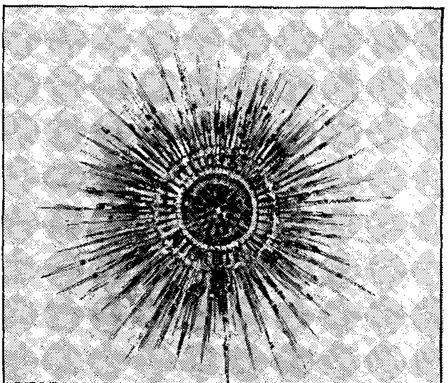


We give you more Jamaica.

We have more Jamaica to give. A half-mile beach. A lake-sized pool. 27 holes of golf. *Horseback riding. Tennis. Water sports. A beautiful* balconied room. And fabulous entertainment. Coming? For brochures, reservations, contact your travel agent or the Leonard Hicks Organization, New York: (212) 765-5800.

Runaway Bay
HOTEL & COUNTRY CLUB

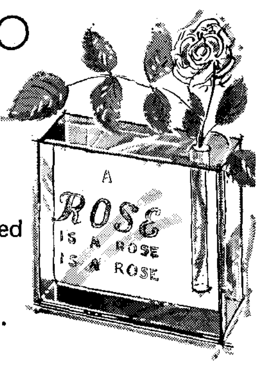
P.O. Box 58, Runaway Bay, Jamaica, W.I.
David Brown General Manager AN ISSA HOTEL
Telex 2168 ISSABROS JAMAICA



STARBURST 27″, 2 tiers $125

WILLIAM **Bowie** THE SCULPTURE STUDIO
Write for color catalog
202 E. 77th ST.
NEW YORK 10021

Ronaldo Maia Flowers



Our 4″ square bud vase designed in lucite® by Ronaldo Maia himself, $17.50.

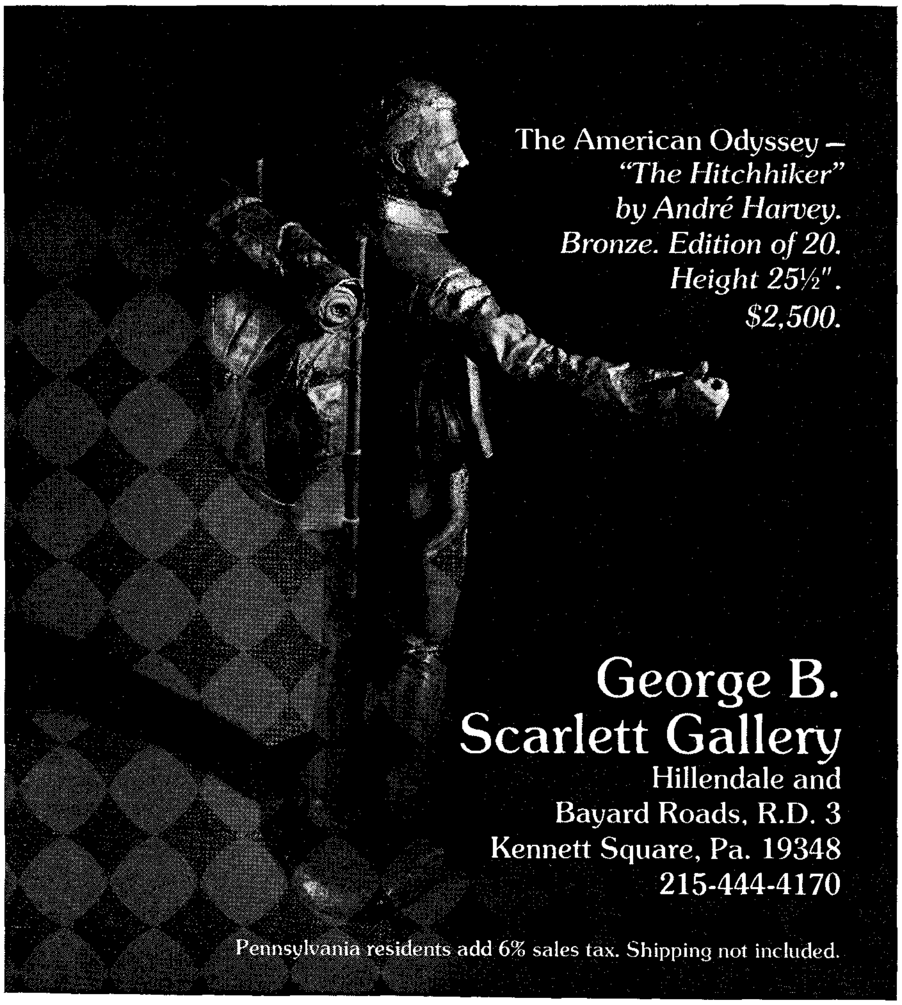
Mail Order: Add $1 each for postage. Add tax if applicable.

27 East 67th St. New York, N.Y. 10021
288-1049

there with your children, say, and one of them has to use the bathroom, and someone says, 'You people here use this bathroom. You can't use this one.' If the city owned it, everyone uses the same bathroom."

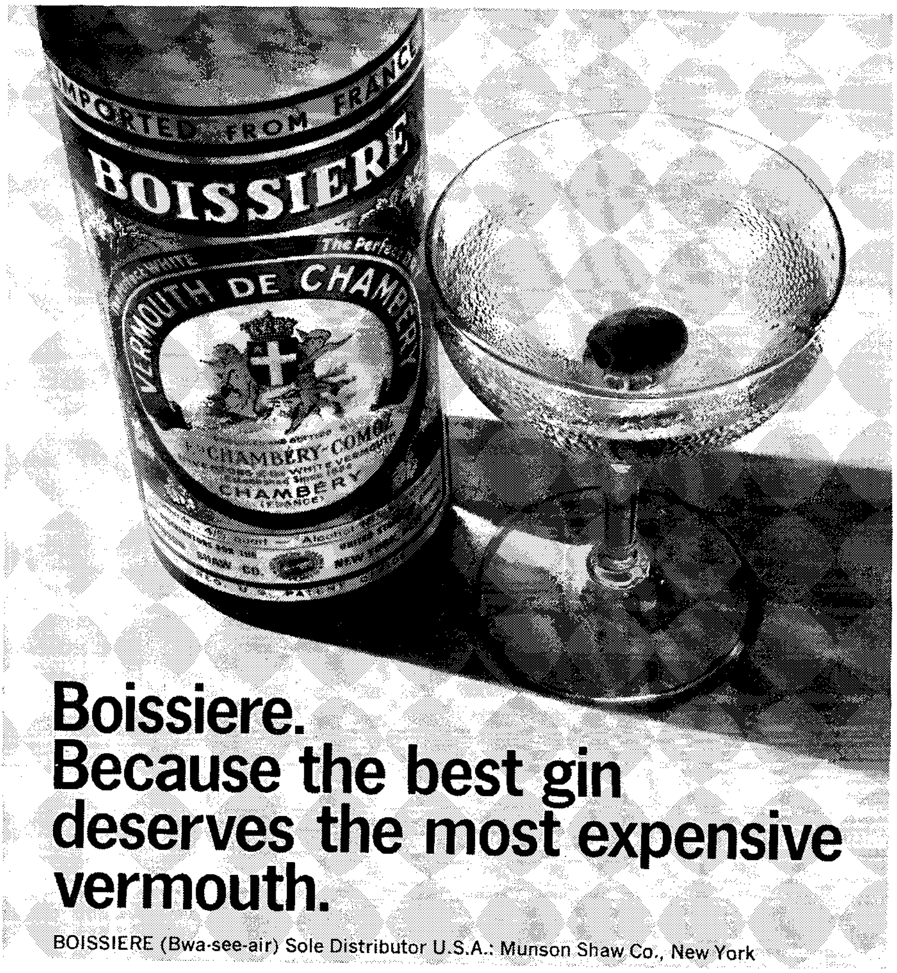
AFTER the members of the Biddeford city council had voted, ten to one, to take the Association's land by eminent domain, Mayor Boucher, accompanied by a policeman, rode out to Biddeford Pool to present the president of the Association with a check for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—the middle figure of three assessments the city had obtained. The Association sent back the check. Lawyers for the summer people began contesting the city's action in court, on several grounds. To the political leaders of Biddeford, though, the taking of the beach was a *fait accompli*—a phrase most of them have no trouble pronouncing. Public support seemed qualified only by some grumbling about the money involved, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars not being the sort of sum that Biddeford residents are accustomed to spending for recreational property. It is said that during the reign of Papa Bill Lausier, whose political philosophy was built on the tenet of no raise in taxes, a hundred dollars a year was budgeted for recreation and was always returned intact to the general fund at the end of the fiscal year.

The Biddeford paper and the York County *Coast Star* had reacted to the taking of the beach with approval for what the Mayor had done to insure public access to beaches and with some reservations about the way he did it—the sudden use of a governmental device that is normally used only as a last resort, the absence of a thorough study on recreational needs, the atmosphere of a coup rather than a considered civic decision. Later, the *Coast Star*, in particular, began to reflect some concern about precisely how the Mayor intended to develop the beach and what environmental effects the development would have. "The taking, after all, is merely supposed to be a means to an end," the *Coast Star* had written in its editorial approving of the beach-taking. "And we've heard all about the means but precious little about the end." The subdividing of the land two years ago somewhat weakens one of the environmental arguments normally heard in such controversies—an argument that amounts to saying that a natural resource such as a beach is safe in the hands of rich people with good taste, who will care for it in the same way


The American Odyssey –
"The Hitchhiker"
by André Harvey.
Bronze. Edition of 20.
Height 25½".
$2,500.

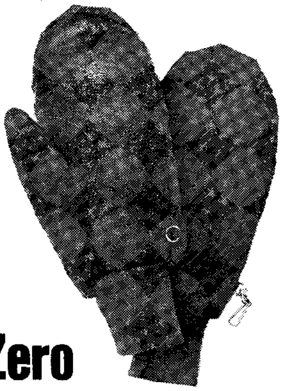
George B.
Scarlett Gallery
Hillendale and
Bayard Roads, R.D. 3
Kennett Square, Pa. 19348
215-444-4170

Pennsylvania residents add 6% sales tax. Shipping not included.



Boissiere.
Because the best gin deserves the most expensive vermouth.

BOISSIERE (Bwa-see-air) Sole Distributor U.S.A.: Munson Shaw Co., New York


Bauer Goose Down for Warm Hands at Sub Zero

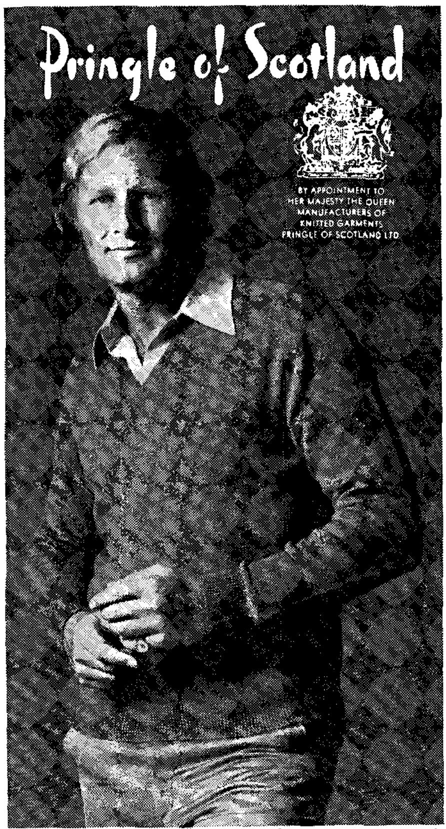
Proven on Alaska's North Slope ideal for Snowmobiling, Ice Fishing, sub-zero Winter Sports. Fully insulated with Bauer Goose Down quilted in Expedition Nylon. Palms and thumbs of tough Goatskin. Snug-fitting wristlets and cuffs keep heat in, cold out. **Colors:** Taupe or Jet Black. **Sizes:** †S/M/L/XL. (†Fits most women). **0153** SNOWLINE Mitts, pair **$17.95** ppd.

Order today! Money-back guarantee!

Enclosed is my check or money order for
$______. (Add sales tax where applicable.)
Please RUSH my 0153 SNOWLINE Mitts
Size______Color______
Name______
Address______
City______
State______Zip______
☐ Send me FREE your color catalog of over 1000 exciting outdoor products.

Eddie Bauer®

Dept. DN7 Seattle, Wash. 98124


Pringle of Scotland

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN MANUFACTURERS OF KNITTED GARMENTS PRINGLE OF SCOTLAND LTD

The Argyll. A fine pure Cashmere v-neck pullover, luxury in good taste. In Yellow, Black, White, Lomond Blue, Wine, Navy, Tartan Green, Natural, Grey, Iced Caramel, Mocha Brown, Blue Frost, Regal Red, and more. Sizes 38-46. About $55*.

Pringle of Scotland, 24 W. 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018 *Slightly higher in the West

they care for their furniture and their automobiles and their sailboats. But the summer people can quote expert opinion holding that a public beach should have many more acres of supporting land per beachfront foot than the Biddeford Pool property has. There have also been, as the *Coast Star's* editorial indicated, expert recommendations that municipalities and counties and states buy beachfront land immediately, before the price becomes prohibitive and the shore is lost to private developers. Did the Mayor, a man who says he prefers action to studies, accomplish in the heat of the moment what a commission would have advised him to do anyway? Or did he merely give the mill hands revenge on the rich people by spending public money on a beach that the taxpayers may not have wanted but may destroy anyway?

The answer, it turns out, will not be discovered under a Gilbert Boucher administration. In a quiet Democratic primary last month, Boucher, to the surprise of just about everyone in Biddeford, lost by sixty-two votes to Lucien Dutremble, a grocer whose brother is the local sheriff. The beach takeover did not seem to be an important issue. In fact, the primary was the kind of campaign in which it was difficult to identify an issue. Dutremble did not speak against the takeover, but has said he would examine the situation. There is some feeling in Biddeford that he might at least be willing to consider the Beach Pool Association's compromise. Boucher is confident that the beach takeover will not be rescinded by a new council or reversed in court. He considers the taking of the Biddeford Pool beach one of the great accomplishments of his administration. Biddeford is best known in Maine municipal-government circles now, after all, not for being a pacesetter in street lighting or industrial-park construction but for being the first city to take a summer-people's beach by eminent domain. "Hey," Gilbert Boucher said recently, "we may be pioneers."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

YOU CAN CALL
YOUR MOTHER IN
LONDON
AND TELL HER
ALL ABOUT GEORGE
TAKING YOU OUT
FOR DINNER
FOR JUST
60 CENTS.

—Bell Canada adv. in the Toronto Globe & Mail.

It's the kind of thing a mother ought to know.

Love Pictures? Hate Cameras?

You'll never look like a tourist with the new, 2¾ oz. MINOX. So tiny and featherweight, it goes everywhere . . . outdoors, indoors, all the time.

Smart way to take business or professional notes too! Sharp, full-size B/W or color prints of faces, places, figures, friends . . . at conventions, interviews, meetings, or just for fun . . . are yours with the one camera you'll never leave at home.

Its needle-sharp lens focuses at any distance down to 8 inches. All shutter speeds to 1/1000 second. Flash synchronization. Built-in exposure control. Drop-in film cassettes. Complete system of accessories.

MINOX® BL

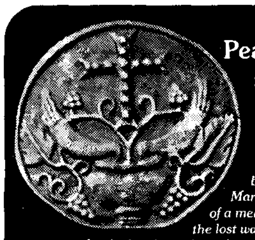
Try it at fine camera counters.

MINOX USA
P.O. Box 1060, Woodside, N.Y. 11377
A DIVISION OF Berkey Photo Inc.

FREE U. S. SKI RESERVATIONS
AIR • LODGING • CAR RENTAL

1-800-351-6001

THE SKI RESERVATION COMPANY • 4120 Rio Bravo • El Paso, Texas 79902 • (In Texas, 1-800-592-7005)


Peace in Marriage
STERLING SILVER
BELT BUCKLE

Bourke Cavanaugh offers this limited edition solid sterling silver belt buckle entitled "Peace in Marriage". An authentic replica of a medieval French medal cast by the lost wax process, individually hand finished and cased in velvet. An exquisite gift for anyone. Approximately 3 ounces. Immediate air mail delivery. $75.

Available at The Printed Page, Boulder, Colorado and other select retail stores.

Send check or money order to:
BOURKE CAVANAUGH ASSOCIATES
1845 Mapleton Ave., Boulder, Colorado 80302

Brochure Available

MARTELL
COGNAC
MARTELL
V.S.O.P.
MEDAILLON
LIQUEUR BRANDY
COGNAC
80 PROOF
THE JOS. GARNEAU C
NEW YORK, N.Y.
LOUIS

©1973, THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., NEW YORK, N. Y.

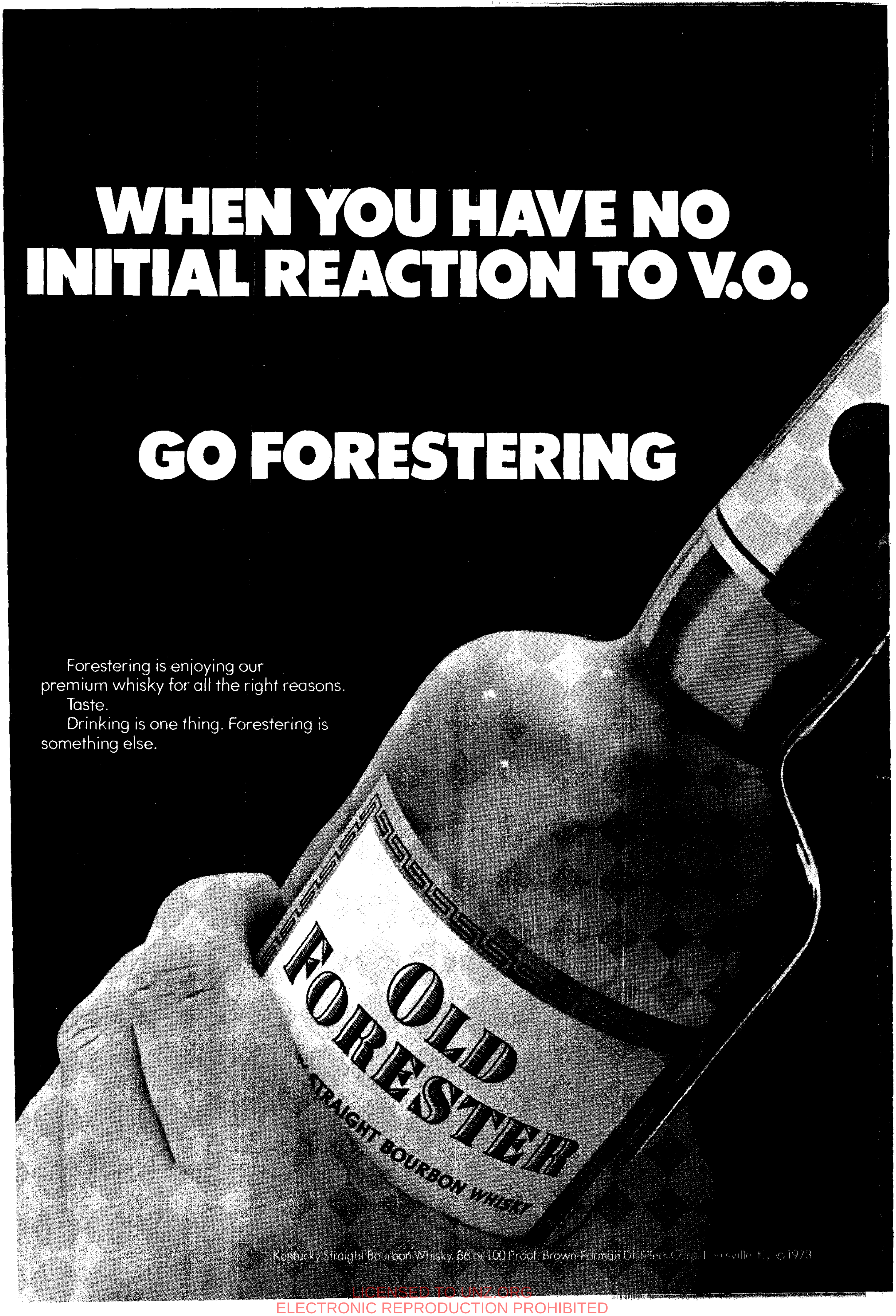
In 1777, Washington and Lafayette may well have planned strategies over a glass of Martell.

Autumn was drawing near; so, too, was the battle of Brandywine.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army would discuss battle tactics with his new Major-General. In turn, the young Frenchman may have introduced fine cognac from the House of Martell to the man who was to become his lifelong friend.

For since 1715, men of distinction have known that making fine cognac, to the Martell family, was more an art than a business. It still is.

Martell. Taste history.
☆☆☆ – V.S.O.P. – CORDON BLEU.
WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING COGNACS.


OLD
FORESTER
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

WHEN YOU HAVE NO INITIAL REACTION TO V.O.

GO FORESTERING

Forestering is enjoying our premium whisky for all the right reasons.

Taste.

Drinking is one thing. Forestering is something else.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky. 86 or 100 Proof. Brown-Forman Distillers Corp., Louisville, Ky. ©1973

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Strawberry Jam

HAVEN'T we suffered enough with Joanne Woodward? Proficient, intensely likable actress though she is, ever since "Rachel, Rachel" she's been turning into the educated people's Lana Turner. Her movies are beginning to overlap, and she keeps the same lump in her throat. While I was seeing "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams," I wanted to be somewhere else; I didn't want to be stuck at this level of sensibility—this dun-colored earnestness about what-happened-to-my-life-where-did-I-go-wrong. Grindingly mediocre, "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams" is about middle-aged self-reproach, about coldness and unfulfillment and regrets. Everything is spelled out; it's "Come Back, Little Sheba" without the lost dog, and I never thought I'd miss that dog so much. William Inge always put in some frail, sad-eyed lyric touch, some homely, misshapen magic; Stewart Stern, who wrote "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams" for Woodward (he had adapted "Rachel, Rachel" for her), is too smooth and moist for that, and his psychiatrically oriented sensitivity has just the shape you expect. The picture made me feel as if I'd been buttonholed by a bore—an exhibitionistic bore who was whipping up a batch of stale emotions and bogus good will for want of anything better to do. It's the same feeling I get when I read Anne Roiphe's pieces in the *Times Magazine*. In an article about the P.B.S. series "An American Family," Mrs. Roiphe wrote, "The Louds are enough like me and mine to create havoc in my head, and I had to fight a constant strong desire to push away those Louds, dismiss them as unique, empty, shallow, unlike others, and yet on serious reflection, we can all learn from them, perhaps just enough to begin understanding that saddest of mysteries, the American family." Stern has the same nakedly heartfelt tone—compassion by the yard. "That saddest of mysteries, the American family" is the soft-headed subject of this movie, too. "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams" was made by people who believe in it, I guess, but what is it that they believe in? Probably in the need to say something truthful about ordinary lives—that is, about "real people," as distinguished from the people in Hollywood's escapist entertainment—but what Stern and the director, Gilbert Cates, and, yes, the star, Woodward, take to be "real people" are shrivelled versions of people: people reduced to a few traits, and then given a big scene or two so that they can surprise us with their humanity.

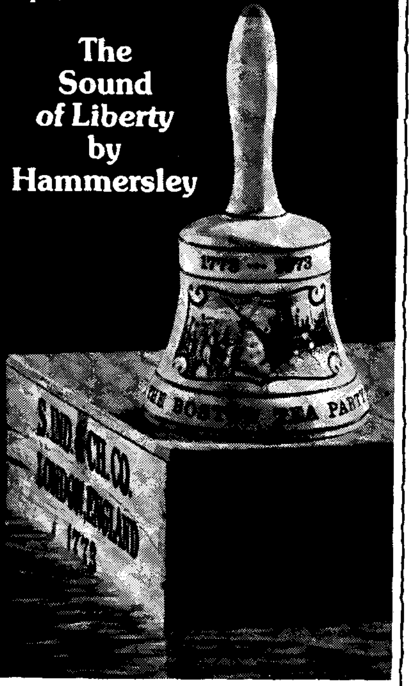
Structurally, the movie is a barefaced reworking of "Wild Strawberries," with an excerpt from the Ingmar Bergman movie used the way a student writing an essay sometimes includes a quote from a published work in order to salve his conscience about paraphrasing it. In Bergman's film, an aged, very eminent physician has a dream in which he is being pulled into his grave, and then, journeying to receive an honorary degree, he revisits his past both in dream and by returning to his old home, and he sees his failures and the damage his cold heart has done. That damage—and the dawning of understanding—is always a popular theme in the movies, the theatre, and best-seller fiction. "Wild Strawberries" had the appeal of a secular sermon: it said, "Be warm, love one another." Actually, Victor Sjöström had more feeling in his great, heavy face than anyone around him, and Professor Borg's "coldness" looked a facile, fraudulent issue. The crimes marshalled against him—his failing to reach out to the girl he loved, failing to love the woman he married, failing to give his son affection—seemed no more than conventional setups. But the film was impressive and successful, and, just as "The French Connection" has spawned a batch of movies about cops, "Wild Strawberries" has had its progeny—"Five Easy Pieces" and now this maudlin, semi-serious look at the American woman as snow queen.

Woodward's Rita is given no split between public accomplishments and private failures, but she goes through the same setups as Professor Borg. She's a Manhattan *Hausfrau*, bundled in mink, who walks in a perky dogtrot and—a coy touch—loves strawberry jam. The death of her brassy old harridan mother (Sylvia Sidney) brings out her guilts and regrets, and she breaks down. Visiting the old family farm, she has a vision of the farm boy (now dead) whom she once loved; she dreams about her rejected son (Ron Rickards), who has fled the family; she hallucinates seeing her mother ahead of her on an escalator, beckoning her toward death; and we observe her giving short shrift to her married daughter (Dori Brenner) and repelling the advances of the patient, adoring man she married and has nev-

In this Style 10/6
MAD

Britain's ringing tribute to the old colonies' approaching Bicentennial. A limited edition series of four annual bells of fine English Bone China. The first shows The Boston Tea Party in sepia with colonial blue trim. 6" tall, only $25. at fine stores everywhere. For the one nearest you write Schmid Bros., Inc., 55 Pacella Park Drive, Randolph, Mass. 02368.

The Sound of Liberty by Hammersley



For Men About Town

Cardin's Classic Ties

Two four-in-hands from the hands of the master. Made of 100% imported polyester that looks and feels like the finest heavy-woven silk, but comes untied virtually wrinkle-free. Very practical, that Pierre Cardin. Each **$8.50**

The Polka Dot. White Dots on Navy, Forest Green, Burgundy or Deep Brown.

The Solid. Forest Green, Ecru, Pearl Grey, Navy, Burgundy, Copper, Deep Brown, Black or White.

whitehouse & hardy

Mail Order to Whitehouse & Hardy, Dept. P.C.T.
681 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

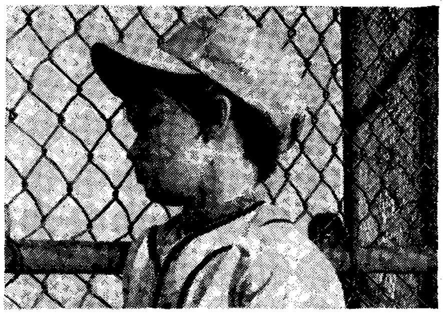
Quantity	Style	Color Choice	2nd Choice	
				☐M.O.
				☐Check
				☐Charge

Name ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____

No C.O.D.'s. No phone orders. Send $1.00 for shipping and handling. New York residents add 7% sales tax. We honor the American Express Card, Master Charge and BankAmericard.

er loved (Martin Balsam). Apparently, after that adolescent romance Rita never met a man who attracted her; she's been in cold storage ever since, and she's spent twenty-four years rejecting her husband's despondent, foolish advances. This is another of the sob stories about middle-aged women which are generated by the needs of middle-aged actresses. Woodward has been precipitate about it, plunging ahead as if she couldn't wait. Sometimes, here, she underplays for a flat-out, put-on humor that is quietly effective, but this is the only distinctive element in a too easily felt performance. Rita is the least vital of Woodward's afflicted women. We observe Rita thinking about what a flop she is, thinking of her cipher's life and the wreckage around her. And Woodward stays in character. God, how she stays in character. All the actors do; they stay cramped in their normal-person corsets the way actors sometimes get locked into historical characters—operating on a narrow preconception and working within a piddlingly small range. It's like the acting in sudsers except that within the narrow limits they're genuinely trying for depth. They try to give us average men and women in depth, but their concept of "average" precludes depth. What they give us instead is actors' sincerity—banality persisted in, under the illusion that banality is the truth of average lives.

"Is Lance the true American son?" Anne Roiphe asked, and though the only answer to this soapy rhetoric is to hoot, this is exactly the kind of psychosexual punditry Stern subscribes to. Unloving Rita is given a homosexual son and a fat daughter. Living clichés. I use the term that Abigail McCarthy applied to the Louds as they were presented to us by the show's producer, Craig Gilbert, whose intentions were probably very close to Stern's. In the most clear-cut writing I've seen on "An American Family," in *The Atlantic* of July, 1973, Mrs. McCarthy summarized how the Louds came across: "They seem to embody the trite generalizations about the American family grown familiar by repetition in popular psychology and sociology. They are affluent. They are uninvolved. They live beyond their means and for appearances. The parents are in classic middle-aged crisis. The father, Bill Loud (who reminded more than one observer of Willy Loman, in 'Death of a Salesman'), faces the downhill path to death, not having made it as he had hoped and neither at ease with nor content with his family.



We think a little league playoff is an important part of any family's relocation

Relocating a family isn't easy. Selection of the right house in the best community for your loved ones could be the most important decision you'll ever make. And it's one that should never be a gamble based on the advice of strangers. As we see it, even a simple thing like...finding out if your next hometown has a little league (for your future Lou Gehrig) is a vital consideration in any relocation plan.

So, if you are considering relocation, call Homerica. We can advise you on neighborhoods in your transfer area that are matched to the needs and lifestyle of your family, just as we have done for over 80,000 others. We know more than 6,800 key communities intimately and that plus home screening, personal counseling and careful scheduling can really save you time in looking for the perfect place to live. Naturally, the final choice on where your little leaguer plays his next home game is up to you...but we'll help make that tough decision a little easier.

THE NATION'S LEADING RELOCATION SERVICE
HOMERICA
A DIVISION OF HOMEQUITY INC.
Write Dept. N1210

100 Park Avenue, New York 10017 (212) 689-7111
1901 Ave. of Stars, Los Angeles 90067 (213) 553-3111
500 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611 (312) 527-3111

POSTER ORIGINALS, LTD.
16 EAST 78TH STREET NEW YORK 10021
386 WEST BROADWAY NEW YORK 10012
(212) 861-0422
OPEN MON-SAT 10-6

ACROBAT GIRL #P48 38¾" x 26-1/6"
PURPLE, BROWN, BLUE, PINK, WHITE, $10.00

ADD $1 FOR POSTAGE INSURANCE AND HANDLING AND SALES TAX WHERE APPLICABLE

posters for presents

NEVIS, WEST INDIES

An island known for its lovely people, Hamilton-Nelson history, long white beaches, inspiring mountain peak and a beautifully gardened full-facility resort. Started as a sugar estate in 1811, it's been beloved by its guests since 1958.

Golden Rock
Nevis, West Indies

Write for brochure or see your travel agent.

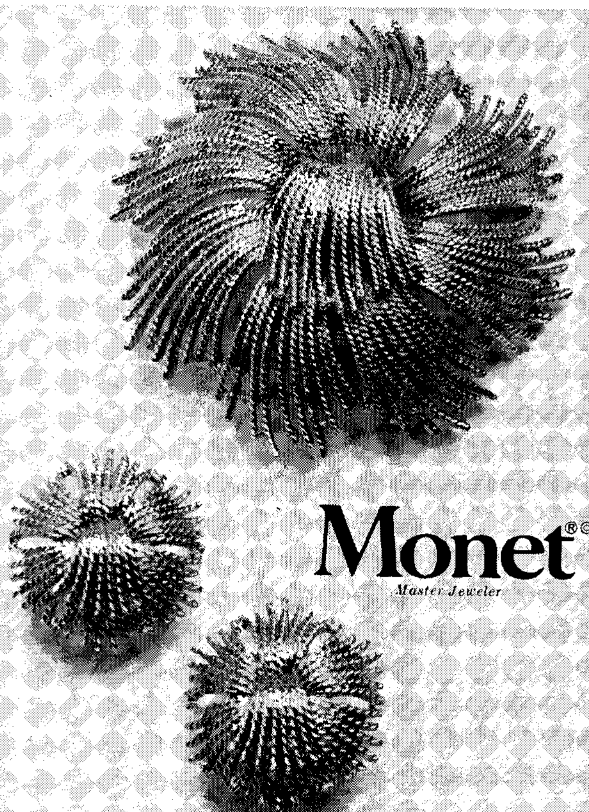
Loud resorts to alcohol and infidelity. The mother, at the peak of her physical maturity, faces an empty nest and empty years, is aware of betrayal and unused potentialities." With a few minor changes (the ophthalmologist husband here is too meek to stray), that might be a summary of "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams." Essentially, what Stern has done is to put Pat Loud at the center of "Wild Strawberries." The triteness in "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams" is not drawn from life. (It wasn't in "An American Family," either, as Mrs. McCarthy documented: "Before they were ever found, the members of the family of the series were limited, prejudged, categorized.") The triteness comes out of the same pot that Craig Gilbert and Mrs. Roiphe dip into. The hit TV series "The Waltons" is set in the thirties and features a family of Waspy plaster saints presided over by a mothering bucket of slop; in a recent article, Mrs. Roiphe said that she *aches* with wanting "The Waltons" to be true, and that Mrs. Walton is "the mother we all wish we had . . . the mother we all would like to be." That sounds just like tearful Rita talking.

Rita the failure is made out to be the victim of some sort of American pestilence, and the appeal of Rita's and her husband's crushed, defeated condition to those who did the film and to those who respond to it must be like the appeal of the Louds, who were also made out to be victims. ("I thought," Craig Gilbert said, "that I might find out what was happening between man and woman in this crazy country.") Rita is a mottled, drab character—the heroine of a dirge. Unlike Professor Borg's failures, which were his own, hers are given a generalized, swollen significance. The movie is confused (and possibly less than honest) in its attitude toward her; it plays double games—giving her classically fouled-up children as the consequence of her frigidity, and then shifting to the updated line that the son's homosexuality is O.K. and her problem is that she can't accept it. So she's blamed for feeling guilty about what the film has already indicated she is indeed guilty of. Rita's ferociously tough mother has been put in the film to account for Rita's inability to love, but responsibility stops at an arbitrary point, because Rita's husband, ashen-faced from all that rejection but still a rock of sympathy, assures her that their son's and daughter's troubles aren't her fault. But if they're *not*, what is the picture about? The answer, I fear, is "life." We're meant to think

ECUSSON IS FOR TWO.

Jean D'ALBRET
ECUSSON
PARFUM
Made, Sealed and Packaged in France

Importer Jean D'ALBRET® Div., 680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019



Monet®©
Master Jeweler

From the Cordelia Collection. A classic pinwheel pin and earrings.
Pin $10. Matching earrings $7.50.
Each in the Golden Manner of Monet. At the finest stores.

16 East 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Qiana® touch of classic. $17.

Bloomingdale's, New York and Branches

Ship'n Shore®

©SHIP'N SHORE, INC. 1973

The Extraordinary Brandy

ROTHSCHILD
Fine Brandy
NAPOLEON
V.S.O.P.
1875

ROTHSCHILD NAPOLEON V.S.O.P.
Maison Fondée en 1875

Sole Agents, U.S.A., Les Caves, M.A.R.& Co., Cleveland, 0.80 Proof

"Life failed her" and "She failed life"—Stern is playing Ping-Pong with mothballs. The picture might have been written by a blackmailing child who says, "I feel sorry for you, Mama, even after what you did to me."

A few years ago, when white middle-class kids started taking drugs, the media gave us movies and TV plays in which the drug takers were shown to have cold, unloving parents. "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams" is the same sort of problem drama, in a more ambitious yet more vacillating version. It equates the American woman's supposed incapacity for love with the whole American screwup of recent years, but never shows us the connection. "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams" was originally to be called "Death of a Snow Queen," and it's like a woman's version of "Death of a Salesman." With its bewildered, defeated people, its Jewish-family locutions, its big cemetery scene featuring quarrelsome, avaricious relatives, and its generalized accusatory tone, it has many similarities to that masterpiece of loose connections. In "Salesman," when the wife—speaking in the authentic cadence of the editorial page—said, "Attention must be finally paid," what in Yahweh's name did Arthur Miller mean? What did Willy Loman's life signify?

In this movie's terms, Rita represents the American dream betrayed. That's what Willy Loman was also taken to signify, and that's the way many people took the Loud family, too. These people didn't want to analyze how the method shaped the content of "An American Family;" they wanted to mope over that display of emptiness and be discouraged and upset about it. The famous philistine remark about "Death of a Salesman"—"That New England territory never was any good"—is so funny because by taking the material at a literal level it punctures the emotional balloon. "Summer Wishes" doesn't have the power of "Salesman," but it's full of gas. Does anyone really believe that if Rita had been madly in love with her superhumanly patient husband and been avid for sex, the spiritual state of this country would be any different? The snow queen is such a tired whipping girl. (Is there even any reason to think that frigid mothers produce more homosexual sons and fat daughters than red-hot mamas do, or is it maybe that some sensitive men writers like to believe that their beautiful mothers never enjoyed going to bed with their plodding fathers?) I wasn't convinced that the

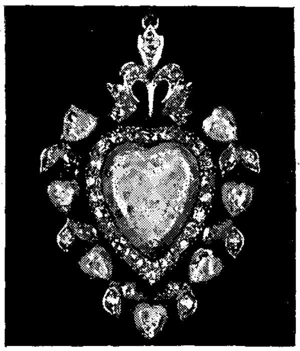
The height of luxury in New York City soars 46 stories over Central Park.

The Park Lane Hotel

36 Central Park South, N.Y. 10019
(212) 371-4000

PANORAMIC VIEWS • DE LUXE SERVICE
INDIVIDUAL CLIMATE CONTROLS
COLOR TELEVISION • REFRIGERATORS
LAVISH APPOINTMENTS
MOTOR ENTRANCE AND GARAGE

IMPORTANT OPAL-DIAMOND BROOCH & PENDANT
Circa 1880



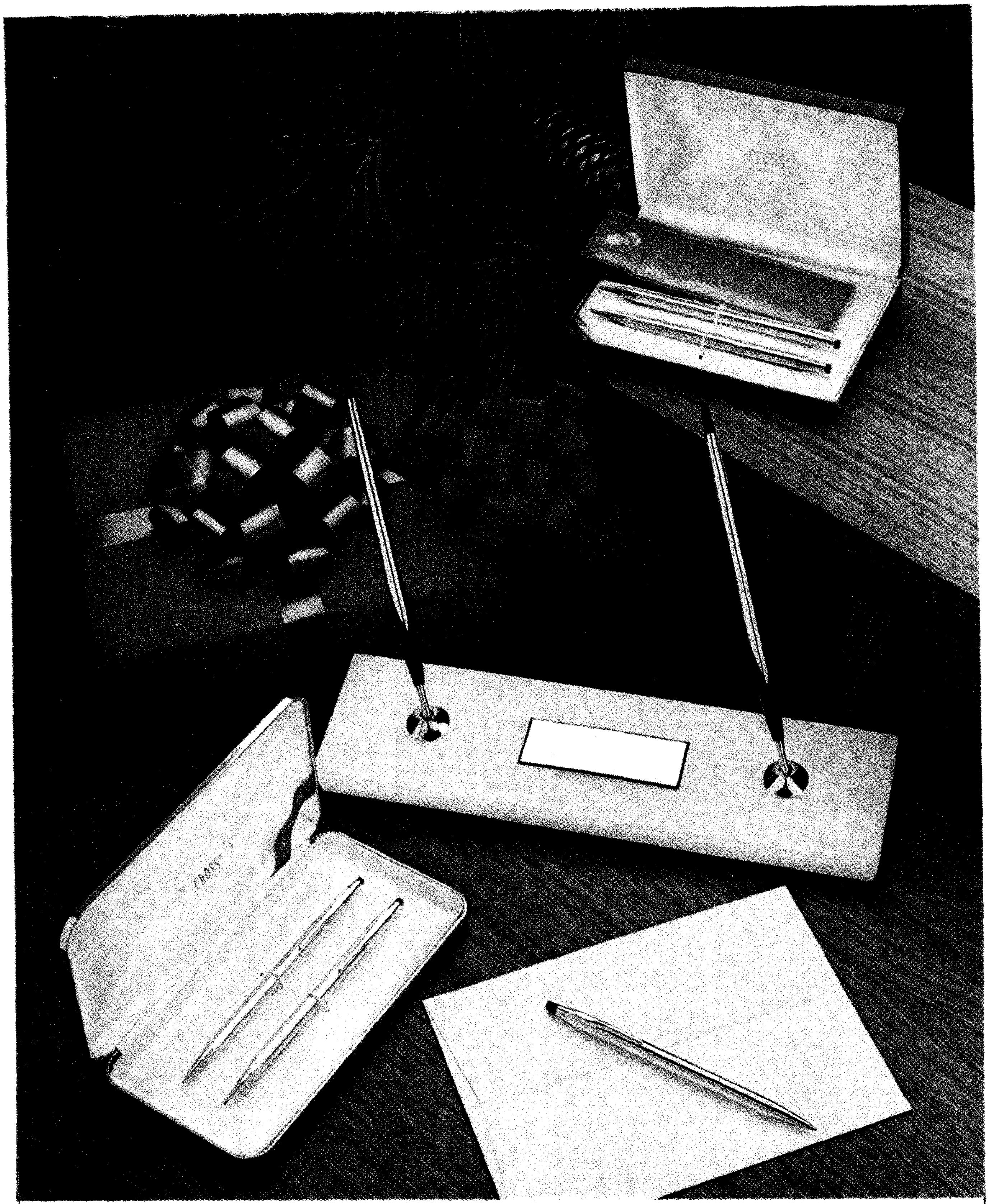
This exquisite Brooch was willed by its original Scottish owner to the first Female heir on the occasion of her 21st Birthday. After ninety years in a Bank Vault the young lady heir decided she would rather own an automobile. We were priviledged to make an offer which was accepted and are proud to present it—subject to prior sale.

$3975.00

"The Engaging People of Turtle Bay"
STANLEY S. KLUSNER LTD.
255 E. 50th St., New York, N.Y. 10022
Tel. (212) 371-6655 – Major Credit Cards

LA SAMANNA
It's not for everyone.

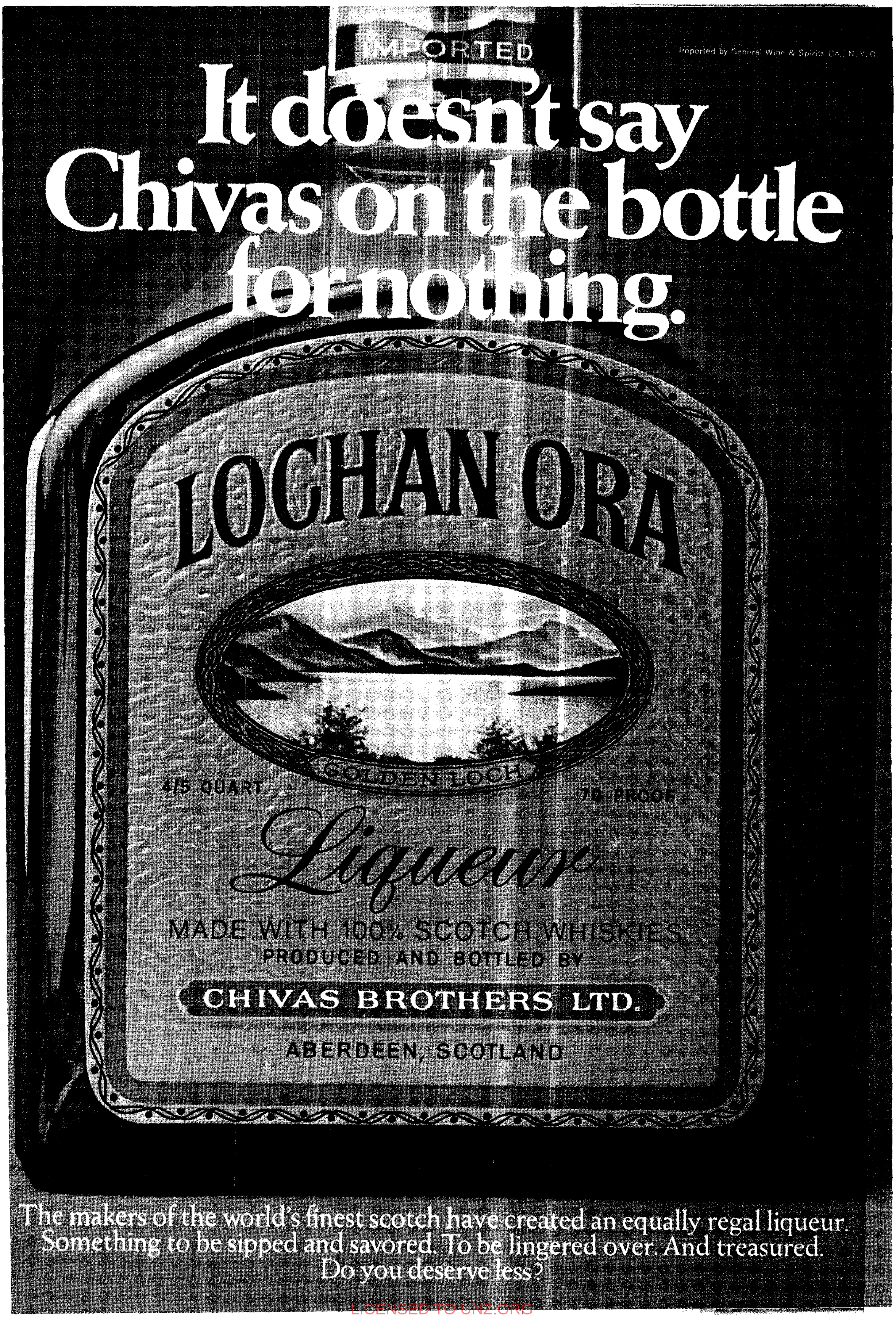
Unconventional. Uncompromised.
A totally new luxury resort.
Hotel La Samanna, St. Martin,
French West Indies. In New York call
(212) 628-1711



FOR THOSE YOU CARE ABOUT MOST. . . an ideal holiday gift suggestion. Whether you select Cross Writing Instruments in gold filled, sterling silver or solid gold, your thoughtfulness will be remembered each time they are used. Suggested retail prices — Pens and Pencils from nine twenty-five. Desk Sets from twenty-seven fifty.

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

Mechanically Guaranteed For A Lifetime Of Writing Pleasure.



Imported by General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y.C.
IMPORTED
It doesn't say Chivas on the bottle for nothing.
LOCHAN ORA
GOLDEN LOCH
4/5 QUART
70 PROOF
Liqueur
MADE WITH 100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY
CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD.
ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND

The makers of the world's finest scotch have created an equally regal liqueur. Something to be sipped and savored. To be lingered over. And treasured. Do you deserve less?

movie dealt with the sources of middle-aged crisis—or that it even got near the terror of decay and death. Bergman, in his Gothic, primitive way, did. But this is tame strawberries.

Those who can swallow this gluey jam may also be capable of believing that the Walton family is the ideal to aspire to. What Rita longs for (the farm boy of her youth; the fulfillment of the hopes a teacher once had for her) comes right out of the fake nostalgia of "The Waltons"—fake because it's a nostalgia not for an earlier period of American life but for an earlier period of media schlock. And the film's projected resolution—the melting of the snow queen after she learns to accept her son—says just what "The Waltons" does: that all problems can be solved by warmth and understanding. Television has made many of us dangerously forgiving—but forgiving enough to accept the banalizing of our ideals? Where do these writers get their infantile notions of "the American dream"? What Rita wants to be, and what the picture says she should be—Mother Walton, with arms outstretched and every pore open—is much worse than what she is.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

John D. Rockefeller IV, who is familiarly known as Jay, was plain John Rockefeller until he was 21. "Then," he says, "I moved on my own, with my grandfather's permission, to add the 'D.' and the 'IV' because I was challenged and motivated by the name and its traditions. I've never had anything but positive reactions to carrying it and, above all, am comfortable with being a person within that name."

He and his wife also have named their son John Rockefeller, leaving him the option of adding the "D." and the Roman numeral "IV" at some later date, should he wish to.—*Muriel Beadle in the Chicago Tribune.*

Rockefellers have never been able to count. They don't have to.

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE MASSACHUSETTS POLITICAL SCENE

[*Memorandum distributed to the Massachusetts State House press corps*]

FROM: HOUSE SPEAKER DAVID M. BARTLEY (D-HOLYOKE)
TO: STATE HOUSE PRESS

October 9, 1973

NOTICE OF NO PRESS CONFERENCE

House Speaker David M. Bartley (D-Holyoke), responding today to Sam Tyler's MassAction press conference of tomorrow, said he expects to have no reply to Mr. Tyler's reply to his reply to Mr. Tyler's statement of Oct. 1.

for those who command the very finest...

Palm Beach Towers

Now A Prestigious Condominium!

Special Financing Arrangements Available!

Renowned as one of the world's great luxury apartment-hotels, the Palm Beach Towers is now selling its splendid suites – all with private terraces and complete kitchens. As a CONDOMINIUM, the Palm Beach Towers will continue to provide hotel services and facilities similar to those that helped establish the Towers' international reputation for relaxed, informal, yet luxurious Palm Beach estate living.

The Palm Beach Towers' magnificent, tranquil, eleven acre tropical-garden lakefront site is uniquely located in the heart of "the real" Palm Beach, next to the Royal Poinciana Playhouse and ten blocks from Worth Avenue. No wonder almost 75% of our apartments have already been sold! The remaining units still for sale, include a choice selection of desirable studio apartments and one and two bedroom suites – most of which are available for immediate occupancy. For further information and floor plans, visit, write or call –

PALM BEACH TOWERS –
44 Cocoanut Row, Palm Beach, Florida 33480
Phone: (305) 832-8511

W.W.Solkin, Vice President and General Manager

artist's rendering from photograph

N.Y. 424

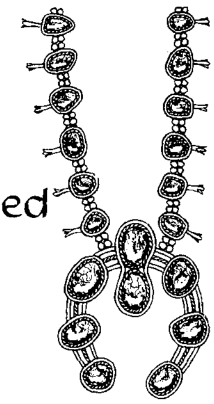
This advertisement is not an offering which can be made only by formal prospectus

RAISING THE DUST
AMBOSELI

Original oil by David Shepherd—one of the foremost living painters of African animals. Signed lower right "David Shepherd '72", Framed. Canvas size: 30" x 60". Price on request.

Adirondack Store & Gallery

108 LAKE PLACID ROAD
SARANAC LAKE, N.Y. 12983
(518) 891–2880


Authentic Handcrafted Indian Jewelry

By craftsmen of Southwest Tribes.

Sterling Silver — Genuine Turquoise and semi-precious stones. Necklaces: Navajo Squash Blossom & Minikin Inlay — Zuni Needlepoint. Bola Ties, Rings, Earrings, Bracelets, Pendants, etc. Traditionally no duplicates, thereby precluding catalogue. Details and Photos write:

TRIBAL CRAFTSMEN LTD.
MAILING ADDRESS P. O. BOX 903
PHOENIX, ARIZONA 85001
DISPLAY ROOMS 377 N. 3rd AVENUE

Ship and Shore Moccasins

DUNHILL TAILORS' exclusive Italian imports of supple glove leather, with color signal flag over the instep.

Terry lining and composition bottoms with non-slip ridges make them ideal for sailing, driving or resort wear.

$35. Colors: Navy, White, Tan or Red. Sizes: 6½-12.

Please add $1.00 for mail orders.

We honor American Express and Master Charge.

DUNHILL TAILORS

65 East 57th Street,
New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) EL 5-0050.

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1946

Pure Cotton Rugby Shirts 13.50

Levi's® pure cotton jersey knit, long sleeve, authentic British styled Rugby shirts. Cotton permits breathability and comfort. Fully cut. Ideal for boating, travel. S(14-14½), M(15-15½), L(16-16½), XL(17-17½).
Rugby shirt in attractive stripes of Camel/Burgundy, Navy/White, Green/White or Navy/Red. Also solid colors of Camel, Burgundy, Green or Navy. All with white collar. **Rugby Turtleneck** in stripes of Camel/Burgundy, Navy/Red, Green/White or Navy/White. **Satisfaction guaranteed.**

Mail Orders to: Pure Cotton Rugby Shirt
Cable Car Clothiers, No. 150 Post, S.F., Ca 94108

Circle Item	Qty.	Colors	Size	M.O. or Check ☐
Rugby Shirt				Cable Charge ☐
Turtleneck				Sorry, No COD's

☐ **Please send catalogue** **(415) 397-4740**

Name...

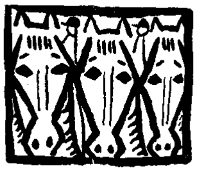
Address...

....Zip..............

Add $1.75 Ship & Hdlg. • 5½% Sales Tax in Ca. M12-10

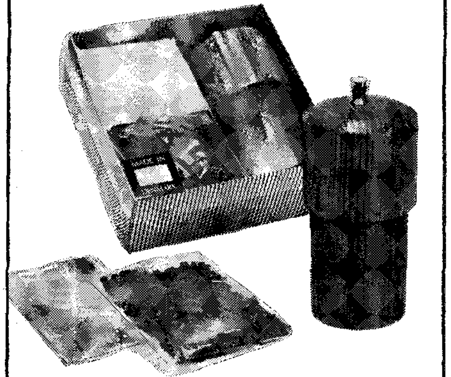
THE RACE TRACK

Any Old Track Will Do



THEY say a good horse runs well on any kind of track. That goes for Big Spruce, who has been running only on the grass most of this season. He proved it in the Gallant Fox Handicap, at a mile and five furlongs on the dirt at Aqueduct last Saturday. Always going smoothly, he turned on one brief burst of speed about four furlongs from home and swept on to win by more than half a dozen lengths from Crafty Khale, the winner last year, who took second place by a length from Rule by Reason. For nearly a mile, though, it looked as if Hobeau Farm might bring off another of its surprises, for its Triangular led by lengths, but then he tired and finished fifth. Big Spruce's performance was no surprise; second to Secretariat in the Canadian Championship at Woodbine, and second to Dahlia in the International at Laurel, the Elmendorf colt was dead fit to go the route carrying 126 pounds and giving chunks of weight. The way he ran, he could take the Display Handicap, at two miles and a quarter, next weekend.

WITH the end of the season only weeks away, no two-year-old has caught the imagination of racegoers the way Native Dancer, Hoist the Flag, or Secretariat did. Protagonist certainly hasn't, although he has won his last three starts—the Cowdin, a division of the Champagne Stakes, and the Pimlico-Laurel Futurity. Anyway, I daresay he'll be top weight in the Experimental Free Handicap, the Jockey Club's official rating. The Remsen Stakes, now stretched to a mile and a furlong, has frequently given us a colt to remember for the next year—Northern Dancer, Damascus, Carry Back, Key to the Mint. This year's running, last week, was won by a big bay colt with the incredible name of Heavy Mayonnaise, who moved up from claiming races to beat a dozen runners rather handily. He is owned by William Trotter II, who runs Evangeline Downs, a track in Louisiana, and he is trained by Dave Erb, who used to ride Needles. Nor have we seen an outstanding two-year-old filly. A newcomer, Chris Evert, attracted a lot of attention by winning the Demoiselle



A Mill for All Seasons

Shake salt from the top . . . grind pepper from the bottom. Ingenious handsome Teak shaker/mill gives 2-in-one seasoning. Beautifully boxed with packets of salt and peppercorns. 4½" high. Great gift for everyone including you. Mail orders handled instantly; add 50¢. Conn. residents tax, please. **$5.95**

Write for FREE CATALOG

Scandinavian gourmet gifts at original Scandinavian prices.

NORDISKA

NORWALK: 299 Westport Ave., Norwalk, Conn. 06851; **GREENWICH:** 227 Greenwich Ave.; **SCARSDALE:** 455 Central Ave.; **PARAMUS:** Garden State Plaza; **CAMBRIDGE:** Harvard Garage, 36 Boylston; **MANHASSET:** 1900 Northern Blvd.

YOUR HOSTS IN
MEXICO!

'Bienvenido'. We offer the friendliest hotels in many parts of our enchanting land to make your visit a beautiful experience. May we send a colorful brochure on those in the areas that intrigue you?

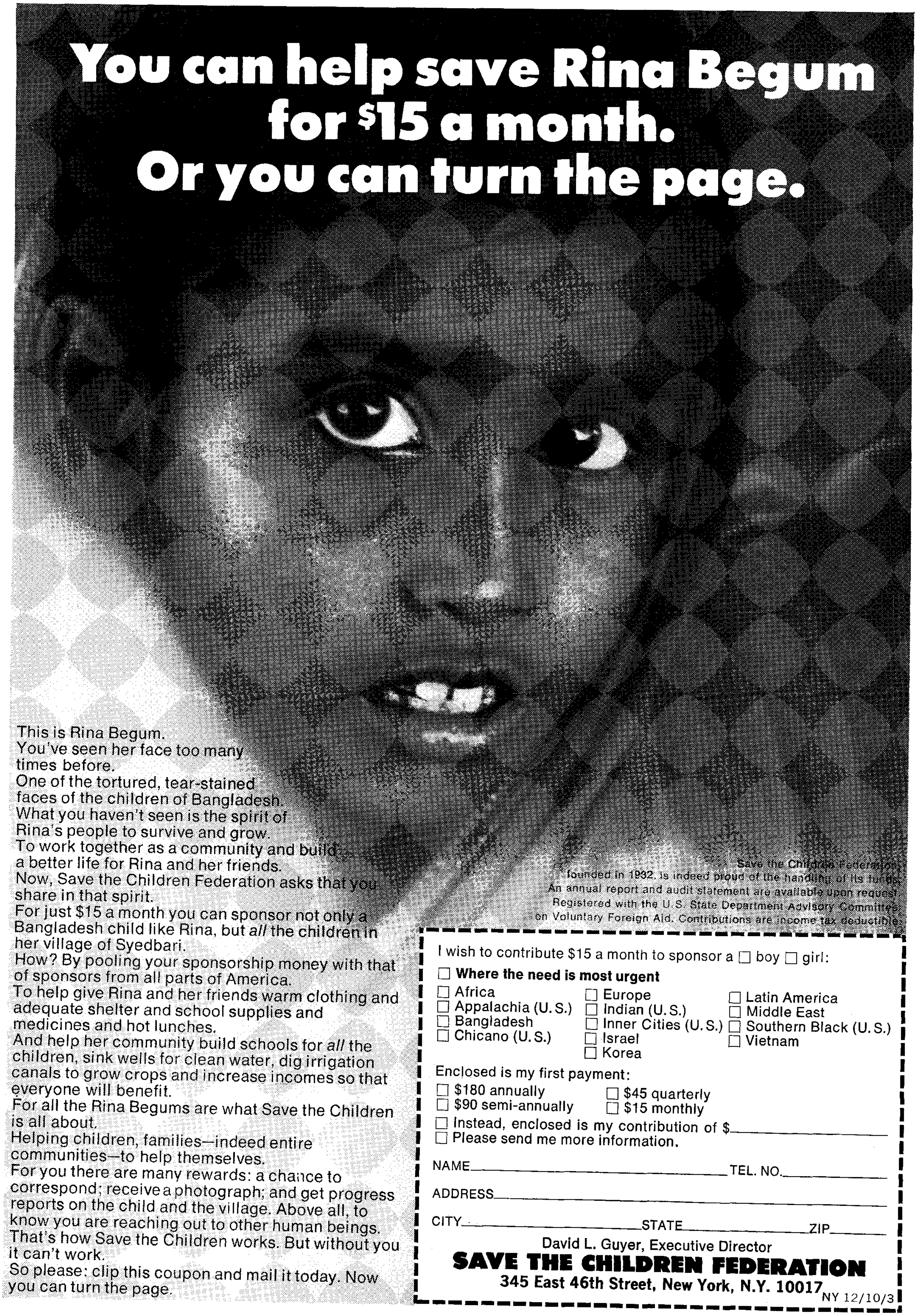
- **EL PRESIDENTE,** Mexico City
- **DEL PRADO,** Mexico City
- **POSADA de la MISION,** Taxco
- **MERIDA HOTEL,** Merida
- **SAN ALBERTO,** Hermosillo
- **EL PRESIDENTE,** Cozumel
- **EL PRESIDENTE,** Chihuahua

Call toll free 1-800-531-5338 (in Texas 1-800-292-5411) or write today:

NACIONAL HOTELERA
Dept. NY-3
Av. Juarez 70, Mexico 1, D.F.

Outstanding Forest Hideaway

Circa 1780 log house, fastidiously restored, elegantly furnished and equipped, in exquisite Appalachian setting on Tree Farm abutting National Forest. By week or month and yours alone. Year round. Information from Choppingale Tree Farms, Deerfield, Virginia, 24432.



You can help save Rina Begum for $15 a month. Or you can turn the page.

This is Rina Begum.
You've seen her face too many times before.
One of the tortured, tear-stained faces of the children of Bangladesh.
What you haven't seen is the spirit of Rina's people to survive and grow.
To work together as a community and build a better life for Rina and her friends.
Now, Save the Children Federation asks that you share in that spirit.
For just $15 a month you can sponsor not only a Bangladesh child like Rina, but *all* the children in her village of Syedbari.
How? By pooling your sponsorship money with that of sponsors from all parts of America.
To help give Rina and her friends warm clothing and adequate shelter and school supplies and medicines and hot lunches.
And help her community build schools for *all* the children, sink wells for clean water, dig irrigation canals to grow crops and increase incomes so that everyone will benefit.
For all the Rina Begums are what Save the Children is all about.
Helping children, families—indeed entire communities—to help themselves.
For you there are many rewards: a chance to correspond; receive a photograph; and get progress reports on the child and the village. Above all, to know you are reaching out to other human beings.
That's how Save the Children works. But without you it can't work.
So please: clip this coupon and mail it today. Now you can turn the page.

Save the Children Federation, founded in 1932, is indeed proud of the handling of its funds. An annual report and audit statement are available upon request. Registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Contributions are income tax deductible.

I wish to contribute $15 a month to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl:

☐ **Where the need is most urgent**

☐ Africa
☐ Appalachia (U.S.)
☐ Bangladesh
☐ Chicano (U.S.)
☐ Europe
☐ Indian (U.S.)
☐ Inner Cities (U.S.)
☐ Israel
☐ Korea
☐ Latin America
☐ Middle East
☐ Southern Black (U.S.)
☐ Vietnam

Enclosed is my first payment:

☐ $180 annually
☐ $90 semi-annually
☐ $45 quarterly
☐ $15 monthly

☐ Instead, enclosed is my contribution of $________
☐ Please send me more information.

NAME____________________ TEL. NO.__________

ADDRESS____________________________

CITY____________ STATE__________ ZIP______

David L. Guyer, Executive Director
SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
345 East 46th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017 NY 12/10/3

FED UP?

Fed to the teeth with no service? Forget it! Take off for our friendly polka dot store. For over 80 years we've been selling toys, games, crafts and sporting goods. Everything under the sun that's fun! Super service is a tradition. From a tiny kaleidoscope to a gleaming Raleigh bike, all this and more in our toy packed store! Our experienced sales force will help you choose *the right toy for the right child at the right price.* We gift wrap and ship everywhere. We'll hold the big surprises until you give the word and then our polka dot truck will whisk them to your door. Sound great? Don't wait. Pop up today.

Rappaport's
TOY BAZAAR INC.
1381 Third Ave., New York 10021
(Between 78th & 79th Streets)
our address since 1892
(TRafalgar 9-3383-84)

Fischel® by Johnston

for very important little girls. Sun Stripes of 65% Celanese® Fortrel® polyester/35% cotton from our exclusive designer collection. Toddler 2 to 4, about 12.00. 3 to 6x, about 14.00. Beach tote, about 8.00.

Neiman-Marcus
Joseph Horne Co.
Jordan-Marsh, Florida and other fine stores

Johnston, Inc.
Box 15125, Dallas, Texas 75201

CELANESE FORTREL
Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

Stakes from a big field that included Dancealot, heroine of the Selima Stakes. Chris Evert, who is by Swoon's Son out of Miss Carmie, is owned by Carl Rosen, a sports-clothes manufacturer, who, of course, named her after the tennis star. By the way, it's a complicated procedure to name a horse after a person, involving much paperwork. Many horsemen also think it's bad luck for both. This time, it seems to be working out all right; the filly has won four of her five starts, and only last week Miss Evert defeated Evonne Goolagong to win the South African women's championship.

HORSES come high at Keeneland. There was that nineteen-million-dollar bash for yearlings last July. But even that wasn't comparable to the recent six-day session there, at which 1,557 broodmares, weanlings, stallions, and horses in training (only a few of these), plus some shares in stallions, were sold for $25,224,200. The most spectacular purchase of the vendue was made by Paul Mellon, who paid $202,000 for a weanling filly by Raymond Guest's English Derby winner Sir Ivor out of Natashka. It was a world's-record price for a thoroughbred that age. Mr. Mellon and his trainer, Elliott Burch, will have plenty of time to see how the little lady turns out. Barry Ryan paid $92,000, a new high, for a weanling colt by Forli out of Queen of Orient, and also, acting as an agent, paid $190,000 for a share in E. P. Taylor's Northern Dancer—a price that, incidentally, matched the original price of a share in Secretariat.

THIS has been a gray year for steeplechasing, but it ended in a blaze of glory with the Colonial Cup. Fifteen jumpers started, and at the end of the two miles six and a half furlongs over the Springdale Course, on Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott's estate in Camden, South Carolina, Lucky Boy III, Soothsayer, and Dream Magic finished noses apart on the post in the order named. I caught it on TV, and it was thrilling every second of the nearly five and a half minutes it took. Far behind for nearly two miles, Lucky Boy III finished with a great run to win in the last stride. A Chilean-bred, by Copernic out of Lady Hemingway, he is owned by Mrs. Miles Valentine and trained by Burling Cocks. One of the spectators was Allen Jerkens, the trainer of Wakefield Miss, who at just about the time of the Colonial was winning the famous old Ladies Handicap at Aqueduct. Years ago, Jerkens used to ride jumpers. —AUDAX MINOR

Is now the time ... for you to have Felicia?

from the Master in Porcelain ... Ispanky

Whatever your reasons for ownership or collecting beautiful art, Ispanky has captured all the innocence and splendor of detail in this unique Limited Edition of porcelain and gold. Your consideration is invited.

"A showcase of Limited Editions"

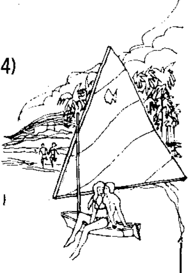
HOME & HOBBY HOUSE
1115 EAST COLONIAL DR. ORLANDO, FLA. 32803
PHONE (305) 843-2841
Fine china, crystal, silver & porcelain since 1945

A very special island - not for everyone

The ultimate hideaway resort on its own exquisite island in the Grenadines. Informal living in just 22 private cottages with large living room, bedroom, private bath and sun patio. Hillside or beach settings. Tennis, snorkeling, sailing, a glass bottom boat at no charge. Matchless dining; lively conviviality when you want it. Full hotel service.

$32.50 (thru Dec. 20, '73)
(Apr. 22-July 4, '74)
$55. (Dec. 21, '73-Jan. 3, '74)
(Feb. 1-March 31, '74)
$45. (Jan. 4-31, '74)
(Apr. 1-21, '74)

Rates are per day per person, double occ. 10% service charge, no tipping. American Plan includes full course breakfast, luncheon, tea, and gourmet dinner.



Petit St. Vincent Resort
St. Vincent, Grenadines, W. I.
See Your Travel Agent or Call
Robert Reid Associates, Inc. Representatives
(212) 757-2444. Offices in New York, Chicago, Miami, Toronto, London, England. Or write
Petit St. Vincent Resort, Box 12506, Cinn. Ohio 45212

Brussels Restaurant
115 EAST 54th STREET
ALBERT GIAMBELLI Tel: PL 8-0457

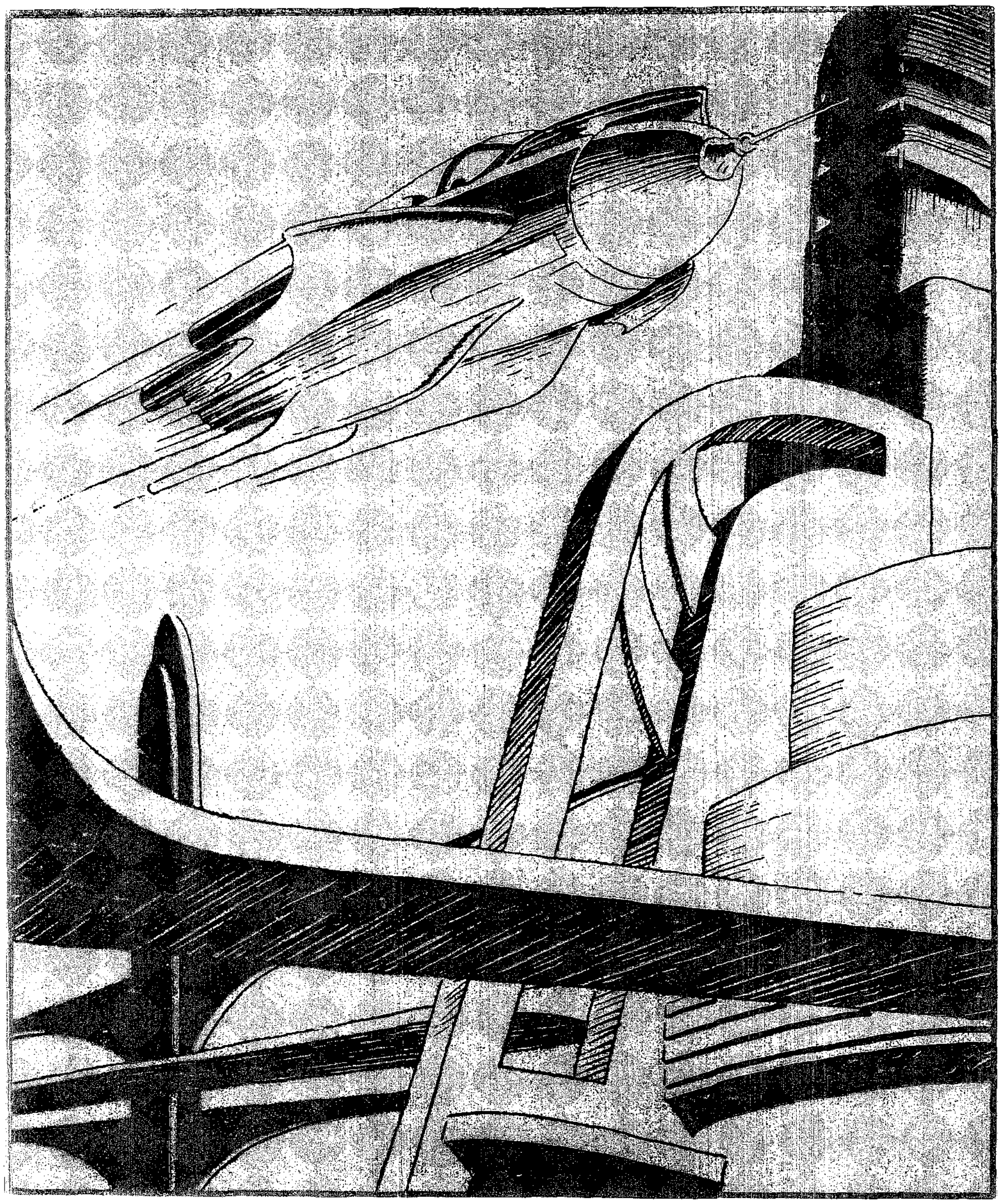
The real

No single item on our list of national priorities has received more lip service than public transportation.

We face an energy crisis. Our highways are jammed; some days they look more like parking lots than roads. Most cars have only one occupant. Downtown streets are clogged.

We must have improved buses, new underground railway systems, monorails.

The programs are costly, they take decades to plan and build. But we have reached a point where there is no alternative. Let's get on with it.



artist: alex raymond, "flash gordon." copyright 1939 king features syndicate, inc.

The ideal

Efficient mass transportation systems which move great numbers of people but which are tailored to individuals.

AtlanticRichfieldCompany

Give gold.
LIQUEUR
SPECIALITY OF
of Livorno

Do you think the gift of golden Galliano is too sentimental?

Perhaps it is.

The taste of Galliano is decidedly romantic, with overtones of baroque Old World richness.

According to the Italian legend, Galliano is distilled from the rays of the sun; so perhaps it would help to describe the taste as, simply, golden.

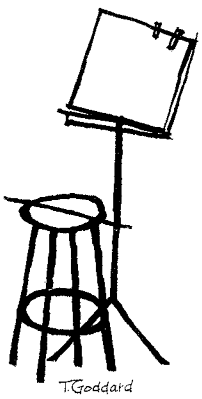
But the tall bottle of golden Galliano makes a splendid gift. It isn't the thought that's sentimental.

It's the gift of gold behind it.

60 PROOF LIQUEUR. IMPORTED BY McKESSON LIQUOR CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. © McKESSON LIQUOR CO. 1969

MUSICAL EVENTS

On the Heights



FOR a hundred years, most music lovers have agreed on the disturbing beauty of Schubert's C-Major Quintet, the one in which a second cello is brought in to supplement the normal string quartet. Reservations have been few. Now and again objection is made to the tone of the finale: that it is too good-humored and easygoing to match the profundities of the preceding movements—a criticism with which I don't agree. For those earlier movements, at least, no praise has been thought too high, especially for the unearthly calm of the slow D-flat-major trio section of the Scherzo, and for the linked sweetness, long drawn out, of the Adagio. Any good performance of the Quintet is liable to renew the listener's sense of awe at Schubert's achievement; and that which ended the last of three Sunday-afternoon concerts at Carnegie Hall called "Isaac Stern and His Friends" was good enough to work the customary magic. As I made my way home through the driving rain, I pondered again on the mystery of that slow movement.

All music—indeed, all art—is in a sense mysterious, because its values are incapable of the kind of proof that we recognize in other fields. For that reason, criticism is often called useless by people who are not at all bothered by the fact that so much in their daily lives depends on equally unverifiable judgments—on the quality of friends and acquaintances, for example. The Schubert Adagio might be called the musical equivalent of some person (luckily, we have all met one or two such) whose sweetness and depth of character are instantly recognizable, and never fail us.

But that is mere assertion, and will not satisfy the inquirer. Is there not something, some virtue more definitely musical, to which we can point in the attempt to justify our high regard? Maybe there is; let me at any rate suggest one reason for the profound impression made on many generations of listeners and chamber-music players by the Adagio. To an uncommon degree it unites melodic distinction with richness and originality of texture. The two outer sections of the simple a-b-a form into which the movement falls employ a subtle and elaborate layout that is in itself captivating, and would remain so, we are inclined to feel, irrespective of the thematic material.

The three central instruments of the group—second violin, viola, and first cello—are here the singers; in close harmony, and to a slowly pulsating 12/8 rhythm, they pursue their grave, serene melody, while above and below them the two others fill a decorative role. The cello at first underlines the beat in soft plucked notes, while the first violin makes isolated interjections based on the dotted-note rhythm of Beethoven's "quail call" (familiar from the slow movement of the "Pastoral" Symphony), later alternating these with spreading pizzicato chords of its own. The general effect—beautiful, it seems to me, even on the printed page—is that of a richly woven tapestry, which becomes richer still at the reprise, when the second cello has rapid, upward-climbing figures (these were most sensitively played on Sunday by the young Chinese cellist Yo-Yo Ma) and is answered by the first violin from above. Equally elaborate and imaginative, although I will not presume on the reader's patience by essaying another description, is the texture of the impassioned central section in F minor, which suggests the fever and fret of life, in contrast to the healing calm of the outer sections. In spite of the fact that throughout the long movement there is not a single measure during which any one of the five instruments remains silent, there is never (and this is surprising) the slightest sense of congestion.

So much for texture. Melodic beauty is harder to describe—and, we must all agree, impossible to prove. Yet it can be safely said that Schubert, to whom a dozen immortal tunes often occurred in the course of a morning's work, here struck, in the last year of his short life, a new vein. For the outer E-major sections of the Adagio he found a long-drawn melody, rising and falling as gently as the breath of a deep sleeper and hardly exceeding an octave in outline, which conveys an impression of limitless and seamless expansion, and at the same time, paradoxically, one of compression—as of beauty pressed down and running over and yet with

THE FIRST
AMERICAN
GOLDSMITH

to be honored by a one-man show at world famous Goldsmith's Hall in London by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths.

In a process both primitive and beautiful, molten 18 karat gold is handstruck in the steel die which holds the original image carved by the goldsmith Henry Shawah. And because the process is controlled by the artist from begining to end the finished work maintains a vitality often found in the reliefs of early Greek and Roman coins.

Shown actual size

AMERICA
1776-1976

Designed to be worn as a pendant, fob or amulet, the individually signed and numbered pieces are limited to an edition of 500.

In 18 karat gold $375.00
Mass. Residents please add 3% tax.

HENRY
SHAWAH

14-B ELIOT STREET, CAMBRIDGE,
MASS. 02138

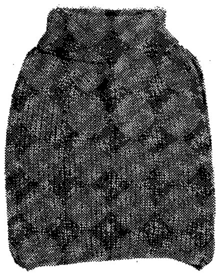
Contemporary Metal Sculpture by Malcom Moran . . . a unique blend of metal, children and minerals . . .

Boy and Girl with Bicycle $265

Schreibman's

Pepper Pike, Ohio 44124 Phone 831-4082
Please include sales tax where applicable also $1.00 for postage and handling.
Send for free brochure

Bean's Outdoor Sporting Specialties



Turtleneck Dickey

A sporty looking scarf that slips under shirt or sweater. Protects chest and neck from cold and windy weather. "Shaker-stitch" knit of soft, hi-bulk Orlon® acrylic. Machine washable.
Six colors: Black. White. Navy. Bottle Green. Canary. Burgundy.
One size fits Men and Women.
Price, $3.35 each postpaid.
☐ Send Free Catalog

☐ Ship_____Turtleneck Dickies @ $3.35

Color_____

Name_____

Address_____

_____

Zip_____

L. L. BEAN, INC.

375 Main Street, Freeport, Maine 04032

no drop lost or uncared for. Nothing less concentrated or less richly harmonized than this could have sufficed, we feel, to frame and contain the wild and desperate passion of the central section.

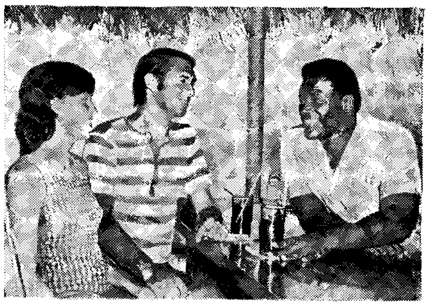
As for the strange trio of the Scherzo, it tentatively, and with many a pause, makes repeated unison descents into the void, to be answered by soft harmonies reminiscent of the consoling reply of Death in "Der Tod und das Mädchen." The resemblance is close enough to convince us of what we had already suspected: that in these two movements, as elsewhere in the work of his last year, Schubert is contemplating the idea of death.

So there was a certain appropriateness in the fact that Mr. Stern, in a brief introductory speech, should have dedicated the concert, on behalf of himself and his companions, to the memory of the great man—their friend, colleague, and teacher of many years—who had recently died, at the ripe age of ninety-six. How often Stern and Alexander Schneider, his fellow-violinist at Sunday's concert, must have played this same work with Pablo Casals! Indeed, an excellent recording of it can still be found in which these three collaborate with Milton Katims as the violist and Paul Tortelier as the additional cellist.

As it happened, a second concert on the same day was also dedicated to the memory of a much loved artist. This was the first of two Alice Tully Hall evenings of recent music by Ned Rorem; and the death was that of the mezzo-soprano Jennie Tourel, which must have come as a shock to her admirers, since she sang at Town Hall as lately as last April and appeared in opera in Chicago only two months ago. If Columbia Records wishes to pay homage to one of the most distinguished artists in its list, it should reissue—and this time with full texts and translations—that wonderful early LP (ML-4158) that coupled Debussy's five Baudelaire songs with a miscellaneous French recital; it is a record that shows the singer at the height of her powers, both vocal and interpretive, and it has been out of the catalogue for over seventeen years.

Mr. Rorem is a composer perhaps more widely known for his lively, indiscreet diaries than for his music; and I gladly took the chance of hearing a full and presumably representative selection of his recent works. A brilliant team of young instrumentalists, among whom I especially admired Sergiu Luca

What are friends for?



Friends are for sharing fun. Maybe that's why Don, your genial bartender, has so many friends the world over.

Best of all, Don is typical of our entire staff. Why not let them show you why guests find their stay at the Carib Beach the most delightful vacation ever!

SPECTACULAR NEW SWIMMING POOL
adjacent to our private beach

Carib BEACH HOTEL *The Friendly Resort*
St. Thomas Virgin Islands
See Your Travel Agent or call Hotels Unlimited toll-free: 800-327-3384

MONEY GROWS FASTER IN MEXICO

Contact us for information on Mexican investment opportunities. Supervised accounts offer unusual possibilities for capital growth or secure monthly income at rates in excess of what may now be available to you. At no obligation, write: E. C. Latham, President, Mexletter Investment Counsel, Hamburgo 159, Mexico 6, D. F., Mexico.

MEXLETTER

Post-Holiday Vacation

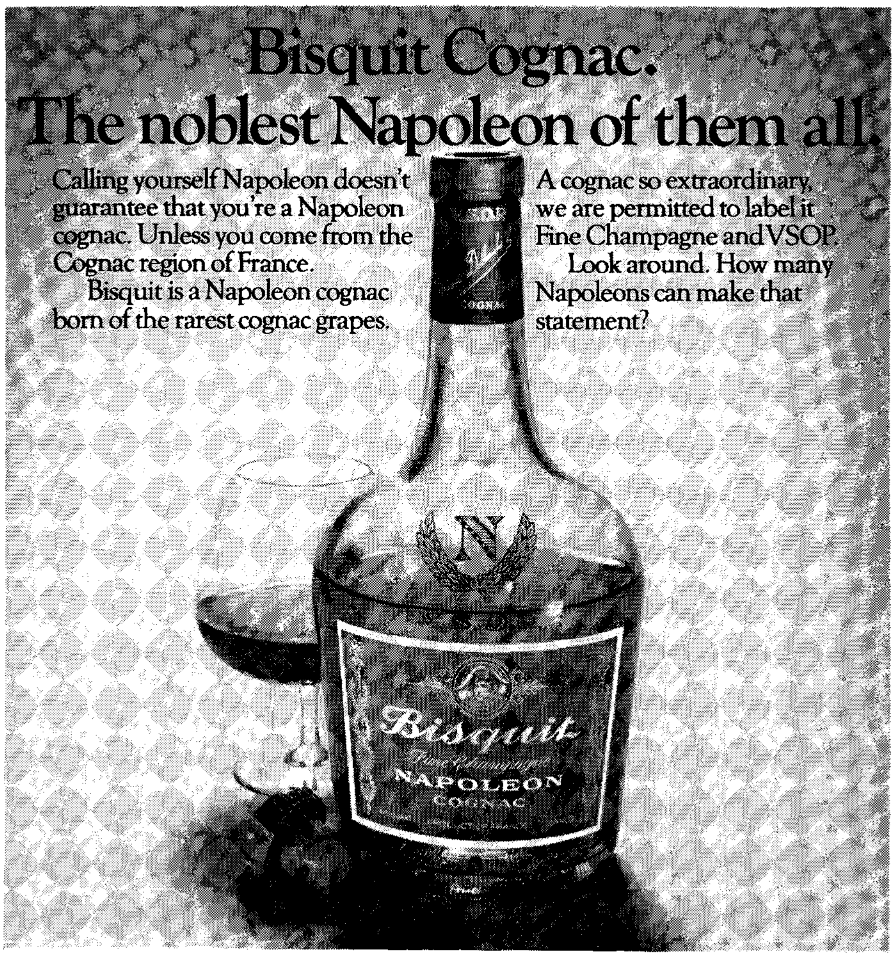
Relax and unwind near Phoenix in matchless accommodations. Play the two great Robert Trent Jones golf courses. Write for colorful brochure and golfers holiday plan! Reade Whitwell, V. P.

THE WIGWAM
Arizona's Country Club Resort
Litchfield Park, Arizona • 602 935-3811
Tetley / Fawcett / Warner represented

(violin), Jeffrey Solow (cello), Eugenia Zukerman (flute), and Jerome Lowenthal (piano), presented the chosen chamber music—a Trio of 1959 and a pair of violin-and-piano suites called "Day Music" and "Night Music" (1971 and 1972, respectively)—in the most favorable light. "Day Music" made a happy opening piece, since it contains two attractive movements: "Pearls," in which triplet figures are manipulated with the deceptive ease and lucidity of the French school, and the brilliantly descriptive "Bats," in which the muted violin vertiginously whirs and whirls around our heads.

An attempt to repeat these successes in "The Lighthouse" and "Gnats," of "Night Music," was less effective—partly because the ideas themselves are less fresh, and partly because by that time I was growing tired of the composer's limited vocabulary: the endless toccata figurations, the ceaseless hurry and scurry of the fast movements, with their torrents of notes, and the excessively bland patterns and near-repetitions of the slow music. Rorem is celebrated as a song composer; and three recent cycles (to texts by Walt Whitman, Wallace Stevens, and Sylvia Plath) were also given (by Donald Gramm, Betti McDonald, and Phyllis Curtin, respectively), as well as a soprano and mezzo-soprano Gloria (Miss Curtin and Miss Beverly Wolff) that is in all but name another song cycle, and a quasi-opera, "Bertha," to a spoof libretto by Kenneth Koch, who appeared as narrator. In some of these performances, the composer played the difficult piano parts in a style as clean and professional as his composition. But the hollowness of the ideas, for all the clarity of their handling, was increasingly exposed in the course of the two concerts.

IT is strange to reflect that Rorem is only ten years younger than the relatively veteran-seeming Benjamin Britten, whose three Church Parables are at present being performed—by the Concert Artists Guild and the Carnegie Hall Corporation, with the assistance of several music schools—in St. Stephen's Church, at 120 West Sixty-ninth Street. "Curlew River," the first of the series, which transforms a Japanese *no* play into a medieval religious drama, with the help of an all-male cast, seven instrumentalists, and simple staging, can disappoint admirers of Britten's earlier and richer scores by the deliberate bareness of its texture; but the fine strokes, when they come—the dropping and ascend-

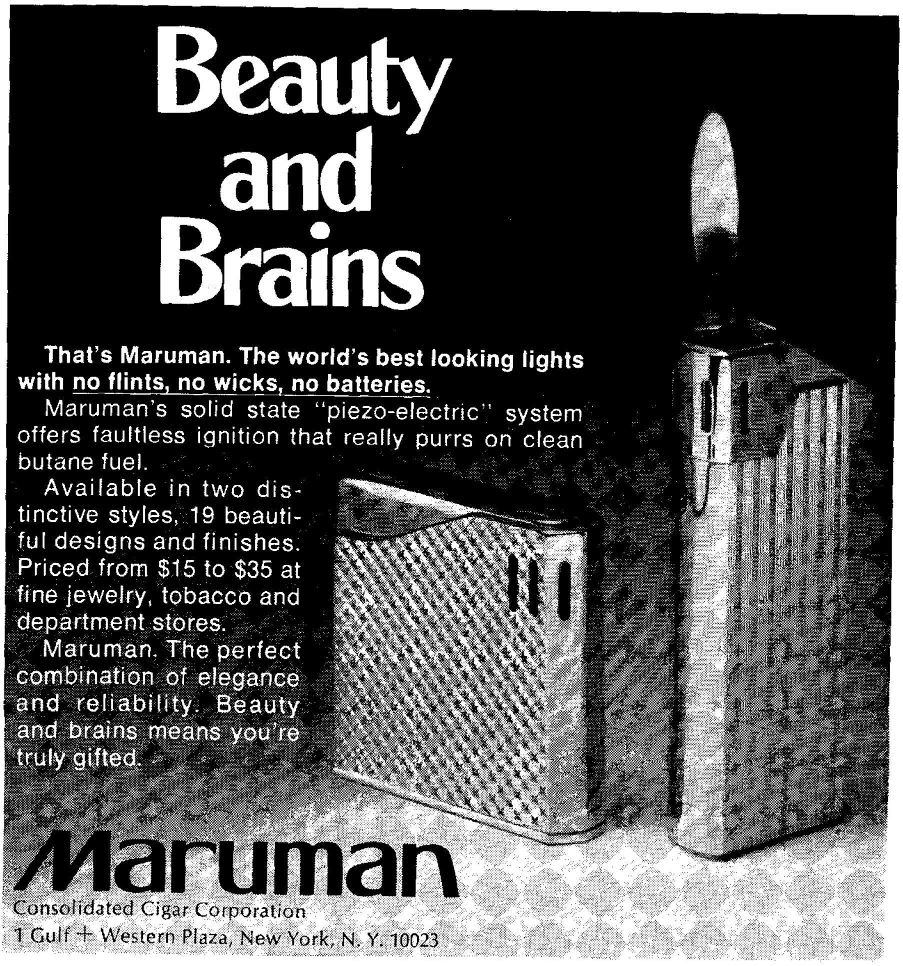


Bisquit Cognac.
The noblest Napoleon of them all.

Calling yourself Napoleon doesn't guarantee that you're a Napoleon cognac. Unless you come from the Cognac region of France.
Bisquit is a Napoleon cognac born of the rarest cognac grapes.

A cognac so extraordinary, we are permitted to label it Fine Champagne and VSOP.
Look around. How many Napoleons can make that statement?

PRODUCT OF FRANCE. 80 PROOF. IMPORTED BY GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y.



Beauty and Brains

That's Maruman. The world's best looking lights with no flints, no wicks, no batteries.

Maruman's solid state "piezo-electric" system offers faultless ignition that really purrs on clean butane fuel.

Available in two distinctive styles, 19 beautiful designs and finishes. Priced from $15 to $35 at fine jewelry, tobacco and department stores.

Maruman. The perfect combination of elegance and reliability. Beauty and brains means you're truly gifted.

Maruman
Consolidated Cigar Corporation
1 Gulf + Western Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10023

Pringle of Scotland
BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
MANUFACTURERS OF
KNITTED GARMENTS
PRINGLE OF SCOTLAND LTD.

The Elvany. The classic Cashmere cardigan that looks perfect with pearls. In Pampas, Black, White, Navy, Red Camelia, Paradise Blue, Derby Grey, Camel, Mocha Brown, Tartan Red, Yellow, and others. Sizes 34-42. About $45*.

Pringle of Scotland, 24 W. 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018 *Slightly higher in the West

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) TE 8-4565

Karsh

Antique Jewelry

FOR THE DISCRIMINATING COLLECTOR

RAIZEL HALPIN
(ARÈS)
by appointment (212) 989-1128
Written inquiries: c/o The Bank
785 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT
Martha's Vineyard Land
A joy for now and forever.
From $22,500. Terms.
Tea Lane Associates
Chilmark, Mass. 02535
(617) 645-2628

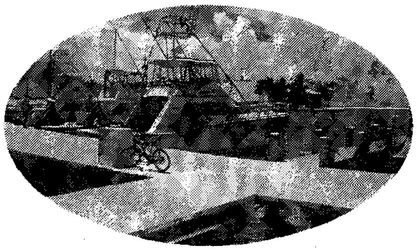
ing single notes of the harp, for example, over soft dense double-bass chords during the Traveller's first speech—are touches of imaginative genius that linger in the memory. In Nathaniel Merrill's telling production and with Peter Wexler's designs, the Madwoman of Joseph Frank, the Traveller of John Fiorito, and especially the Ferryman of Paul Aquino sang and enunciated with beautiful clarity, and aroused eager anticipations of the two later works in the sequence—"The Burning Fiery Furnace" and "The Prodigal Son."

As a confirmed admirer of Offenbach's operettas, I keep hoping to see a performance of his more ambitious and romantic "Tales of Hoffmann" that will convert me to that lengthy and dishevelled old favorite. Given a resourceful director, a good Hoffmann, and a brilliant mechanical doll for the first episode, the evening often starts well enough; boredom threatens in the Venetian scene, and can become acute before we see the last of those roistering students in Luther's tavern in the epilogue.

The new production at the Metropolitan Opera, which originated in Seattle some years ago (fanciful, ingenious direction by Bliss Hebert, still more fanciful designs and some remarkably handsome costumes by Allen Charles Klein), runs true to form, more especially since Joan Sutherland, its chief *raison d'être*, is exceedingly brilliant and funny as the doll Olympia, colorless as the Venetian courtesan (but no one can do much with poor Giulietta, who hasn't even a solo to her name), and ineffective as the consumptive Antonia, whose music needs above all a strong feeling for line and legato as the French understand these things. Placido Domingo was in splendid shape as Hoffmann, singing with a blend of smoothness and passion that was just right; but the poor fellow might surely have been allowed a change of clothes on those long retrospective journeys to Paris, Venice, and Munich—he began to look travel-stained. Thomas Stewart offered a broadly effective gallery of assorted villains, but their music doesn't always suit his voice; transposed down by a tone, Dappertutto's "Diamond" aria sounded uncomfortably low for him, yet would probably have been too high at score pitch, with its customary concluding top G sharp.

Richard Bonynge, who conducted with spirit and considerable skill (he is usually at his best in French music),

The unhurried uncrowded holiday



Cape Eleuthera Resort And Yacht Club. A private world of beauty on the island of Eleuthera in the Out Islands of the Bahamas. Surrounded by the sea with beaches for strolling. Water sports. Game fishing and the finest marina in the Bahamas. Private villas. Championship golf, tennis. Delectable food with a flair. Discover a rare and delightful vacation retreat. See your travel agent or write: Cape Eleuthera, 7880 Biscayne Boulevard, Miami, Florida 33138.

CAPE ELEUTHERA
BAHAMAS

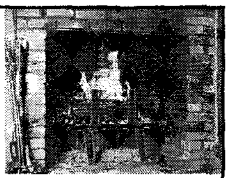
CE9456B ©GAC, 1973

Slazenger
Manufacturer of Fine Sports Equipment
Since 1881

Challenge House Feasterville, Pa. 19047

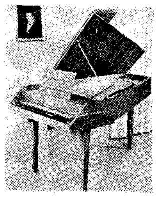
FIREPLACE LOVERS!

THIS NEW FIREPLACE GRATE



virtually solves the smoky fireplace problem—start fires with ease . . . build different types of attractive, more efficient heat-producing fires. Don't let your fireplace stand idle this winter! Burn all types of wood with ease. *Please send for Fireplace Grate Information.*

GARDEN WAY RESEARCH
Dept. G-5062, Charlotte, Vt. 05445



HARPSICHORD

. . . the instrument that opens to you a whole new world of fascinating music and sound. The choice of universities, artists, teachers and music lovers. From $1195.00. Brochure $1.00 from:

SABATHIL & SON
Dept. NY, 1084 Homer,
Vancouver, B.C., Canada

Dry State.

It isn't arid New Mexico. It doesn't have anything to do with prohibition.

It's the dry state your skin enters...slowly but surely ...as you get older. It's inevitable. The older your skin gets...the less moisture it can hold.

Don't misunderstand us. Your body continues to produce plenty of moisture for your skin.

The problem is...your skin can't hold it as well. Aging has depleted much of the natural oil that keeps the moisture from getting away.

Germaine Monteil's® Acti-Vita® is a complete dry skin collection. An entire line of fine cosmetics designed to help you cope with the dry state.

Every Acti-Vita cosmetic...Night Cream, Rich Whipped Cleanser, Pure Cream Toner, Enriched Moisturizer...all of them...even our emollient make-up...is formulated to help your skin hold water.

And, we've got more help for you. Your Germaine Monteil Beauty Consultant is a most talented ally in this eternal war.

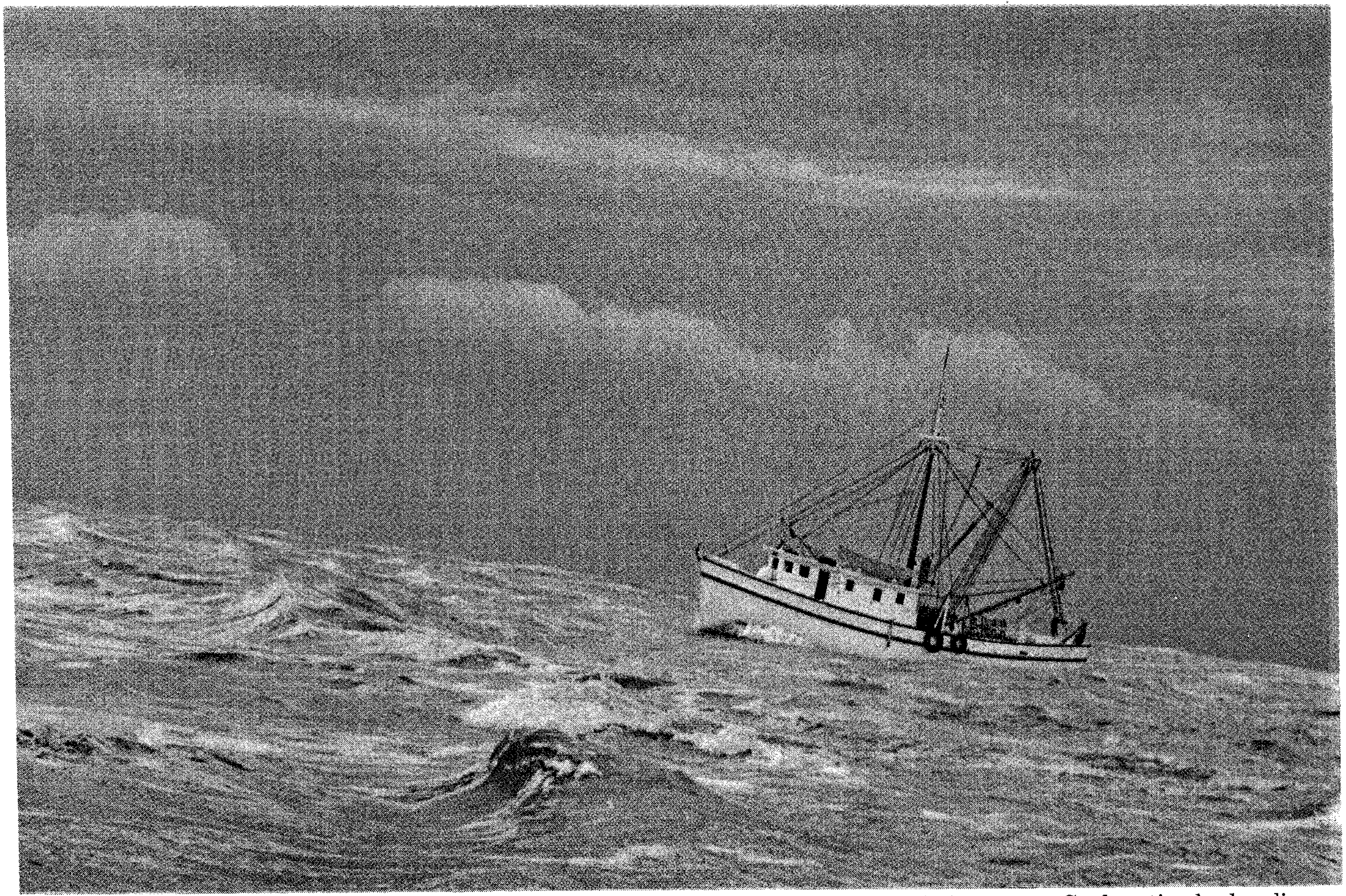
Her impressive formal education in cosmetic art and science is...yours for the asking. She's there... everyday at fine department and specialty stores.

So is The Beauty Register,™ Germaine Monteil's way of letting you sample our fine cosmetics on a regular basis.

Sign up when you drop in...to learn how to live in the dry state and like it.

Germaine Monteil

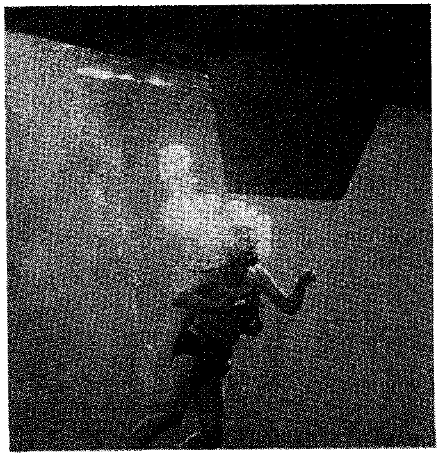
A rolling boat gathers less shrimp.



But this trawler keeps working when other boats can't. It has a Sperry Vickers Dol-Fin™ stabilizer system. This system is unique: all hydraulic, from the gyro that senses wave motion to the underwater fins that thrust against it. It can reduce roll rate about ninety per cent!

The ideal trawler (or yacht, or workboat) may also have central hydraulic power for the winches, mooring tackle, power steering and electric generator.

Sperry Vickers is deep into the business of making hydraulic power more useful. In the obvious ways: manipulating machine tools, raising bulldozer blades, moving the control surfaces of jetliners. And in less obvious ways. Such as tiny hydraulic fan motors for cooling airborne equipment. And hydraulic jackhammers that break up pavement as efficiently as the conventional pneumatic ones, but make only half as much noise.



All demonstrations of the Sperry idea: Making machines do more, so man can do more. It's the common purpose that makes Sperry, Sperry New Holland, Sperry Remington, Sperry Univac and Sperry Vickers add up to Sperry Rand Corporation. For more information, write to: The Chairman of the Board, Sperry Rand Corporation, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019.

SPERRY

SPERRY RAND CORPORATION

MAKING MACHINES DO MORE, SO MAN CAN DO MORE.

had prepared an edition that attempts a closer approach than usual to what the composer probably intended—we are obliged to say "probably" because there is no definitive score of this unfinished opera. Spurious recitatives had been jettisoned, and spoken dialogue substituted. In theory, this is dead right; in practice, so much talk in a language that is about equally unfamiliar to actors and audience has a lowering effect on the temperature. Whenever the admirable Huguette Tourangeau spoke up in the role of the hero's faithful chum, Nicklausse (she also sang very well), our spirits correspondingly revived. Bonynge may be right in his theory that the Venice septet is a coarsened version of the quartet that is missing from the epilogue (though, if so, why does it quote from the Barcarolle?); but the switch further weakens the already thin Venetian act, and, conversely, drags out the evening just when—after that double orchestral reprise of tunes from the first two acts—we are more than ready for the end. On the other hand, whatever Offenbach may have intended, I feel that Bonynge is quite right to stick to the conventional but supposedly incorrect sequence of acts; if the composer really wanted Giulietta and Venice to follow Antonia and Munich, he should have written something a great deal stronger and more substantial to fill out his Venetian episode.

Perhaps I may relate, in this context, another and true tale of Hoffmann, this time from London. Some years ago, during the funeral service for an eminent and respected musician, the largely professional gathering was stunned to hear the organist, as his solo contribution to the proceedings, launch into the lilting and voluptuous strains of the Barcarolle. He played it right through to the end; and the explanation, when it came, was simple. A member of the family, asked by telephone what music would be required for the ceremony, had replied, after a moment's consideration, "Oh, I think a Bach chorale."

—DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

•

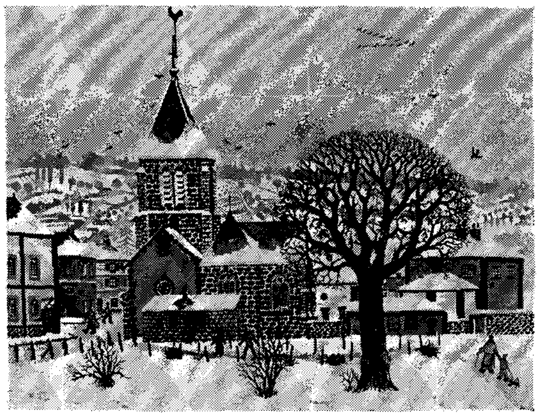
San Francisco Chronicle reporter William J. Moore won a first-place prize last night at the San Francisco Press Club's 22nd annual newspaper awards dinner....

His winning entry, in the best daily cityside feature story category, was about a man who broke a world record by smoking 13 cigars and whistling simultaneously.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

One more cigar and Moore would have copped a Nobel.

Out there you need Bonne Bell
high altitude creme
WEATHERPROOFER
CHAPPING
KRISTI LIP GUARD
Bonne Bell
We've got all you need to help you have skin that's smooth and clean, fresh and healthy, and protected too. And that should satisfy anyone's needs. Bonne Bell, Lakewood, Ohio 44107

Good original art a beautiful investment


Raymond Victoir "Petite Village"

Rare original lithographs & etchings signed by Dali, Picasso, Carcan, Jansem, Moti, Peretz, Victoir and other important artists can be yours exclusively. Send for free color brochure.

Original print collectors group, Ltd.

120 East 56th Street,
New York, N.Y. 10022

Caviarteria
GIFT EMPORIUM
Distinguished Caviar at Understated Prices
Shipments Everywhere Phone UN 1-1210
PRICE LIST ON REQUEST
870 MADISON AVE, NYC 10021

WALKER'S CAY, BAHAMAS

• An out island, informal 34-room luxury hotel • 75-boat marina • tennis • sportfishing • gourmet dining • pools and beaches. Call or write:

Walker's Cay Club, P.O. Box 22493,
Fort Lauderdale, Fla. 33315,
305-522-1460. • Represented by
Hetland & Stevens/George R. Smith.

The Original 1973
NORWEGIAN PEWTER
CHRISTMAS PLATE

$25.00

The Norwegian Stave Church—First Edition. The famous Norwegian designer Astri Holthe, put long experience and artistic imagination into creating the 1973 Norwegian Christmas Plate. Each year a different original authentic motif will be issued and the plates will be individually numbered and signed by the artist to guarantee authenticity and protect the integrity of the limited edition. The plate is 7⅜" in diameter and attractively gift boxed.

Available at all finer stores or directly from Henriksen Imports. 24 hour delivery. Send your check or money order — sorry no C.O.D.s.

HENRIKSEN
IMPORTS, INC.
P.O. BOX 643 • RACINE, WISCONSIN 53401 • 414/633-1915

"Colette comes alive
in this clear-eyed,
perceptive and important study."
—*Publishers Weekly*

Colette
The Difficulty of Loving
A Biography
by Margaret Crosland
Introduced by Janet Flanner

"Fresh... unusual... meticulous... uncensored, scholarly and entertaining."
—**Janet Flanner,** in her Introduction

20 black-and-white illustrations
$8.95

A Selection of the *Readers Subscription Book Club*

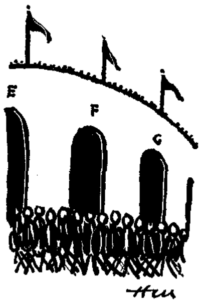
At your bookseller
BOBBS-MERRILL

Most rewarding way to buy English china: order Spode, Coalport, Royal Doulton, Minton, Wedgwood—all the famous names—direct from London. Send for free, 24-page colour catalogue with dollar prices from

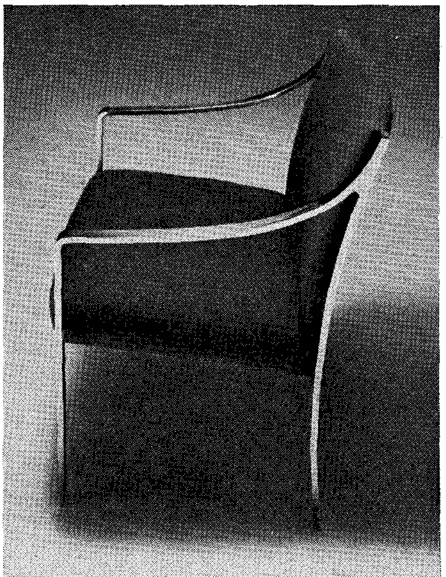
The General Trading Company
144 Sloane Street London SW1X 9BL England

FOOTBALL

A Little Difference



WE should all be thankful for small favors like Cleveland Cooper. For two seasons now, he has been industriously disproving the theorem which holds that minuscule men are not to be entrusted with running the ball. Minuscule men are, like narrow-gauge freight trains, designed to round sharp corners without upsetting, and Cooper, though he is pledged to Navy, not the most successful practitioner in the realm of football, has been turning corners of the sort without upsetting anything except his intending tacklers. On Saturday last, finishing out the year against Army, he ran off his twelfth touchdown of the fall (match that, if you will, against Army's seven for the term) and almost his nine-hundredth yard (to be matched against Army's eight hundred and thirteen for the term). Cooper was not the only reason for the 51–0 count by which Navy put down Army: there was Gilmore, running with nearly the calculating madness of Cooper; there were avaricious linemen, whether attacking or defending; there was the coolheadedness of Glenny, at quarterback—though, now that one thinks upon it, there was next to nothing to bother him at any time. Army, so patchquilt a squad from week to week that every performer was adjusting, Saturday after Saturday, to a new collection of next-door neighbors, hadn't a chance with Navy and Cooper, and not a thing went right. Twice, the Army punter appeared to have been improperly uprooted by the Navy onrush, but no one troubled to notice, and once an Army runner, already in dire enough trouble, had to straight-arm an official out of the way. The sporting press, perpetually ready with a handy irony in the fire, has so far overlooked the finest in the Army lockers: a few years ago, Cooper, courted by (along with a good many other supplicants) West Point, visited the establishment over a weekend of subdued merrymaking (a cadet dance and all that) and seemed to find the setting comely; then, the equerries assigned him having decided to let him go back to his hotel early in the morning, he came up against a night staff that was not at all sure he was registered there. The rest of this



It speaks well of you.

STOW/DAVIS

The England Chair. Stainless steel. $398.
Furniture for executive offices since 1880.

Brochure available:
Stow|Davis, 25 Summer N.W.
Grand Rapids, Mich. 49504

"Topnotch entertainment
...A perfectly splendid
Christmas present."
—*The New Yorker*

The *Times* of London
Anthology
of Detective
Stories

From a competition judged by Lord Butler, Tom Stoppard and Dame Agatha Christie

$6.95 at bookstores

THE JOHN DAY CO./An Intext Publisher

Jamaica's Finest Resort
Tryall
GOLF AND BEACH CLUB

On a beautiful 3,000 acre plantation. Beautifully appointed guest rooms — fully air conditioned, private residential villas, swimming pool, championship golf course, tennis courts for day or night, horseback riding, beach, international cuisine. For reservation call your travel agent or Wolfe International, New York 565-1114.

HIDDEN VALLEY
ADIRONDACK'S FINEST SKI RESORT
Featuring All Winter Sports,
Entertainment, Fine Food and Accommodations.
Call Toll Free (N.Y.) 800-342-2439
Other States: 800-833-2429
WRITE FOR BROCHURE.
Lake Luzerne 20, N.Y. 12846

small mystery is history. "What are you going to do now?" was a question flung at Tom Cahill, whose problem child is the Army team, after Saturday's match. "Going to do?" he said. "I'm already doing it—looking for other new players. On the way in, I was talking to a kid I know—a whale of a linebacker—and I think we'll be seeing him wearing the Black and Gold next year."

Army won not a thing this year, but Notre Dame ended up by demolishing Miami, 44–0, and so stayed unbeaten. Notre Dame's next stopover will be the Sugar Bowl game, against Alabama. Oklahoma ended up unbeaten, too, by demolishing Oklahoma State, 45–18, but Oklahoma is not precisely as cheerful as Notre Dame. It is, in fact, on "probation"—a restraint imposed upon it not only by its good friends (the Big Eight) but by the National Collegiate Athletic Association—because it is accused of having made free with even the fairly generous and loosely spun regulations pertaining to the enlistment of performers. "Probation" does not require the disbanding of a team even if its personnel is under suspicion, but it can keep a team out of Bowls and (aye, there's the rub!) television. This fall, both Oklahoma and Wichita State have been in difficulty for their prankishness—such things, officialdom says, as producing high-school certificates of graduation out of the deep-blue sky so that seemly athletes can be shuffled into colleges in which they do not belong. Suits have been filed seeking an easement of Oklahoma's probation; no one has bothered about filing suit to request redress for the embarrassed players involved, some of whom seem not to have known exactly what was going on. And so to an account of this correspondent's pet Bowl game—the one played indoors in Convention Hall in Atlantic City: Grambling 17, Delaware 8. An unlikely pairing, that! The Boardwalk Bowl is the name of the game, and so small are the surroundings (twelve thousand's a crowd) that it's the nearest thing to sandlot sport.

The greatest spontaneous uproar of the season, with *no* alerts from cheerleaders: the shout that ascended when weather-beaten, age-beaten Sonny Jurgensen took over from Billy Kilmer, under whose direction the Redskins had been playing patsy instead of football against the Giants, and drove his team, and Larry Brown, his favorite runner, to a 27–24 topping off of the Giants in the very last moment on Sunday.

—J. W. L.

REMEDIOS GUANZON.
FATHER DEAD.
MOTHER BLIND.

REMEDIOS GUANZON. AGE 5. Father dead. TB. Mother blind. Earns a few pennies begging. Brother is a scavenger. Remedios guides blind mother's hands to spots on clothes that require particular scrubbing. Family lives in one small room. Must crawl through small opening to enter. Walls from material found at city dump. No facilities.

Long lines of children and families wait outside our offices around the world, anxiously awaiting the help that Foster Parents Plan can give them, with your support. Choose a boy or girl from Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, Indonesia, Peru, the Philippines, the Republic of Korea or Viet Nam. A monthly cash grant helps provide primary school education for Foster Children and their brothers and sisters. In addition, PLAN gives family counseling, medical and dental care, educational and social welfare programs, in our overseas offices which are headed by a North American director and staffed by nationals. PLAN's emphasis on education helps its children and members of the children's families become self-supporting. You receive a photograph and case history. You write and receive letters (originals and translations). These letters tell you how Foster Parents Plan's programs aid one child and family. Soon, through the letters and annual progress reports, Foster Parents and Foster Children can develop warm, affectionate relationships.

We eagerly offer our financial statement on request. You will see that your contributions to Foster Parents Plan provide extensive services and programs for children and families enrolled with us.

PLAN is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian independent organization, registered under VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Aid, Department of State, Washington, D.C.

SIGN HERE NOW...PLEASE

FOSTER PARENTS PLAN, INC.
Box 400, Warwick, Rhode Island 02886

I want to be a Foster Parent of a boy________ girl________
age_____country__________.Where the need is greatest_____.
I enclose my first payment of: $16.00 Monthly______ $48.00 Quarterly
______$96.00 Semi-annually______$192 Annually______.
I can't become a Foster Parent right now but I enclose my contribution of $_________.
______Please send me more information.

Name____________________
Address________________Date________
City________________State________
Zip__________Telephone No.__________

PLAN operates in Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Indonesia, Republic of Korea, the Philippines, and Viet Nam. PLAN is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Contributions are tax deductible. **NY4D103**

In Canada, write 153 St. Clair Ave. West, Toronto, Ontario M4V 1P8

PARTIAL LIST OF FOSTER PARENTS

Mr. and Mrs. Steve Allen
Arthur Ashe, Jr.
Burt Bacharach
Senator Edmund S. Muskie
Senator John G. Tower
Duke University
General Electric

OVER 35 YEARS OF HELP WITH A HUMAN TOUCH

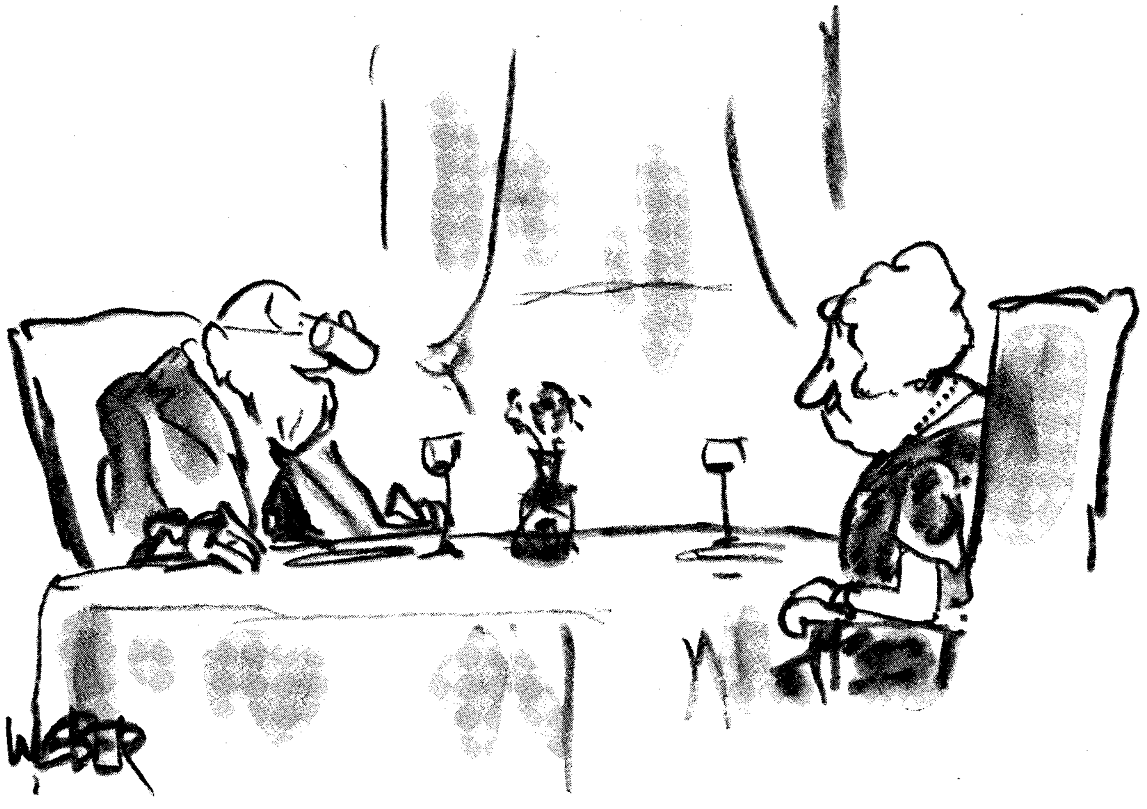
BOOKS

Downward the Course of Empire

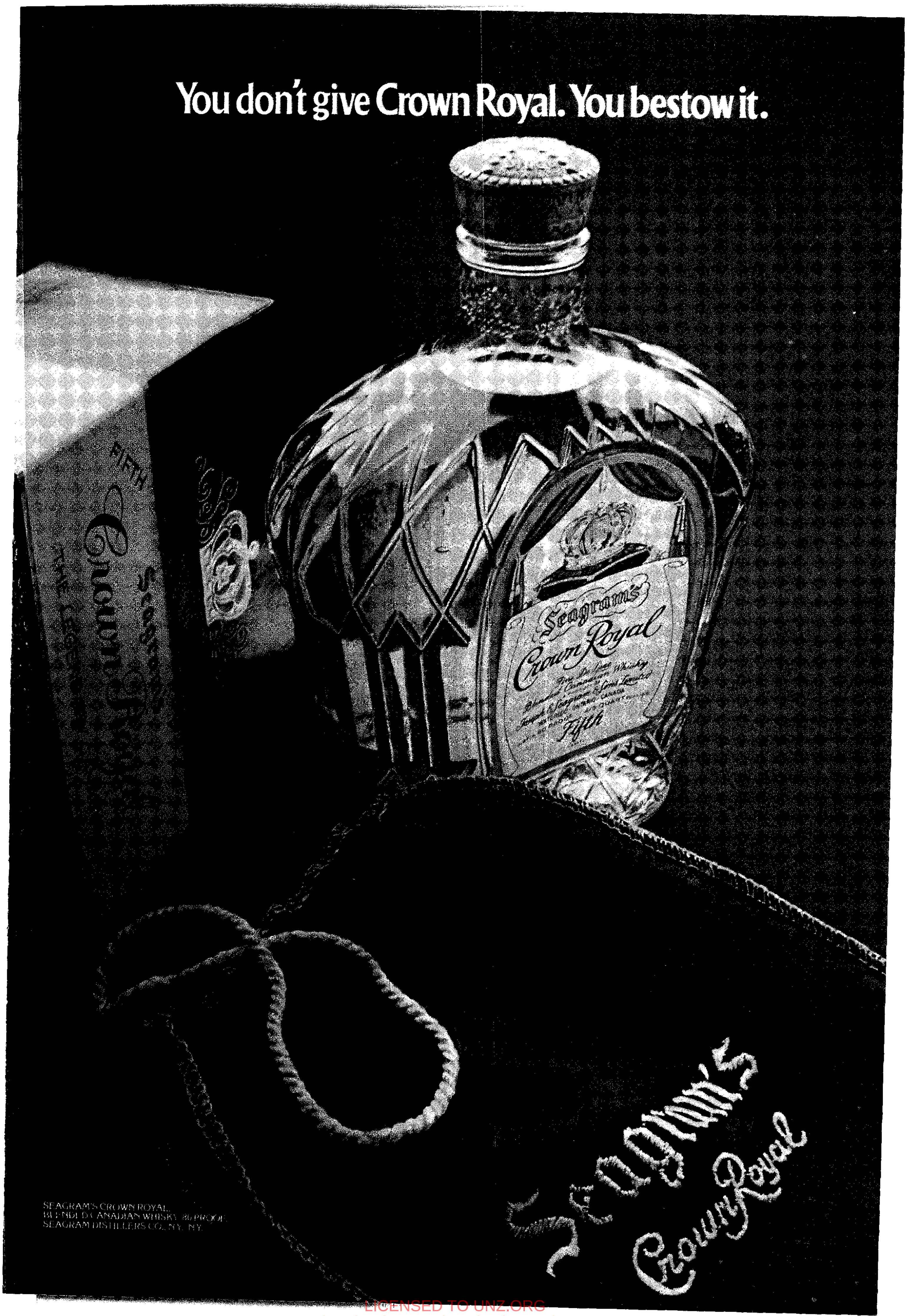
NO other American institution has held as much fascination for either Americans or foreigners as the Presidency. In its Constitutional and separation-of-powers setting, it is an American invention. Though certain attributes of it have been put to use elsewhere, it is still uniquely American. Perhaps it has already seen its best days, but it has endured and worked well for by far the better part of two centuries. "Not many Presidents have been brilliant," Lord Bryce wrote in 1921. "Some have not risen to the full moral height of the position. But none has been base or unfaithful to his trust, and none has tarnished the honor of the nation." Warren G. Harding became President that year, and if the former British Ambassador had written a bit later he might have added a few words to this judgment. It is doubtful, though, whether the case of Harding would have led to any significant alteration of that judgment. What Bryce wrote a half century ago expressed the opinion of most students of the office until at least the late sixties. Far more than any other aspect of the American polity, the Presidency has been under constant scrutiny—hence Watergate—since the early days of the Republic, and it has been the subject of a truckload or two of books, nearly all of them admiring. Yet during the last years of Lyndon Johnson and the first five of Richard Nixon, things have changed greatly, and generalizations by the hundred have been undermined. In domestic affairs, Johnson rose in moral stature, but this was no compensation for the evil that he did in foreign affairs. Bryce's "base" may be rather too strong a word to characterize the motivations of these two men (though a good many Americans have used much stronger terms of condemnation), yet the honor of the nation has been tarnished—not for good and all, one may hope, but for the better part of a decade, and in particularly ugly ways.

After Harding died and Bryce wrote, the cult of the Presidency flourished again, despite pedestrian performances by Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover, and no American celebrated the office more enthusiastically than the historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., who, when he was a very young man, wrote a laudatory account of the stewardship of Andrew Jackson. Then, some years later, he went on to produce three volumes of a still uncompleted work in praise of Franklin D. Roosevelt, and followed that with a lengthy account of the brief tenure of John F. Kennedy, in whose Administration he served. Though never a cultist in the true sense and almost always judicious as a chronicler, Schlesinger has probably had more to say than anyone else in praise of the Constitutional arrangements that provide, with a certain amount of elasticity, the powers of the Presidency; it is therefore most fitting that Richard Nixon's career in the White House and on beaches here and there should be examined by Schlesinger, and it is reassuring to find him several times conceding some of the errors of his own earlier generalizations. In his "The Imperial Presidency" (Houghton Mifflin, and a Book Club choice), there are more mea culpas than are to be found in the works of many professional historians. This book, which, like several of its predecessors, is huge and compact, can serve as both a history of the Presidency—particularly the role it has played in wars and foreign policy—and an almost up-to-the-minute study of the present regime. When he gets to Nixon, however, the author spends nearly as much time on domestic as he does on foreign affairs.

Schlesinger is, as he always has been, at once partisan and judicious, and he gives one the feeling that his distaste for the character and methods of Nixon would be about the same even if they were ideological twins and co-chairmen of Americans for Democratic Action, though he is a good deal more generous and impersonal than most severe critics of Nixon. He concludes that "Nixon's Presidency was not an aberration but a culmination"—a judgment that, I expect, a good many readers will be unable to accept. The opinion, though, grows out of the stress Schlesinger places on foreign affairs. The word "imperial" in his title is basic to his view of what has happened over the years. Most of the conflicts between the Executive and the Legislative have in one way or another been related to the roles as-

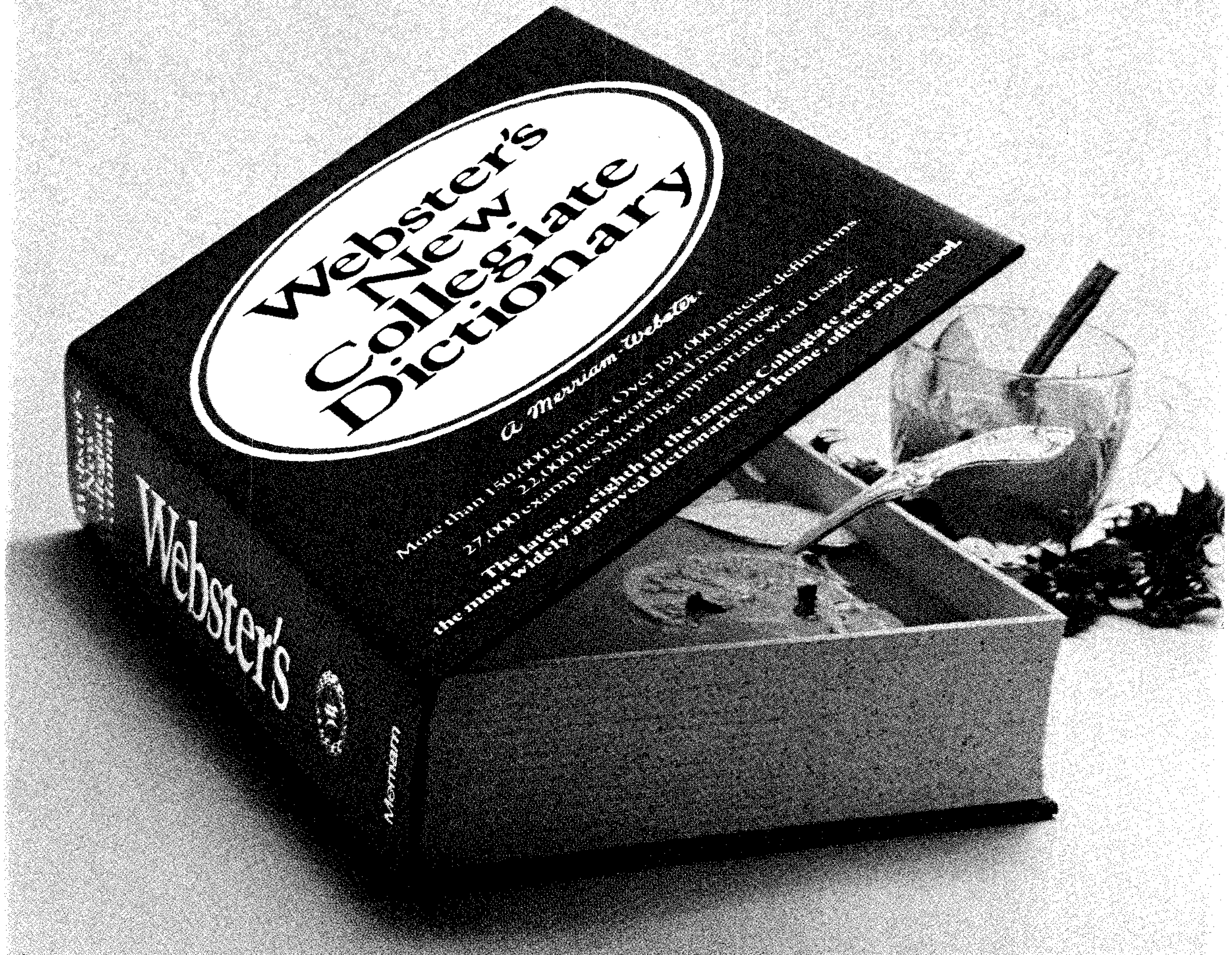


"This being our fifty-fifth anniversary, would you like me to summarize?"


You don't give Crown Royal. You bestow it.
FIFTH
Seagram's
Crown Royal
Seagram's
Crown Royal
Fifth
Seagram's
Crown Royal

SEAGRAM'S CROWN ROYAL
BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY 80 PROOF
SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

was·sail


Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary
A Merriam-Webster
More than 150,000 entries. Over 191,000 precise definitions.
22,000 new words and meanings.
27,000 examples showing appropriate word usage.
The latest ... eighth in the famous Collegiate series,
the most widely approved dictionaries for home, office and school.
Webster's
Merriam

From Merriam-Webster, the greatest dictionary of the decade. It's where the words live.

Merriam-Webster's newest desk-top dictionary doesn't just define words. It brings words alive. So anyone can get the tangy taste of "wassail". And the full impact of "chopper". And at last make sense of "cryogenics".

How does Webster's New Collegiate accomplish such a feat? With over 3,000 quotations from poets, comics, critics and presidents. With over 24,000 phrases showing you how a word is used in context. And with scores of illustrations, charts and tables.

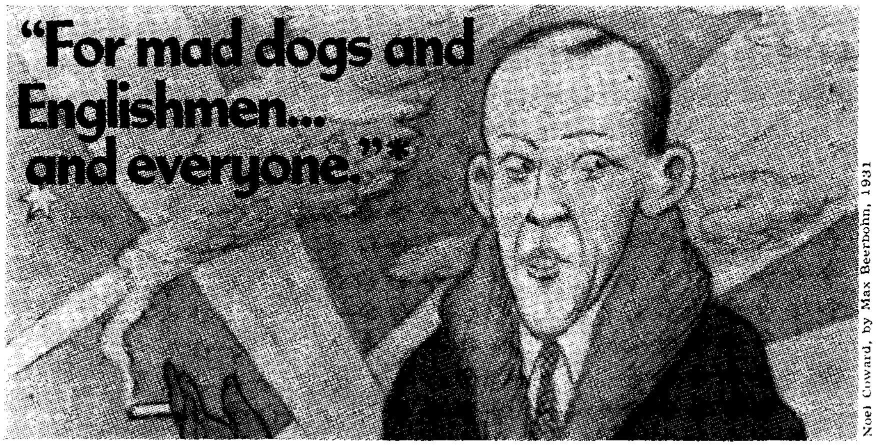
Altogether, over 150,000 words spring vividly to life.

Including 22,000 new ones like "bummer" and "dashiki" as well as the grand old Melvillian polysyllables.

In short it's the dictionary that makes all other dictionaries obsolete. Which makes it about the most up-to-the-minute gift you can buy for just about anyone on your list. Only $8.50 thumb-indexed, wherever books are sold.

Merriam-Webster Dictionaries, Springfield, MA. 01101

signed each on war and foreign policy by the Constitution; it has been the tendency of Presidents almost from the start to place a broad construction on their powers of military command and diplomatic negotiation, while Congress has done the same thing with its control over expenditures and the Senate's powers of advice and, more notably, consent. In the early days these conflicts led to some heated disputes, but we were a distinctly minor power for a century, and such threats to our "security" as there were came mostly from powers that were even more minor or, if major, remote. Meanwhile, though, we were growing in strength, and just before the start of this century the word "imperial" became us. Wilson, the second Roosevelt, and those who followed after Roosevelt had troubles that involved at least some of the issues that have bedevilled Nixon. The language of the Constitution is on the whole admirable, but it is almost two centuries old, and in two centuries not only the country but the precise meaning of words has changed in many respects. For example, the Constitution accords the House the authority to "declare" war, but it is not altogether clear whether "declare" means to initiate war or to "declare," in the sense of "acknowledge," the existence of a state of hostilities. Over such matters there have been several polite tussles and some less than polite ones, but until lately, according to Schlesinger, they were, with the assistance of large-minded men from the third branch, the Judiciary, worked out in the spirit of an old-fashioned word that Schlesinger seems determined to restore to everyday usage—"comity." (I doubt whether any other book published in recent years has used the word as frequently as this one does. A somewhat coarser and more snobbish phrase, "gentlemen's agreement," is closer to today's fashion.) Schlesinger does the language as well as history a service by insisting on comity as the spirit that has so far kept the Constitution alive instead of becoming the series of mere "parchment barriers" that Madison feared it would become unless it embodied the spirit of the people and held their respect. And Schlesinger holds that many of Nixon's shortcomings are the result of his failure to understand the comity and civility that have been essential to making the system function satisfactorily. He not only lacked them himself but staffed almost the entire executive branch with men who were not necessarily less honest or competent than professional politicians but who had not come to understand that ignoring cer-


"For mad dogs and Englishmen... and everyone."*

Noel Coward, by Max Beerbohm, 1931

Inspired by the show, *Cowardy Custard,* an entertainment devised by London's Mermaid Theatre, A LAST ENCORE brings together much of the best — and some of the less familiar — of Sir Noel's lyrics, with snatches of dialogue from the plays and passages from the two books of his autobiography, *Present Indicative* and *Future Indefinite.*

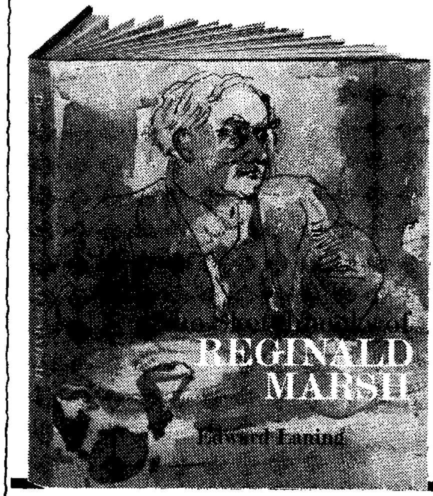
Forty-six lyrics have been included, matched by 15 color plates and 190 black and white photographs evoking Noel Coward's career and the era he represented so well.

The result: "An affecting yet lilting sort of 'history' of Coward and the people of 'This blessed plot'. Designer Trevor Vincent has assembled a marvelously diverse treasury of photos, paintings, cartoons and other illustrations."—*Publishers Weekly*

A LAST ENCORE
Words by
NOËL COWARD
Pictures from his life
and times
Edited by John Hadfield
$12.95 at all bookstores

*Kirkus Reviews

LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY



This is not only a fascinating exhibition of superb draftsmanship, but a nostalgic record of city life from the 1920s to the early 1950s.

THE SKETCHBOOKS OF
Reginald Marsh
By EDWARD LANING
8 color plates, 200 b & w ills. 160 pp.
9 x 10¼ ins. $15 at all bookstores
NEW YORK GRAPHIC SOCIETY
Greenwich, Conn. 06830
A Time Incorporated Company

Never had a real vacation?

Get Lost

. . . and enjoy every minute of it

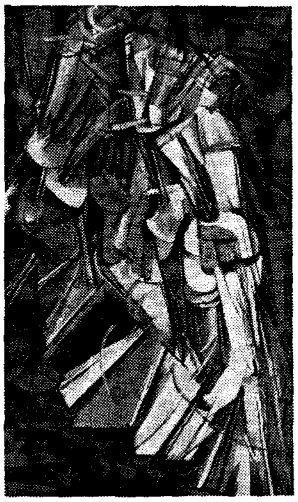
Grapetree Bay Beach Hotels

See your travel agent or write to: Box Z, Christiansted, St. Croix, U.S.V.I. 00820

tain rules by which the game is played can make the separation of powers unworkable.

In an uncharacteristic mood of near-despair, Schlesinger, who would like very much to see Nixon out of office, examines the ways in which he could be forced or induced to clear out, and finds all of them lacking. He favors impeachment—the "genius" of which, he says, is to be found in the "fact that it could punish the man without punishing the office"—but he would rather not try it than try it and have it fail, and he is afraid that Nixon has so arranged things that he is sheltered from charges of deliberate complicity in any of the crimes of which the Administration and various of its members have been accused: either he has not been directly involved or, realizing the dangers of complicity, he has destroyed the evidence that would be needed for conviction. Moreover, regarding the Administration as a culmination rather than an aberration, Schlesinger thinks what should be sent to the cleaners is not merely one branch of our government but most of our public and private institutions, which have been for some time in a state of decline that made Nixon inevitable. It is an odd approach, and I, for one, cannot go along with it: Vietnam has been a demoralizing influence, and may in the end prove, particularly since it was so swiftly followed by Watergate, to have been thoroughly destructive. But Schlesinger, like his eminent father, is a cyclical theorist, and he notes that corruption on a grand scale has a way of turning up in our society every fifty years—1823, 1873, 1923, 1973. This seems at odds with his belief that Nixon is a kind of Spenglerian phenomenon, and he offers no evidence that the institutions he finds to be in advanced decay right now will have rejuvenated themselves sufficiently to be ready for another ride down the slippery slope in 2023. Moreover, he feels that Watergate—the investigation, not the developments under investigation—is the best thing that has happened in a long time, since it has alerted us to the wickedness all about us. (Applying his numerology, he writes, "Around the year 2023 the American people would be well advised to . . . start nailing down everything in sight.") But he fails to point out that the corruption of Watergate was on a scale never before known, and its chastening effect could be on a similar scale. At the moment, there seems to be an opportunity for death and an opportunity for revival.

The foregoing should not suggest



Exploding the shingle factory

Celebrate life with Rrose Selavy ("Eros c'est la vie" or "arroser la vie"), Marcel Duchamp's "Readymade" female alter ego and just one of his many irreverant creations in this collection. *Salt Seller,* which includes the important and extraordinary notes for *The Large Glass,* is a compendium of satiric sketches, of wit, of word play, and of delight. "I can hardly resist the temptation to embark on a flight of wordplay to describe the relish with which I plunged into this, the first coherent presentation of Marcel Duchamp's writings. I have always regarded him a man of the word."—Dore Ashton, Cooper Union

SALT SELLER

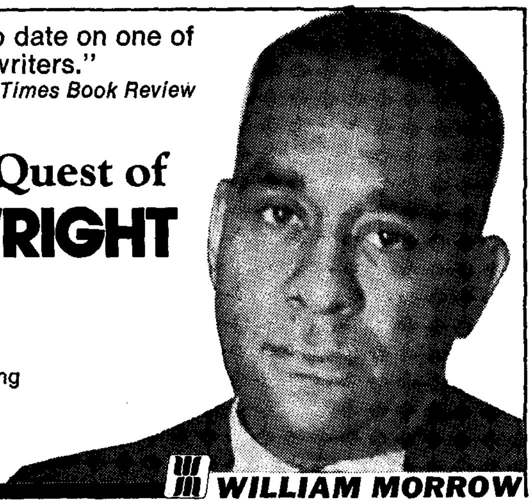
The Writings of MARCEL DUCHAMP (MARCHAND DU SEL)

Edited by Michel Sanouillet and Elmer Peterson

Illustrated, $10.95

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016



"The most important book to date on one of America's most important writers."
—JOHN WIDEMAN, *New York Times Book Review*

The Unfinished Quest of

RICHARD WRIGHT

by Michel Fabre

translated from the French by Isabel Barzun

"A valuable chronicle of a fascinating figure. Fabre has returned to us one of our classic writers."
—JERRY H. BRYANT, *The Nation*

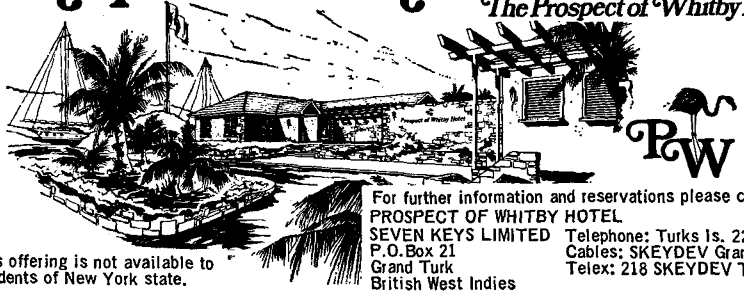
54 photos. $15.00

WILLIAM MORROW

North Caicos a New UnSpoilt Island

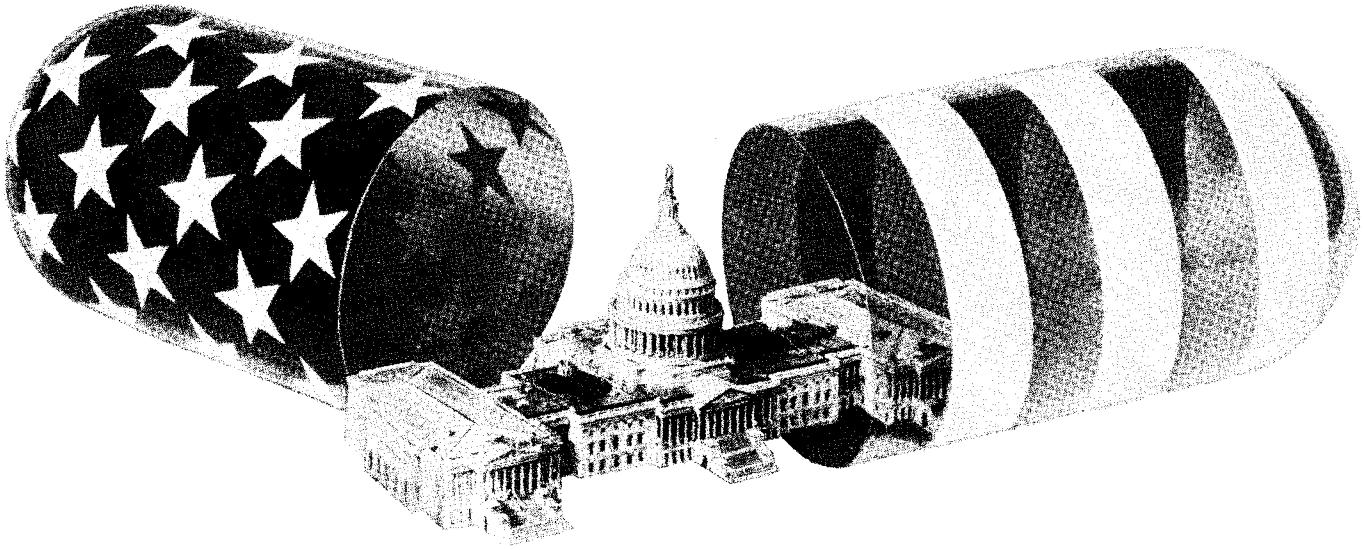
Situated between the Bahamas and Haiti in the Turks and Caicos Group. A short flight from Haiti or Florida. A different, British island. Six miles of golden reef-protected beach. Get lost or be involved with diving, sailing, fishing and skiing. Enjoy our carefree hotel accommodations whilst you look over the home-sites on this get-away-from-it-all location.

The Prospect of Whitby Hotel



For further information and reservations please contact:
PROSPECT OF WHITBY HOTEL
SEVEN KEYS LIMITED
P.O.Box 21
Grand Turk
British West Indies
Telephone: Turks Is. 2278
Cables: SKEYDEV Grand Turk BWI
Telex: 218 SKEYDEV TQ.

This offering is not available to residents of New York state.



"Tightly argued, filled with fact, this look at the ethical drug industry may induce severe depression among its readers. . . ."*

"A hard-hitting look at the pharmaceutical industry's attempts to turn us into a nation of pill-poppers. . ."**

"It should be read as a primer on the drug lobby and the Congress. . . ."***

"You will understand why the drug industry produces billions of habit-forming pills every year."****

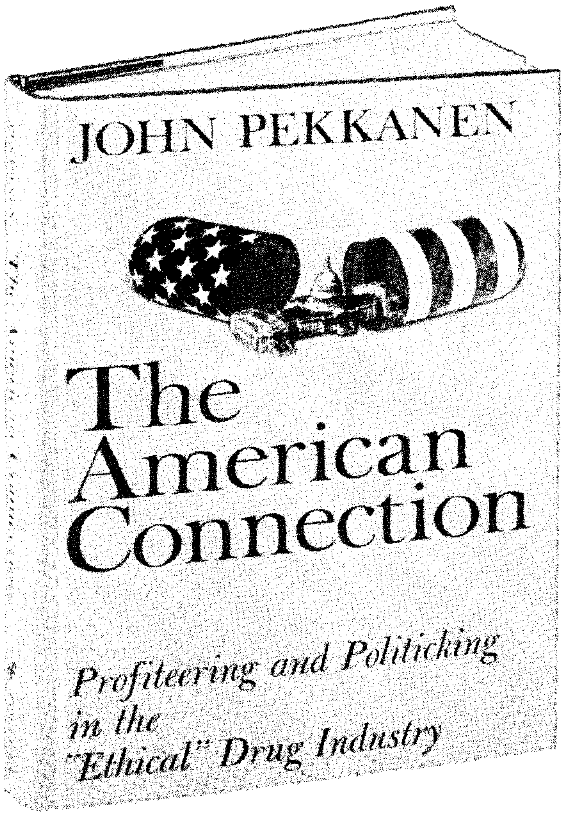
"John Pekkanen, a former Nieman fellow and Chicago bureau chief for Life Magazine . . . has written a searing expose in the old-fashioned muckraking tradition.

His evidence is detailed and convincing. He names names—of politicians, drug companies and lobbyists. He exhaustively recounts the years of back-room maneuvering in Congress and the AMA over the legal but mind-bending products foisted on an unsuspecting public.

He cites individual drugs by brand name and reports studies and case histories of the damage and wrecked lives they have produced.

This book is going to be a bitter pill for the drug industry and the AMA to swallow. But it is a book everyone should read, and it will send a lot of readers to their medicine cabinets to check on the contents of those pills they have been popping so casually."

The Houston Post



* Washington Monthly
** Publishers Weekly
*** Research from Washington, Inc.
**** Morton Mintz, co-author, America Inc.

FOLLETT 100 1873-1973

FOLLETT PUBLISHING COMPANY
Chicago

$7.95 at all booksellers

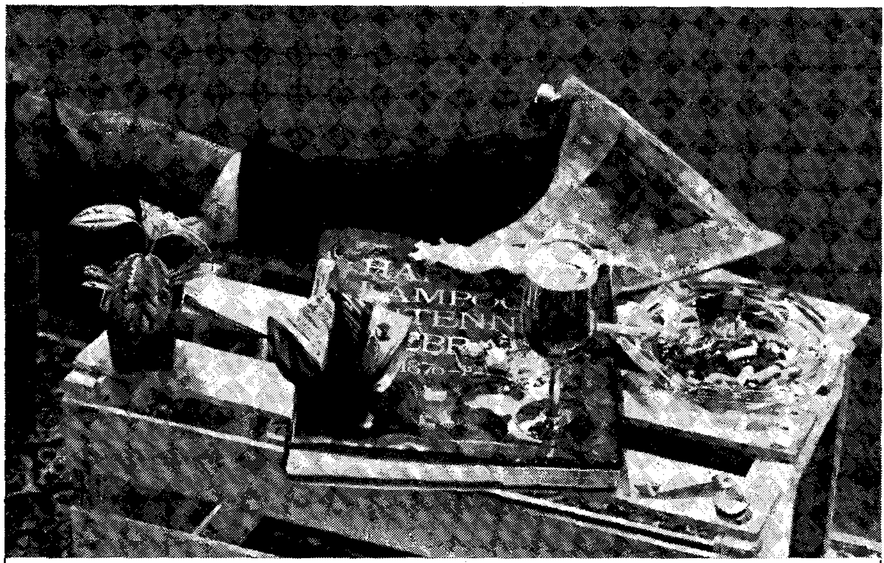


Photo by John Renfer. Toe courtesy of Upton Brady.

Not just a book—it's a major piece of furniture.

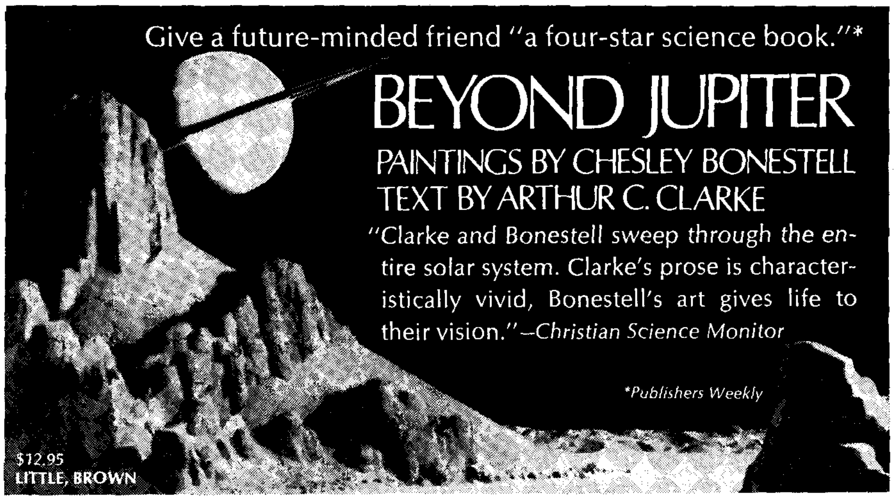
Scandalous hors d'oeuvres. Never-before-reprinted works of Longfellow, Gluyas Williams, two Benchleys, Updike, Arlen, Plimpton, et al. Grand Honor Roll of Movie Worsts. An outrageous confection, opulently illustrated.

THE HARVARD LAMPOON CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION 1876-1973

Edited by Martin Kaplan, with a Foreword by John Updike

Instructions for converting book into coffee table are included.

The Atlantic Monthly Press LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY


Give a future-minded friend "a four-star science book."*

BEYOND JUPITER

PAINTINGS BY CHESLEY BONESTELL
TEXT BY ARTHUR C. CLARKE

"Clarke and Bonestell sweep through the entire solar system. Clarke's prose is characteristically vivid, Bonestell's art gives life to their vision."—*Christian Science Monitor*

**Publishers Weekly*

$12.95
LITTLE, BROWN

McGraw-Hill

Third-degree for the fourth estate!

Some of America's best known interviewers get a taste of their own medicine in Denis Brian's probing interviews with Reed, Talese, Plimpton, Capote, Buckley, and many more. A few interviewees also have their say. "Such a beautifully simple idea, one wonders why no one has done it quite this way before."
—*Library Journal* $7.95

Murderers and Other Friendly People
Denis Brian

that this is a book heavy with speculation and prophecy. What there is of that comes at the very end, and some, though not all, of it is in a spirit of playfulness. This is a work of substantial historical scholarship written with lucidity, charm, and wit.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FATHERING, by Nicholas Delbanco (Morrow). "Fathering" is an extremely intelligent, demanding, and, finally, disappointing family saga set in New York and Europe and spanning several generations. Mr. Delbanco aims a lot higher than many contemporary writers: his characters are literate, travelled, in touch with the past, and sensitively aware of the present. But in trying to show us how large his understanding of the world is, he fails to keep the small world of his novel comprehensible. For one thing, every character is presented as if he or she were the book's only subject, and because we can't care about them all equally, we end up not caring very much about any of them. For another, while we learn a great deal about the inner life of the Muellers (Elizabeth, a formidable, bitter amazon; Hans, a shrewd, self-indulgent businessman; Alexander, their too perfect son; and Robert, whose search for his parents brings him somewhat hokily back to his own doorstep), we hardly ever get to see how they behave with each other except through someone's memory. The result is that the reader is constantly aware of a tremendous amount of excitement and activity in the wings but waits in vain for the actors to fill the empty stage.

BLACK CONCEIT, by John Leonard (Doubleday). Mr. Leonard's fourth novel, while it sparkles here and there, is difficult to read through. The prose is quick and witty, sometimes descending to telegraphese or exploding with puns and mocking allusions; it tends, regrettably, not to draw the characters nearer to us but to blot them out—to label them as so many species of contemporary foolishness. The central character is a dropped-out leftist writer named Ken Coffin, who, having retreated to an apple farm in New Hampshire, works bumblingly with black migrant laborers. His wife, Marcy, is living with their two children in Cambridge; she pursues an academic

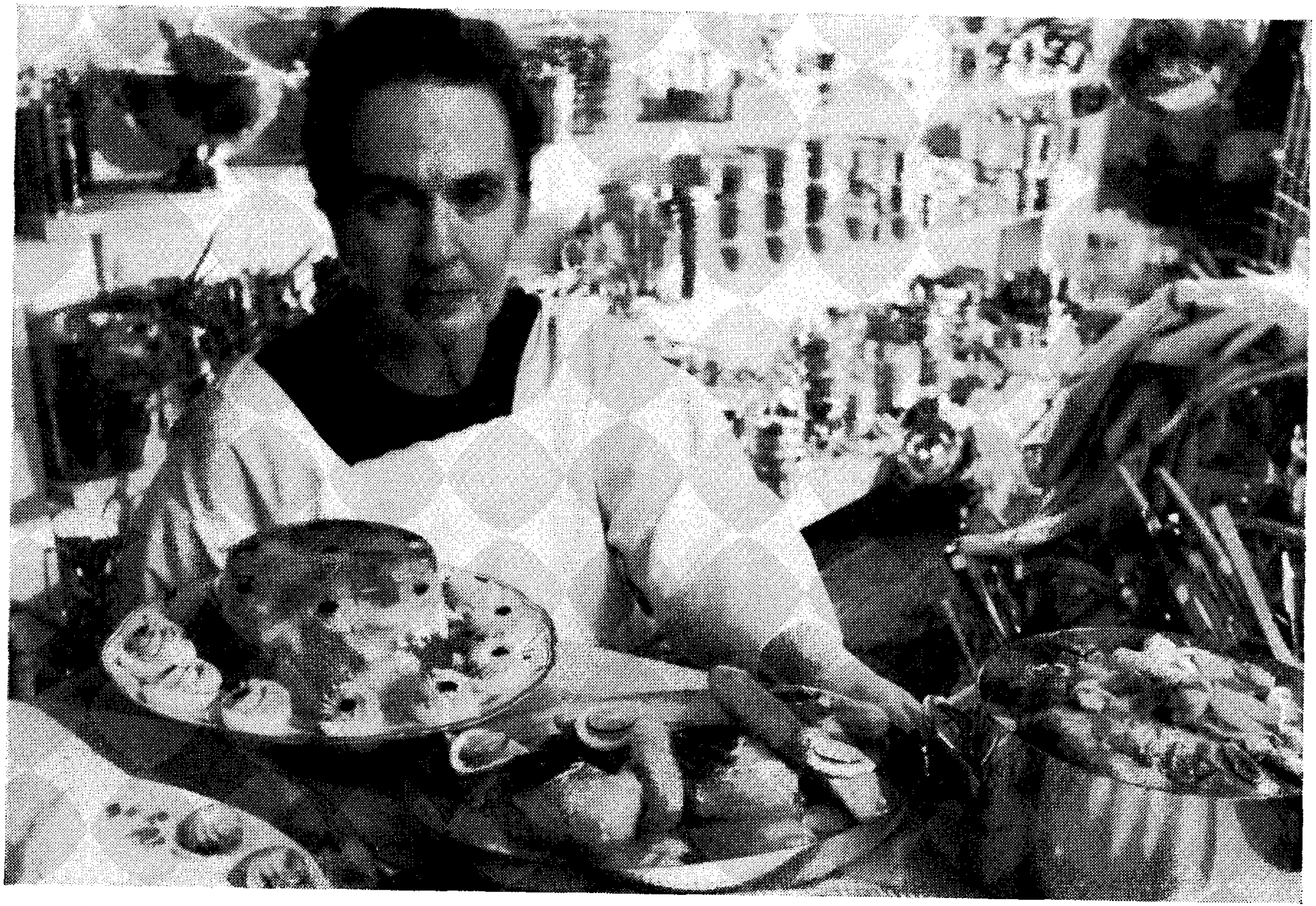
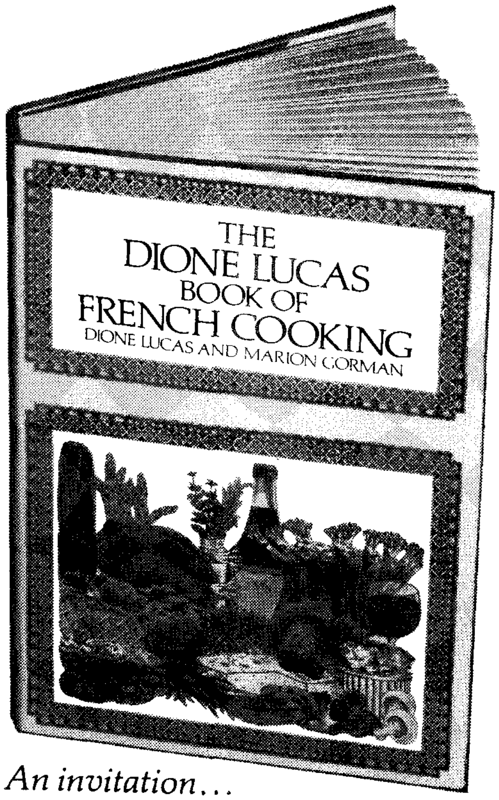


Photo: copyright © 1970 Downe Publishing, Inc.
Courtesy of **Ladies' Home Journal**

Ten years in preparation: the last word in French cookbooks by the first lady of French cooking.



Chef, restaurateur, author, and above all teacher — one of the first to establish her own cooking schools and the first *chef de cuisine* to use television to share her expertise with millions — Dione Lucas surely has done the most to introduce the art of French cooking to America. Now comes the chef-d'oeuvre of her brilliant career: a treasury of more than 1,000 carefully chosen and tested recipes, from basic stocks to glamorous desserts. In its 10 years of preparation, no effort has been spared to make this book as comprehensive, as handsome, and as practical as possible.

⚜ All recipes are presented in a clear, practical format, and are wholly adapted to American markets and methods. Cross-referencing is kept to a minimum.

⚜ Wine and cheese each receive extended treatment, and particular attention is given to Dione Lucas' specialty, the omelet, and to fresh fruit desserts, another Lucas favorite.

⚜ In addition to the French classics, other continental dishes that have been absorbed into the French tradition are covered, along with Lucas' choice of the best in American cooking.

But the feature that makes this book truly unique is Dione Lucas herself. With co-author Marion Gorman, her long-time friend and teaching colleague, she explains her philosophy of cooking and the basic principles of French cuisine, delivering sound advice and practical tips on marketing, menu-planning, kitchen equipment to own and techniques to master — in short, sharing the knowledge of a lifetime devoted to the art of fine cuisine. Illustrated in two colors throughout; indexed; 925 pages.

Just published. Available wherever books are sold.

LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY

An invitation...

For Dione Lucas' Original "Chocolate Roll Léontine" recipe, write Box DL, Little, Brown and Company, 34 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. 02106

The pick of the panel portable and its electrifying companion.

Manual or electric, these rugged, precision-built Adler portable typewriters have virtually every type-easy feature, plus feather touch, lively action and consistent speed. The Adler J5 is rated the #1 manual by a consumer panel of experts. The Adler Meteor is all-electric with smooth, silent carriage return. Budget priced, they're ideal for every member of the family. Many distinctive type styles. Carrying case included. Check Yellow Pages for nearest dealer.
Adler Business Machines, 1600 Route 22, Union, N.J. 07083 / West: 4521 W. Jefferson Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. 90016

Litton ADLER®
PRECISION PORTABLES

"Genuinely qualifies for that overused superlative, 'a major literary event.'"
—*Publishers Weekly*

Staying on Alone: Letters of Alice B. Toklas

Edited by **Edward Burns.**
Introduction by **Gilbert A. Harrison.**

Letters to and about the famous in the worlds of literature, art, music, and ideas. With recipes, travel notes, and reflections on Parisian life with Gertrude Stein and in the years alone. Beautiful photographs by Cecil Beaton, Man Ray and others. $11.95

Liveright
386 Park Avenue South • New York 10016

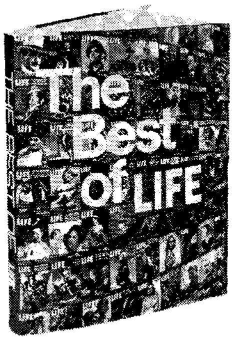
career and ponders the dilemmas of her sex. Two secondary characters—a confused radical leader and a fast-talking, power-hungry social scientist—offer Marcy some of the male attention she currently lacks. Marcy and Ken are interesting people—"nice" people with brains—and perhaps the basic difficulty with the book is that Mr. Leonard allows himself to be distracted by the likes of those two suitors.

GENERAL

TAJOS: THE STORY OF A VILLAGE ON THE COSTA DEL SOL, by Ronald Fraser (Pantheon). One of the most attractive of Pantheon's series of reports on villages around the world. Tajos has been poverty-stricken since the nineteenth century, when a phylloxera epidemic destroyed the grapevines of the whole area; yet its population displayed not only immense diligence and ingenuity at keeping alive but stalwartness, kindness, courage, honesty, honor, courtesy, and dignity. In the last decade or so, Tajos has started to change; the Andalusian coast has become a great international resort area, and the hilly little town, with its views out to sea, is now a place of tourist pilgrimage, being architecturally "unspoiled," and a source of labor—builders, gardeners, domestics—for the resort boom. Some of its farms have been sold for huge sums as homesites for rich foreigners. Yet prosperity has not spoiled the villagers' character. The old ones who talked to Mr. Fraser remember their sufferings, but none resents that the young people have it easier, while the young respect and cherish their elders, who brought them through hard times.

A DIFFERENT WOMAN, by Jane Howard (Dutton). After interviewing scores of women across the country over the past two years, Ms. Howard concludes that times are definitely changing for the feminist movement, and all to the good; the crazies of SCUM (Society for Cutting Up Men) and WITCH (Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell) have hindered more than they've helped. Ms. Howard writes in a breezy, galumphing sort of way, and it is fascinating to see how prairie mothers, California divorcées, Southwestern grandmothers, city teen-agers, and men, too, are coming to terms with the problems that accompany women's growing self-awareness. Unfortunately,

...from HUNTER'S



"To see life; to see the world; to eyewitness great events..."
$19.95

HUNTER'S BOOKS

463 North Rodeo Drive
Beverly Hills, California
Phone (213) 274-7301

Since 1851
...we take bookselling personally

"Immensely important and fascinating...

"A monumental work of historical scholarship, which recounts in minute detail a moving tragedy of vast dimensions."—*New York Review of Books* $25.00

GERSHOM SCHOLEM'S
Sabbatai Sevi
The Mystical Messiah
Translated by R. J. Zwi Werblowsky

A revised and augmented translation of the eminent 1957 Hebrew edition, available for the first time in English.

Sponsored by Bollingen Foundation
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS

Country Inns and Back Roads

3.50 By The Berkshire Traveller

Berkshire Traveller Press
Box 681 STOCKBRIDGE, MA. 01262

the book rambles on far too long, and while the autobiographical material woven through it is charming, instructive, and the only cohesive element there is, one wishes that Ms. Howard wouldn't stop quite so often to pat herself on the back. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

AN AGE OF MEDIOCRITY: MEMOIRS AND DIARIES, 1963-72, by C. L. Sulzberger (Macmillan). At the start of this big book, the author, who is the *Times'* foreign-affairs columnist, remarks that no great men have replaced the heroes of the Second World War and the postwar period—hence his title. In arriving at this conclusion, he interviewed practically every statesman or politician or diplomat or bureaucrat you've ever heard of (and many you probably have not), in places as far apart as Iceland and Madagascar, and he talked to men as dissimilar as Salvador Allende and the Duke of Windsor and to women as diverse as Louise de Vilmorin and Golda Meir. What is most striking over the decade is this: practically every bigwig who told Mr. Sulzberger what he thought was happening and what he expected would happen turned out to be wrong, whether he was talking about Vietnam, NATO, the Common Market, or the Middle East, whether the Russians were talking about the Chinese or vice versa, whether Americans were talking about foreign countries or foreigners were explaining the United States to Mr. Sulzberger. The French, by the way, seem to specialize in the most inventive scenarios for international catastrophe, while throneless royalty are amazingly optimistic. Even though history has made nonsense of practically everything Mr. Sulzberger recounts, the reader remains engrossed by his telling of it.

VICTORIAN OUTSIDER: A BIOGRAPHY OF J. A. M. WHISTLER, by Roy McMullen (Dutton). One would say, offhand, that Whistler by now had been adequately dealt with biographically and critically, but this author has some interesting things to say about the man and his oddly misshapen career: he explores what might have been if Whistler, instead of choosing to live and work in Queen Victoria's London, where painters were nobodies and where he was accepted only as a freak, had stayed on in Paris, where he was well on the way to becoming one of

From Harper & Row...

Thornton Wilder's best selling new novel **THEOPHILUS NORTH** "is continually wise, entertaining and, in the old phrase, 'a reading experience.'"—*Malcolm Cowley, Washington Post* 3rd printing, $7.95

Stephen Birmingham's REAL LACE does for America's Irish rich what his legendary *Our Crowd* did for wealthy Jews. Fascinating anecdotes about the Kennedys, the Buckleys, and other families. Illustrated. $10.

From first ideas to last details, New York's favorite decorating stylist shows you how to do it in **BLOOMINGDALE'S BOOK OF HOME DECORATING by Barbara D'Arcy.** Lavishly illustrated with 67 color plates. $10.95

THE CORNUCOPIA, a joyful entertainment for reading, a fine cook book for cooking, garnished with recipes and culinary lore from five centuries. Assembled by **Judith Herman and Marguerite Shalett Herman.** Illustrated, $12.50

The first Moroccan cook book—**COUSCOUS and Other Good Food from Morocco, by Paula Wolfert.** "I doubt that anyone who adores good food will be able to resist its siren call."—*Gael Greene.* Illustrated, $10.95

A glorious book, **CHINA: A History in Art by Bradley Smith and Wan-go Weng,** has 268 plates, all in full color, showing the invaluable Chinese treasures. $22.50

Elizabeth Longford's life of Queen Victoria in a de luxe edition featuring a wealth of illustrations in glorious color and black and white. **VICTORIA, R.I.** $15.

At bookstores
Harper & Row
10 E. 53rd St., New York 10022
1817

WASHINGTON, D.C.

A Renaissance of Graciousness

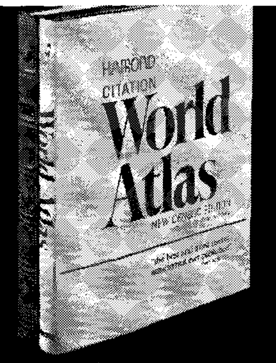
A luxury hotel in the
great European tradition.
Elegant, quiet, unruffled—
never a convention.

Member, Leading Hotels of Europe.

THE MADISON

Washington's Correct Address
15th & M Streets, Northwest
Washington, D.C. 20005
Phone (Toll-free) 800-424-8577
or HRI 212-838-3110 (Call Collect)
or see your travel agent

Marshall B. Coyne, Proprietor



Next to your dictionary you need a
HAMMOND WORLD ATLAS
from **$12.95** THE PERFECT GIFT!
at better bookstores

"THE BEST."
—*Washington Star*
"THE BEST."
—*Miami News*

Fielding's guide to the Caribbean plus the **Bahamas** 1974
The perfect Xmas gift!
by Jeanne and Harry E. Harman, III
Fielding Publications/ William Morrow $8.95

the movers of the art world, like his friends Manet and Degas and the other Impressionists. Mr. McMullen also probes into the possible reasons for the devastating painter's block that plagued Whistler's latter years, and contributes some fascinating speculations on that chilling phenomenon—*the artist against himself*. Illustrations.

WEEDS AND WILDFLOWERS OF EASTERN NORTH AMERICA. One hundred and fourteen watercolor drawings by T. Merrill Prentice, with text by Elizabeth Owen Sargent and a preface by Mark Van Doren (Peabody Museum of Salem and Barre Publishers). Mr. Prentice is a retired architect who never studied botany and had only the most casual interest in wildflowers until he started to paint them. He would find a flower, he says, paint it, and then look it up to see what he had painted. It is not only that his best drawings are as beautiful as the flowers themselves. His flowers have, as Mr. Eliot said, "the look of flowers that are looked at." They are also, for purposes of identification, better than the plates in any standard guide to American wildflowers. Mr. Van Doren's preface makes one wish that, if there had to be a text, he, and not Mrs. Sargent, had written it. The Canada lily gains nothing by being compared to a Tiffany lampshade. Forty-five dollars.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

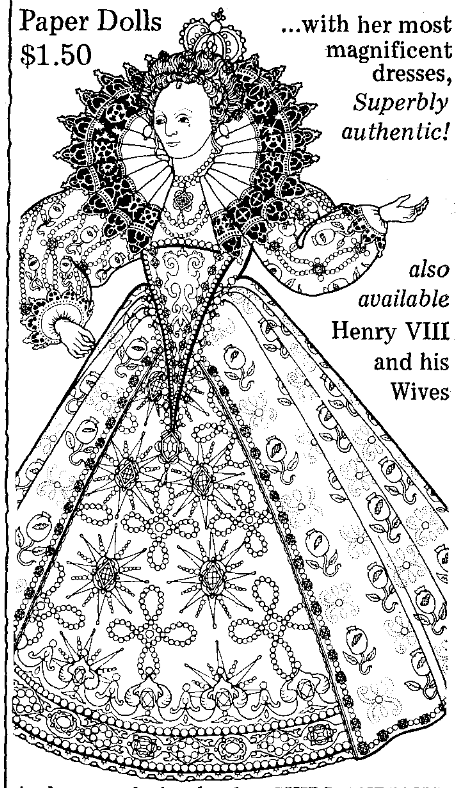
THE PLOT AGAINST ROGER RIDER, by Julian Symons (Harper & Row). Mr. Symons is always an enjoyably sly and deceiving writer, and he has seldom been trickier than in this story about an English magnate whose disappearance while on vacation in Spain is followed by the discovery that his business affairs are a criminal mess. It is not, however, among his better stories. He has seldom been so diffuse or so labored, and he has never been so tediously generous with unnecessary characters and unfinished subplots. It must also be said that although he gives us a plenitude of bloody murders, nothing much seems to happen.

•

Driver habits are not easily nor suddenly changed. It is axiomatic that the average driver who drives just under 70 miles an hour on a 50-mile top-speed road will go just under 60 on a 50-mile-an-hour highway.—*The Times*.

Axioms can be tricky.

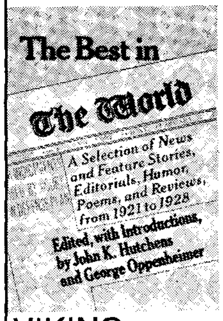
Queen Elizabeth I
Paper Dolls
$1.50
...with her most magnificent dresses, *Superbly authentic!*



also available
Henry VIII and his Wives

And our coloring books: SHIPS, INDIANS, THE RENAISSANCE, MOTHER GOOSE, INCAS, ONE OLD OXFORD OX, JAPAN, SHAKESPEARE, MIDDLE AGES, ANCIENT EGYPT, THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, CHAUCER (with a record showing how fun it is to speak Middle English), $1.75, and the WIFE OF BATH, $1.95, and our glorious cook books: THE FOOD STAMP GOURMET and EAT IT, $1.95 at your store or write: BELLEROPHON BOOKS, 153 STEUART ST SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94105

THE BEST IN THE WORLD


The Best in The World
A Selection of News and Feature Stories, Editorials, Humor, Poems, and Reviews, from 1921 to 1928
Edited, with Introductions, by John K. Hutchens and George Oppenheimer

A Selection of News and Feature Stories, Editorials, Humor, Poems, and Reviews, from 1921 to 1928 Edited, with Introductions, by John K. Hutchens and George Oppenheimer

American journalism in its golden era returns in the best that *The World* had to offer.
$12.50

VIKING

BOOK HUNTING?

Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) inquire, please. Write: Dept. 73-NY.

BOOKS-ON-FILE
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY 07087
or shop: 7014 Park Ave., Guttenberg, N.J.

Jasper's
HOLIDAY Award Winner
featuring
•Veal Lemonata Doré
•Fettuccine a l'Alfredo
BERE MANGIARE BENE
405 West 75th Street, KANSAS CITY

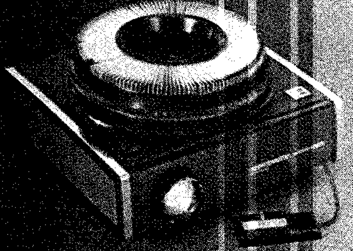
Kodak Has a Gift For Keeping Christmas

KODAK CAROUSEL custom 860H
AUTO FOCUS

This Carousel projector is so handsome it's a shame to turn the lights out.

Do handsomely by someone this Christmas. Give a Kodak Carousel custom H projector. There's never been a better-looking Kodak slide projector. Off duty, it has a sleek smoke-tinted dust cover to snap on in place of the 140-slide tray. (So it doesn't have to be hidden away somewhere between shows.) On duty, the Carousel custom H is as dependable as gravity. Because it's gravity that gently lowers each slide into place. No pushing or pulling. Just one brilliant slide after another.

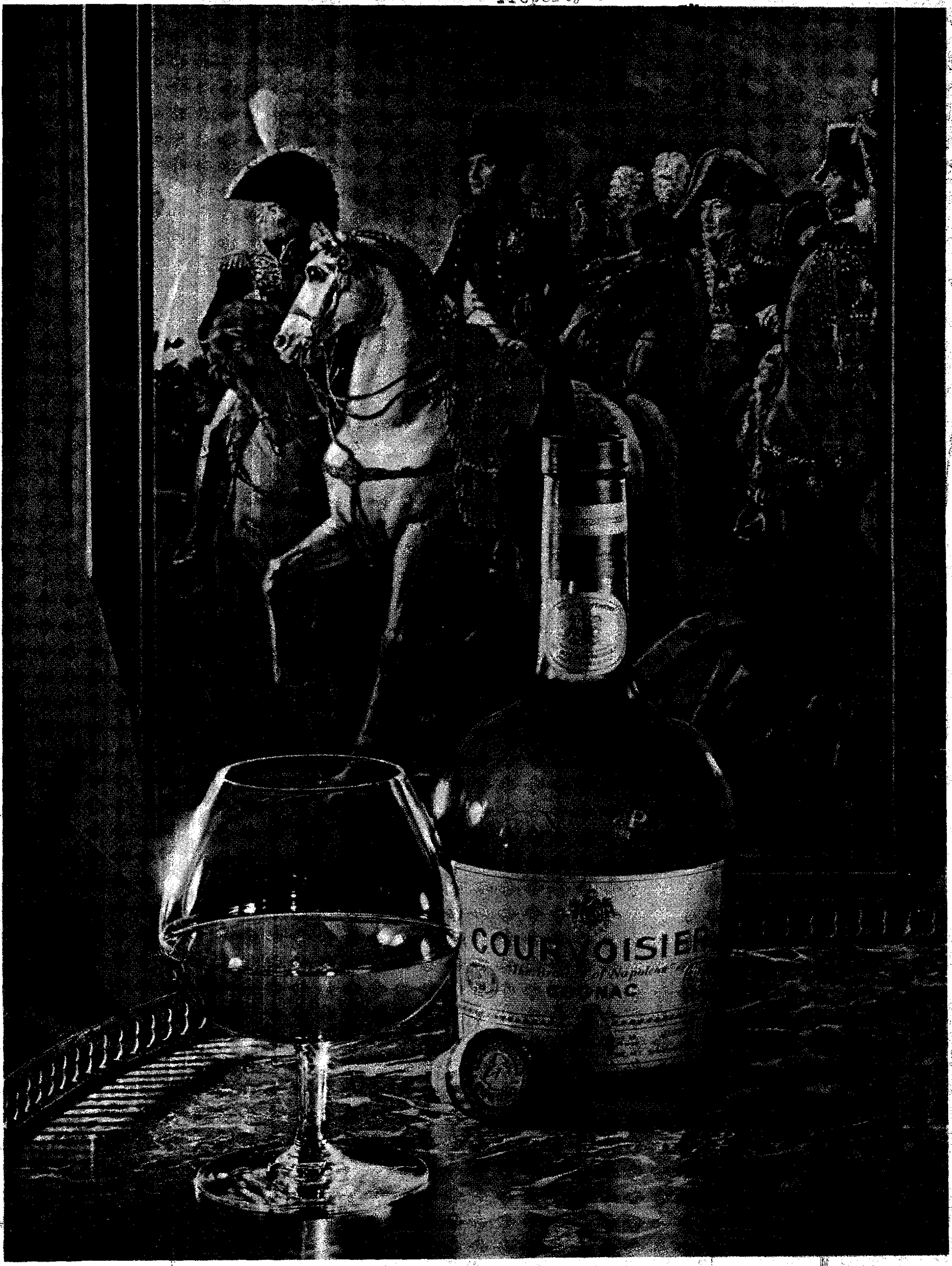
Carousel custom H projectors come in a variety of models, all handsome, all quiet as a whisper. The 860H model shown is less than $245. Other Kodak Carousel projectors from less than $65.



Kodak Carousel custom H projector.

Prices subject to change without notice.

Property of


COURVOISIER
The Brandy of Napoleon
COGNAC

COURVOISIER
COGNAC

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y., N. Y., 80 PROOF, SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.